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THE VOICE OF THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES

Vol. 49, No. 11 JULY, 1959 35 cents

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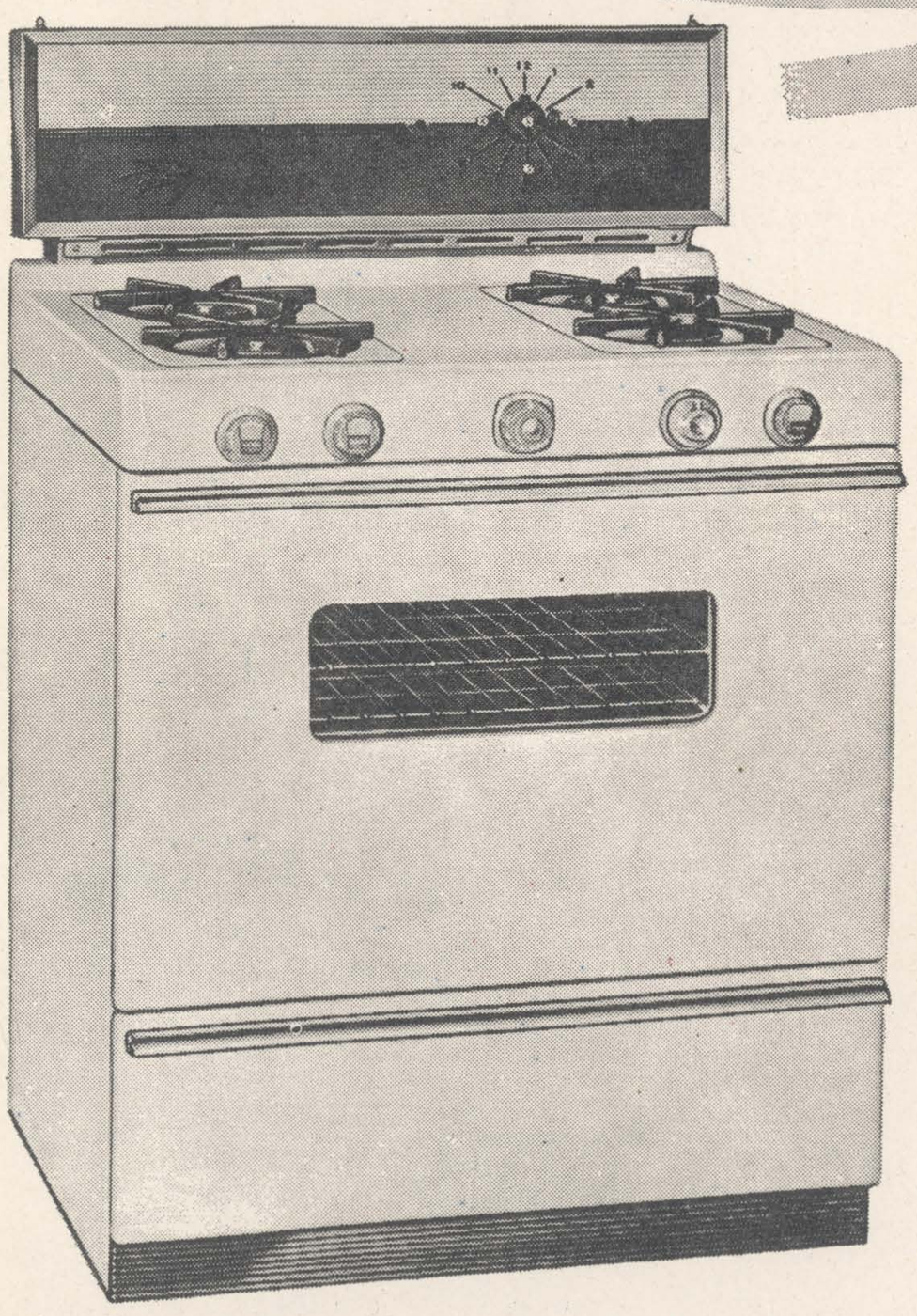

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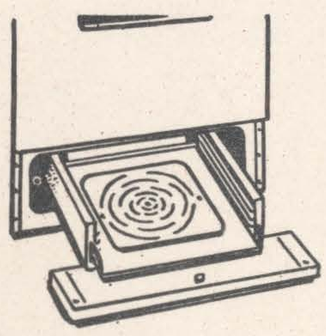

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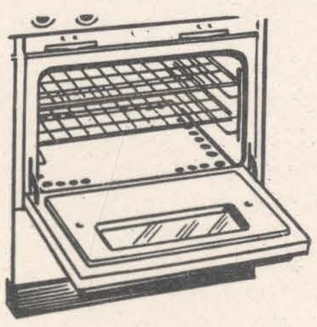

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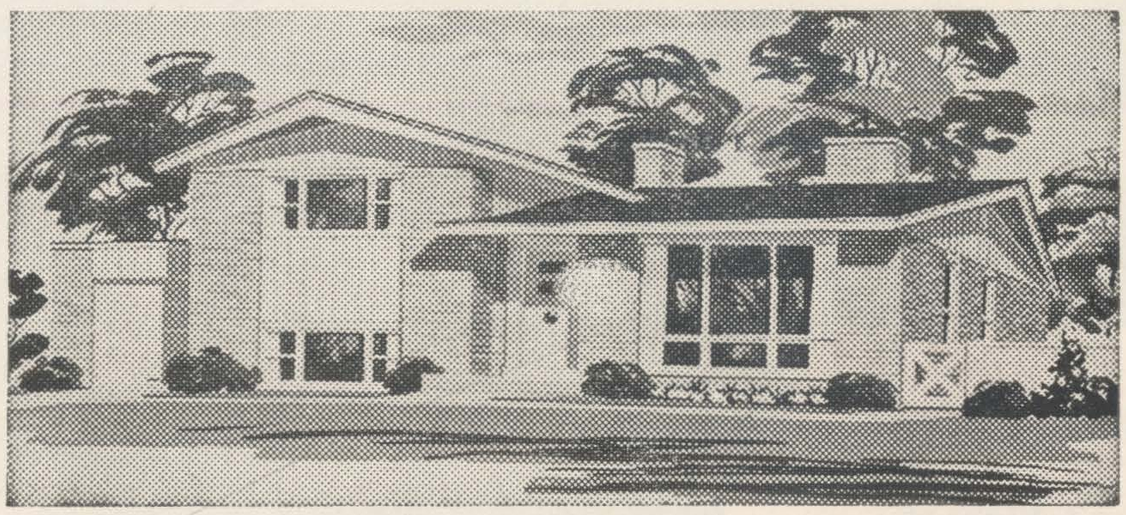
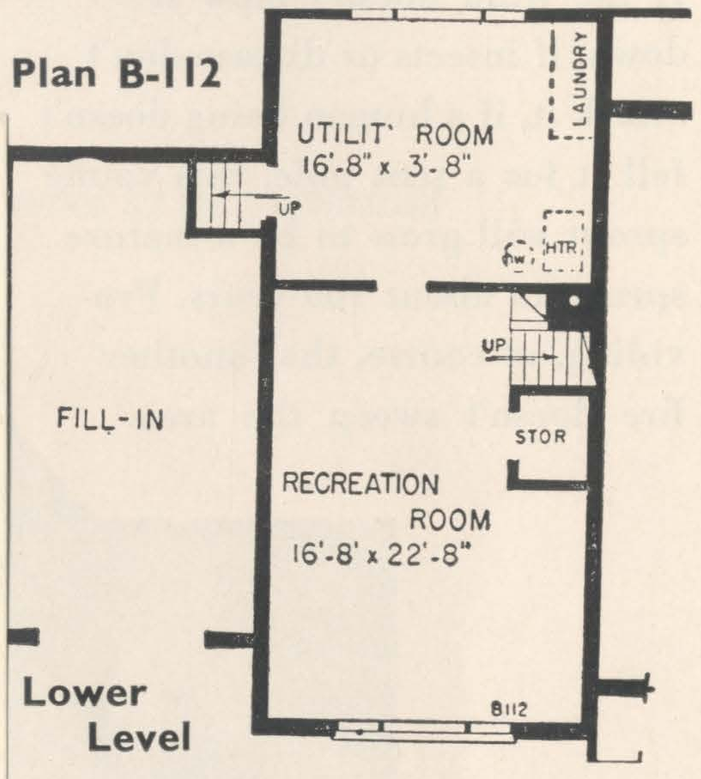
The cover illustration features Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh. See also page 14.





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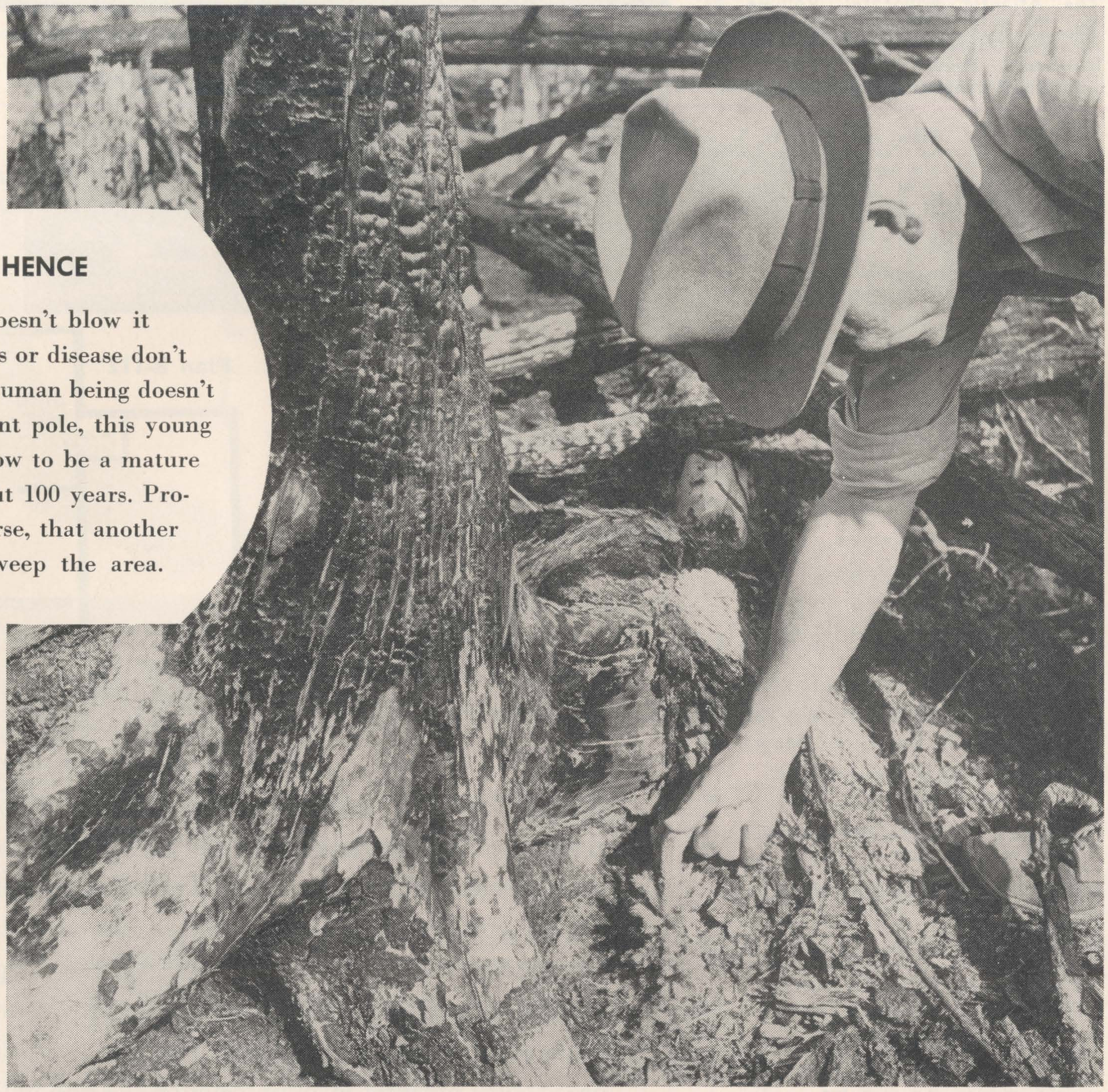

100 YEARS HENCE

If the wind doesn't blow it down, if insects or disease don't attack it, if a human being doesn't fell it for a tent pole, this young sprout will grow to be a mature spruce in about 100 years. Providing, of course, that another fire doesn't sweep the area.

Because of People

Somewhere in Canada this year fires will destroy valuable stands of forest. These fires will occur from early spring to late fall. Where they will occur will depend on climate and moisture conditions. But why they will occur is no secret. Mostly, they will happen because of people. More than 80 per cent of them will be set by people. The ranger will take care of the fire caused by a lightning bolt. He has a head start on that one. He at least knows where thunder storms have passed and he is on the lookout for the tell-tale spiral of smoke. But when you have thousands of people invading forested areas over a single weekend, where do you look? Mainly you hope that most of them will have observed the elementary rules of good forest behavior, knowing that the forest is no place to fool with fire.

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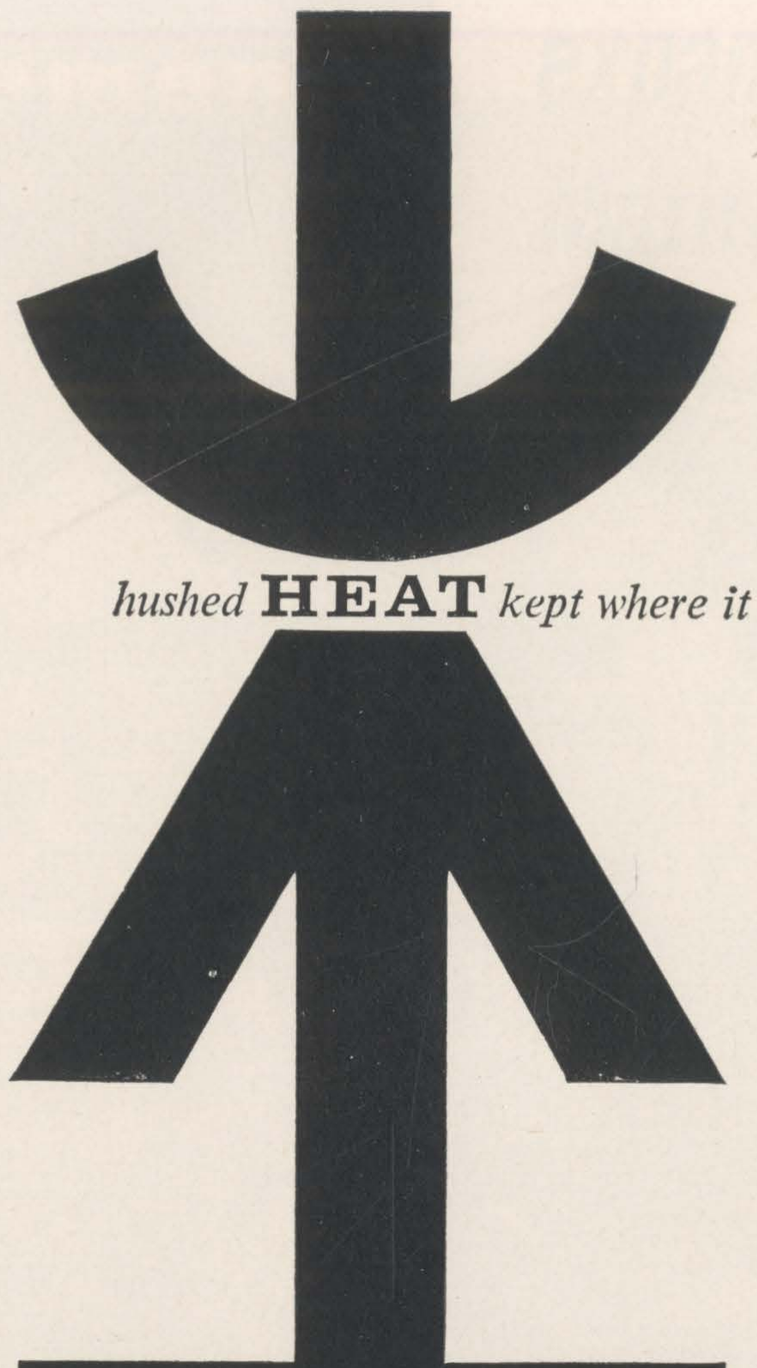

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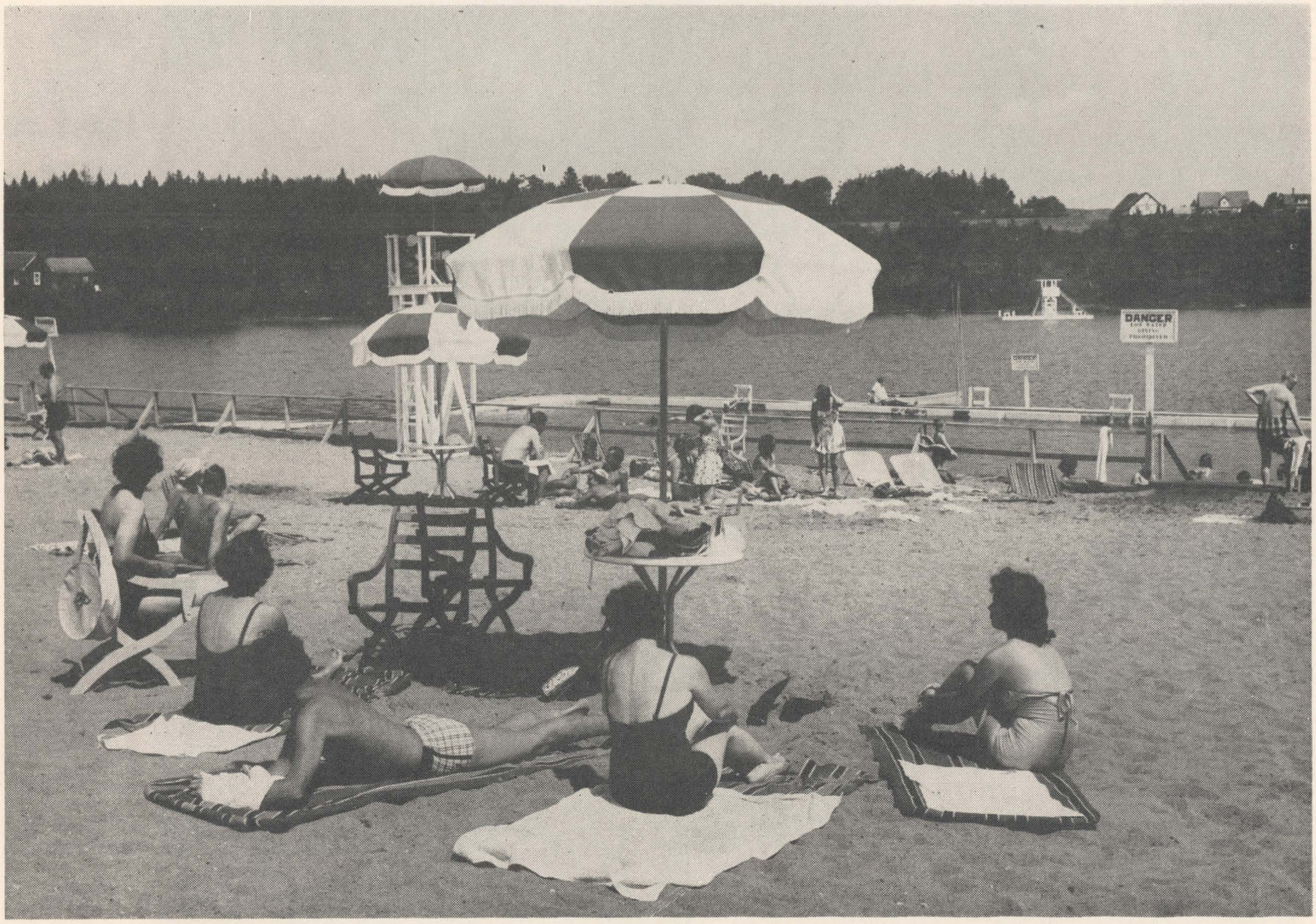

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and to

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE PHILIP

DUKE OF EDINBURGH

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

HONOURABLE HUGH JOHN FLEMMING, *Premier*

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA joins with all Canadians in paying homage to Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom, Canada and Her other Realms and Territories, Queen; Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith.

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LETTERS

Crowsnest Pass

FROM PREMIER MATHESON

Sir:

I agree whole-heartedly with you on the stand you take in the Crowsnest Pass situation. I am convinced that no final solution can be made in the transportation freight rates until the problems created by the Crowsnest Pass are included in the terms of reference.

A. W. MATHESON,
Premier,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Airline Service

FROM CONGRESSMAN OLIVER

Sir:

In the May issue, you called attention to the proposal that an east-west connecting highway be constructed across Maine to make truck transport between the Maritime Province of Canada and the Southerly area of the Province of Quebec, as well as points west, more economical.

In my previous letter, I commented as follows:

The several articles referring to suggested highway routes through Maine are most interesting. There are several other subjects of great development significance which, I am sure, you will be discussing in future issues. Multiple purpose development of the St. John River basin and Passamaquoddy bay is a major project which intrigues me. Our respective areas have a most important joint interest in this potential. But, more about this later will naturally follow a working relationship, which I hope that we may establish now, in the interests of our common problems.

Although my response was somewhat negative, I did not mean to imply that I am not keenly interested in our common transportation problems. On the contrary, together with many citizens of Maine, I should be most happy if we could enjoy closer transportation relations.

To evidence this desire of mine, today, I suggest that we join our forces to work toward regular air transport schedules between Montreal and Portland, Maine, and some point or points in the Maritimes such as Yarmouth, N.S., Halifax, Saint John, N.B. and return to Quebec and Montreal. Even though we have the international boundary, a line of nationality between us, we have many phases in common in our economies. I feel certain that if modern methods of travel were made available between our communities, our mutual interests and relationships would benefit. It seems ridiculous to me that a citizen of Portland, Maine, or of Montreal, Canada, or of the Maritime Provinces must travel south as far as Boston, Massachusetts, before he can obtain air transportation between these points which are so geographically correlated. It also seems ridiculous to me that we must delay and wait not only months but years to get our mutual problem of interconnecting transportation activated in some reasonable and sensible manner.

At the present time, under an agreement between our two governments, the Portland-Montreal route is allocated to a United States carrier. Unfortunately, Northeast Airlines, the only U.S. airline which could undertake this route on a practical basis, is showing great reluctance to take up the option on a Portland-Montreal run. Because of this, and because of the desirability of air transport between Maine and the Maritimes, it is my conviction that the most logical step would be to explore the possibility of utilizing a Canadian carrier.

Therefore, if you would join with me in a concerted effort, to achieve results to such an end, I know that Congressman Frank M.

(*Continued on page 88*)

MY CUP OF TEA

TO MORE MARITIMERS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND

Available in Old English, Orange Pekoe and King Cole Tea Bags packed in Gauze

KING COLE TEA

Calamity Courage and Challenge

Albert Chaisson and his seventeen-year-old son, Alphonse, were lost overboard during the disaster of the Miramichi Bay fishermen. At left are the other members of his family. In the front row, left to right, are: Carol, three; Maynard, four; Mrs. Chaisson, holding Charlene, six months; Charles, two; Gisèle, eight, and Elizabeth, six. In the back row are: Albert, ten; Gerald, twelve; Réal, fourteen; Thaddé, eighteen; Velma, fifteen; Jean Paul, eleven, and Margaret, nine.

CATASTROPHE STRUCK the southernmost point of the Bay of Miramichi on June 19th. The story of the disaster and of the plight of the wives and children of the fishermen who perished is now well known. It is summarized on page 57 of this issue by two newsmen who reported it for *The Daily Gleaner* through that weekend of tempest and death.

What is not as yet thoroughly realized is the selfless quality of courage shown by some of the survivors in rescuing others from certain death at the gravest risk of their own lives. No awards could be too high for the recognition of some of these acts and it is good that steps have been taken by the Government of New Brunswick to recommend them.

There was Captain Jenkins in his forty-foot boat named *Marie* in honour of his wife. He found the Doucets, father and two sons, clinging to their boat which was capsized in the mountainous seas. Time and time again Captain Jenkins tried to get near enough to cast a line. At last Everett Doucet caught it, passed it to his younger brother. He was pulled to safety. When the *Marie* was able to approach again, Everett again caught the rope and passed it to his father, and he was pulled aboard. It was with the greatest difficulty that Captain Jenkins was able to bring his boat round a third time to rescue the young Everett himself. Then the *Marie* was swamped. A huge sea smashed over her and half filled her with water so that she was within a few inches of capsizing. For hours they baled, the sea washing in as fast as they baled it out. It was many hours later that Jenkins brought his boat to safety in the harbour.

Then there was Captain Roy Lloyd. He was driving through the seas in the heavy gale wind with waves forty to fifty feet high and breakers ahead when he suddenly saw a sinking boat with a man lashed to the mast. He was nearly unconscious and unable to move. The rescue was made, but at heavy risk.

Jim Morrison, *Gleaner* news editor, and Art Carpenter, staff reporter and photographer, saw the final stages of the storm and its aftermath, counted the wreckage, spoke with the survivors.

The first and urgent necessity was the creation of a national fund. *The Atlantic Advocate* with *The Daily Gleaner* launched THE NEW BRUNSWICK FISHERMEN'S DISASTER FUND, and invited the Red Cross Society and the newspapers, radio and television stations of the province to join together as co-sponsors of the appeal.

Lieutenant-Governor J. Leonard O'Brien became the patron of the fund, and the Hon. Hugh John Flemming, New Brunswick's Premier, the chairman of the committee formed to administer it. The list of the committee members is given on the page opposite.

The first contribution came without being asked for, from England. Lord Beaverbrook telephoned from London on hearing of the disaster. His *Daily Express* covered the story of the storm as its lead on page one, with a graphic description of the disaster and the figures of its toll in the loss of thirty-four lives—the number has since increased to thirty-five—and the destruction of boats and nets which are the means of livelihood to that fishing community. He opened the fund with a gift of $5,000, and with it sent a simple and heartfelt message of sympathy. He said:

> "*In this disaster, without parallel in the Miramichi Bay that holds for me life-long memories, I send my deepest sympathy to the bereaved, my sorrow for the loss of so many splendid lives, and my admiration for those who faced the dangers of the storm and survived.*"

Lord Beaverbrook's gift was followed immediately by two others. Lady Dunn sent $5,000 from the Sir James Dunn Foundation; K. C. Irving, New Brunswick's leading industrialist and native of Buctouche, just down the coast from the disaster area, hastened to send his contribution of $5,000, and the money started to flow.

The Government of New Brunswick gave $25,000 with a message from Premier Flemming of sympathy to the bereaved families of the fishermen. Premier Stanfield sent $10,000 from the Province of Nova Scotia, with memories no doubt of their own disasters in 1956 and 1958 at Springhill. Donations of $5,000 came from T. Eaton Com-

pany, Imperial Oil, Miramichi Lumber Company, the Royal Bank of Canada and the Bank of Nova Scotia. Large contributions have also been received from the Fraser Companies, the Junior Red Cross Society of Ontario, Moosehead Breweries and the Bathurst Pulp and Paper Company. Lieutenant-Governor Frank M. Ross of British Columbia sent $1,000 from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

At the time of going to press the fund totalled $150,000 with subscriptions coming in at the rate of several thousand dollars a day, including small and large sums from individuals.

Payments to the bereaved families have begun on a scale of $10 per month for each child and $50 per month for each widow or mother who was dependent on a son who perished in the storm.

The amount subscribed to the present, generous as it is, is insufficient for the continuance of payments on that scale and more funds are urgently required.

The disaster has opened the lid on a standard of life that is a shame to Canada. The sacrifice of the thirty-five fishermen who perished in the storm will not have been in vain if the conscience of Canada is aroused, so that not only can the destitution of these families be relieved, but urgent and imperative measures taken to examine the lot of the fishermen not only of New Brunswick but of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Can it be right that men who are brave and skilful and risk their lives in carrying out their trade should be recompensed at a rate that at best hardly raises them and their families above the levels of starvation? Consider the state of the dependents of the thirty-five who died in this disaster.

They shall be nameless, but we give the details of each family with the remarks supplied by the relief officer of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

NEW BRUNSWICK FISHERMEN'S DISASTER FUND

Patron: THE HON. J. L. O'BRIEN
Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick

Administrative Committee:
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J. E. ANDERSON, *Acting Chief Welfare Officer, Province of New Brunswick*
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Telephone: Fredericton GR 5-6671
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All donations are tax-free.

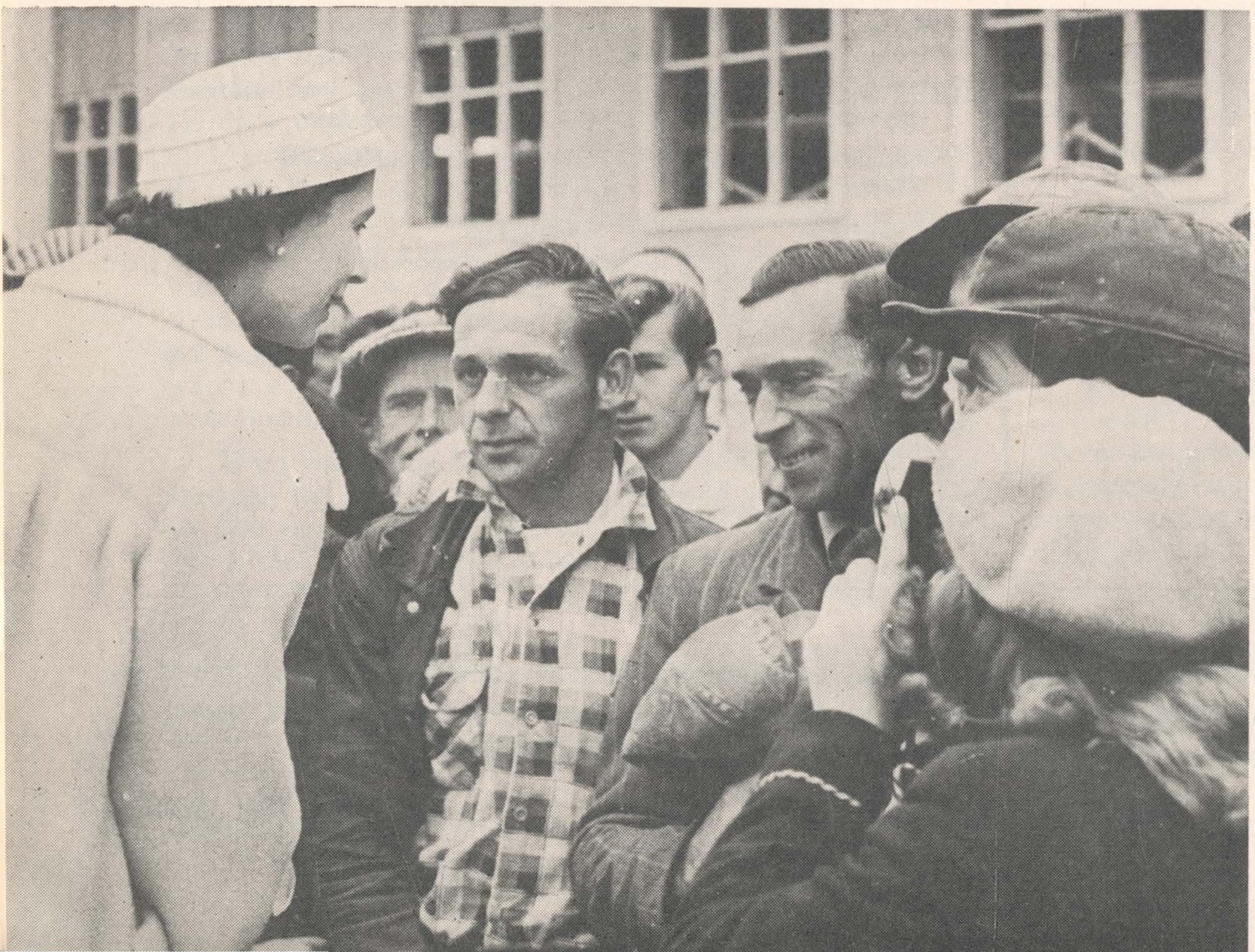
Treasurer: A. F. Fraser, Royal Bank of Canada, Fredericton, N.B.

Dependents or Children	*Remarks*
Father, Mother—7 Children:	Provided some support.
5 Children: 11, 9, 8, 3, 6 mos.	Poor living conditions. Need immediate assistance.
Supported Mother and 5 Children: 17, 15, 14, 7, 21 mos.	Father dead. Mother in receipt of Mothers' Allowances. Assisted.
3 Children: 3, 20 mos. 3 mos.	No resources.
13 Children: 6 mos. to 18 yrs.	Mothers' Allowances being paid. Father was disabled. Situation desperate.
Children: 14, 12, 10, 8	Mother in hospital. Home in good shape. No resources.
Lived with Mother and supported 1 son and boarded 2 daughters	No resources.
8 Children: 10, 8, 7, 5, 4 2, 1½, 3 mos.	Situation desperate—One-room shack. Was war veteran.
3 Children: 4, 3, 3 mos.	No resources. Need help.
5 Children: 4, 3, 2, 1, 3 days old.	Situation bad—No resources.
1 Child: 2, another expected. Lived with his Mother.	No resources.
2 adult sons (lost in storm)	No resources.
5 Children: 6, 3, 2, 1, 2 mos.	Destitute conditions at home.
6 Children: 24, 20, 18, 14, 10, 2	Conditions very bad at home.
Child Expected	Lived in trailer. Wife destitute.
2 Children: 17, 15.	Very few assets.
8 Children: 9, 8, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2, 1.	Was a war veteran. Conditions deplorable—Help from Red Cross.
Mother and 7 Children: 18, 16, 12, 10, 8, 5.	In receipt of W.V.A.—No insurance —Conditions less than fair.
2: Widowed Mother and Sister.	Mother in receipt of O.A.S.
Child expected.	No resources.
11 Children: 14, 12, 11, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3, 2, 1, 6 mos.	Was main support of family.
7 Children: 18, 16, 14, 14, 13, 11, 10	Lived in old two-storey home. No personal property.
1 Child: 15. Mother, 82 yrs. lives in home.	No resources.
1 Grandson: 16 at school	Circumstances bad.

We ask of those who have read these words that they give now if they have not already given; that they use their vigour and their ingenuity to remind others of the distress and remind them of their duty to do their part in alleviating it; more, that they press for a review of the basic needs of the fishing industry by the Government of Canada.

Photos top and lower left by Federal News. Photo lower right by Bill Croke

Above, the Queen talks with veterans of the First World War. Below, left, Her Majesty chats with workers and townspeople at the opening of the new airport terminal in Gander. Below at right, the Queen flashes a charming smile, just before leaving Torbay for Gander.



"WE SAW THE QUEEN!"

by Sylvia Wigh

"WE SAW THE QUEEN!" The most significant words of the day right here in St. John's, Newfoundland, were these. After a week of grey skies, thick veil-like fog and chilling rain, Thursday, despite the worst forbodings of the weather prophets, dawned bright and clear, and long before the arrival time of the royal plane, skies were a brilliant blue and the temperature soared into the 80's.

Torbay airport was the scene of gaiety and activity as over 200 newsmen and photographers, radio and television staff hustled about getting equipment into place while thousands of St. John's citizens were eagerly taking their places around the landing point. Band music played; pretty girls tripped about. There were children everywhere, and flags of all sizes waving in the breeze from every vantage point.

Right on time the royal plane touched down on the runway and a hush of expectancy ran through the crowd as the door opened and in a moment Her Majesty stepped out. She slowly made her way down the stairway, followed by His Royal Highness and members of the royal party. Dressed in a jade wool coat, with matching straw hat trimmed with white velvet, and worn over a green and white silk dress, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II flashed a brilliant smile at her waiting subjects and a sigh passed through the silent crowd.

Standing bareheaded, all differences forgotten, Prime Minister Diefenbaker and Premier J. R. Smallwood chatted as they awaited the Royal Presence. Her Majesty was greeted by the Governor-General, followed by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Diefenbaker. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Campbell Macpherson, Premier Smallwood and Mrs. Smallwood, the Hon. W. J. Browne and Mrs. Browne were all introduced in turn. Premier Smallwood in his own irrepressible manner made Her Majesty laugh at something he said (no doubt about the weather).

Following an inspection of the Guard of Honour, members of the Newfoundland Cabinet and their wives were introduced. Dale Russell, four-year-old granddaughter of Premier Smallwood, presented Her Majesty with a bouquet of pink roses. Dressed in bouffant blue nylon the small girl seemed at first awed by her position and advanced toward the Queen in a hesitant manner. Her Majesty, sensing the child's uncertainty, smilingly reached down and asked: "Are you going to give me the flowers?" "Maybe," said Dale, "but how is Princess Anne?" "She's fine, and how are you?" the Queen said. "I'm fine," said Dale, giving the flowers to the Queen, "but the sun is in my eyes."

By this time, the thousands who had gathered at the airport had recovered somewhat from the first shock and there were murmurs running through the crowd: "Isn't she beautiful?" "Oh, isn't she lovely, and so charming!" Newfoundlanders are rather inarticulate on important occasions. From too much emotion rather than too little. On this occasion most held back their emotion and cheers that they might hold their tears in check.

The St. John's itinerary included a drive through the city, whose streets were lined with happy citizens, many of whom had come from outlying settlements. At the city limits, under an archway of spruce boughs, the Mayor of St. John's and his city council were introduced to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, before they continued on through the city, arriving at the War Memorial where a pageant of the proclamation of the sovereignty of Queen Elizabeth I, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, was performed. At the cenotaph large crowds had gathered and many were disappointed that the royal couple did not leave their car.

Federal News Photo

Premier Smallwood's four-year-old granddaughter, Dale Russell, reluctantly presented a bouquet of pink roses to the Queen. "Are you going to give me the flowers?" the Queen asked. "Maybe," said Dale, "but how is Princess Anne?" "She's fine, and how are you?" the Queen said. "I'm fine," said Dale, giving the flowers to the Queen, "but the sun is in my eyes."

Photo by Bill Croke

The Queen at Torbay Airport, St. John's, shortly after her arrival in Newfoundland, flanked by a distinguished gathering. Left to right are Hon. W. J. Browne, Premier J. R. Smallwood, Mrs. Campbell L. Macpherson, the Queen, Lieutenant-Governor Macpherson (back to camera), Mrs. Diefenbaker and Prime Minister Diefenbaker.

During the drive through the city, several times His Royal Highness whispered to Her Majesty and both stood up so that the people might see them better. At one point this caused a near-riot when citizens became so excited they ran after the royal car calling out "Oh Queen!" "Oh, Prince!" One householder along the route had a large banner emblazoned "We're glad you're here, come again".

A quiet dinner at Government House concluded the evening, and one young lady, Debbie Crosbie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Crosbie, who was asked to fill in at rather short notice, was almost too speechless to breathe. "She was so lovely wearing her tiara and ball gown," Debbie gasped. "She looked like a fairy princess and Prince Philip is so handsome." Asked who else was at the dinner Debbie confessed she was too excited to remember. It was a big day in her life.

Friday morning dawned grey and cold but the sun promised to break through on time and it did. Again the streets on the royal route were lined with people at an early hour. A brief reception took place at Government House when 280 representatives of church, state and business, and government officials and their wives met the royal couple. The Queen was beautiful in coral dress and white accessories, over which she wore a light beige top coat and matching cloche-like hat.

The royal party drove through crowded streets of silent admirers who held their small children high in the air to see their Queen en route to view the still-in-the-construction-stage Confederation Building, which is expected to cost $18 million. Premier Smallwood, who excels as a host, conducted the tour of the building and introduced some of the Irish, French-Canadian and Newfoundland workmen. These hardy sons of toil seemed awestruck at their luck. One red-faced, burly carpenter remarked, holding high the hand shaken by His Royal Highness: "I'll niver wash this feller agen." Another young nineteen-year old apprentice grinned and said: "She's prettier than any of them Hollywood stars they rave so much about sure I wouldn't give yer a dime for any one of them up against herself!"

Once again the route to the airport, then the trip to Gander, where crowds had begun to gather at an early hour. The royal plane landed with a swoosh, and in a twinkling after taking leave of the official party Her Majesty boarded the aircraft and with a quick farewell wave to the crowd disappeared inside. And the royal visit was over, at least for St. John's.

The city was *en fête* for two days. Schools had closed, business houses observed a day and half of holiday in honour of the occasion. In keeping with Her Majesty's expressed wish no personal gift was presented from the city. Instead a grant of $10,000 annually was made the Retarded Children's Society in Newfoundland. This was announced by Premier Smallwood to Her Majesty during the tour of the Confederation Building, and a parchment to that effect was presented to the Queen.

Earlier, decorations had made their appearance on every building, even those well off the royal route, and shops were filled to capacity with flags and bunting. A fireworks display, scheduled for Thursday evening but cancelled out by fog, took place Friday. Public buildings were brilliantly lit up at night. The city took on the appearance of a fairground, with children and adults wandering around on sightseeing tours, carrying flags and balloons.

Who saw the Queen? Everybody, but everybody! Ships of all sorts and nations filled the harbour, disgorging their crews ashore. Portuguese sailors displaying wide-smiling, child-like glee at the air abustle with expectation. French sailors, American servicemen in from nearby airbases and Navy types from Argentia Naval Base mingled with citizens of St. John's. Visitors from near-by settlements of Torbay, Pouch Cove, Shoe Cove, Blackhead, Red Head Cove, Flat Rock, Middle Cove, Portugal Cove, St. Philips and Paradise added to the already congested traffic of the city. They travelled by car, horse and cart, bus and even on foot to be on hand for the momentous occasion. And it was momentous for Newfoundland. Deeply loyal to the Crown, proud of their British blood and of their record of sea-service during two world wars, the people of Canada's newest province and Britain's oldest colony paid homage to their ruler.

One old taxi-man, an ex-service-man of the First World War, summed up all feelings when he remarked: "Sure I prayed all Wednesday night that it'd be fine for our Queen to get here. 'Tis a fine thing to have a wonderful girl like that ruling over us, with a good family and all. Sure now it's wonderful proud to be able to sleep nights without worrying if anybody's going to get ye out of bed and haul your family off to jail or the salt-mines or some place like over in Russia."

Another character, approached about the weather, remarked: "If ye can seen enough blue to make a patch on Paddy's pants then t'will be a foine day, maid," and he was right. Paddy got his patch and we got our foine weather. J. R. Courage, Speaker of the House, remarked to His Royal Highness as they were introduced that he must have brought the fine weather with him. Prince Philip remarked: "No, not I, I am in search of some myself."

From St. John's the royal itinerary included Gander, where Her Majesty officially opened the new terminal; from Gander to Deer Lake, where Mayor Phil Hodder welcomed the royal party; from Deer Lake to Bowater Park and a slow drive through Corner Brook and a tour of Bowater Mill and to Strawberry Hill Lodge where the Royal party was greeted by Sir Eric Bowater. There Her Majesty rested from official duties until the following morning, when she was welcomed to Stephenville, on Newfoundland's west coast, a thriving town of 7,500, whose citizens are employed at near-by Harmon Field.

No boom-town, Stephenville's citizens are infected with a keen community spirit and have made long strides toward giving their town permanency. Mayor Leo Bruce and his Town Council officially welcomed the Queen to their town.

At Ernest Harmon Air Force Base, before the Royal party took off by air for Schefferville, they were met by the United States Consul General, who presented high-ranking American Air Force officers and their wives.

Newfoundlanders from all over the Island travelled to vantage points to see their Queen, by boats, small and large, chartered bus and the old buggy. Many risked uncomfortable trips in open boats over choppy seas. Still more travelled by train all day and night and thence by car to reach a spot on the Royal tour. But they got there! In fact in Newfy language "they were there from Mitchells, by!"

MOTORING IN THE MARITIMES

Courtesy P.E.I. Travel Bureau

Brackley Beach, Prince Edward Island National Park

by JOHN FISHER

Executive Director of the Canadian Tourist Association, and Noted Radio and Television Broadcaster

ANY TRAVELLER MOTORING through the Maritimes who wishes to get full nourishment from the trip should heed the words "slow down". If you want to taste the flavour of the land and meet the highly individualistic Maritimers, you will never do it in a hurry. Maritimers will close up tighter than a Buctouche clam if they feel the visitor can't take enough time for talk. Make the right initial impression—show them that you are basically curious about Maritime ways and these reticent Maritimers will prove to be the most garrulous of all Canadians.

The charm of motoring through the Maritimes is the stimulating parade of new sights. There is no uniformity and around each corner waits a fresh picture and adventure too. There are no 'typical' scenes in a coastal land as inundated and as serrated as the Maritimes. Sky and sea present unlimited combinations of vistas which will delight the photographer. Few smoke-stacks soil the land or horizon and the tempo of life is refreshingly different from the streamlined North American patterns. In these sea-girt provinces there is no mad race for the almighty dollar and so people have more time for talk and reflection. Living is the most important thing.

The Maritimes have three saleable products to the visitor: way of life, climate and scenic delight. The first one is the most important and once the word spreads, legions of tourists will come to these soft provinces down by the sea. Tourism could be the most vital of all industries. Most visitors will enter the Maritimes by automobile, which is a good reason for us to discuss a few favourite motor tours of the Maritimes.

The St. John River, which is so often referred to as the Rhine of America, gives us a quick, varied and delightful cross-section of New Brunswick's topography as well as her industrial and ethnic life. It is the one common denominator because it links the languages of French and English, it joins the forest with the wild and turbulent sea and it symbolizes the sylvan charm of this picture province. The St. John River is international and inter-provincial as well, because it rises in Maine and Quebec.

The first language of this 400-mile stream is French and this is where the traveller should see it first—at the top of

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Nova Scotia Film Bureau Photo

Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia

New Brunswick where the Province of Quebec and the State of Maine converge in a delightful world of their own which is often referred to as *la République de Madawaska*. From Edmundston down, the river is wild and bursting with energy. Its tongue has cut canyons through the rock and boiling gullies through the forests . . . restless, eager, untamed is the Rhine of America at this point. The quick-flowing Gallic tongue of the Acadians who live from and on her banks is a natural counterpart to the eagerness of the river. Occasionally the pulp booms and hydro-electric dams halt her fury, but a few miles below the river picks up the tempo. If you want to feel the power of a little Niagara, visit the wells in the rocks at Grand Falls where the river takes a plunge just a little short of Niagara's spectacular drop.

The northern part of New Brunswick's longest river is French and rugged. This is raw material country and the visitor can quickly sense the importance of the forest and stream to New Brunswick's cash register. The St. John also slips through the great potato belts of northern New Brunswick. The piles of pulpwood give way to the profile of the root cellar or piles of potatoes and slowly the language of the people changes. The mighty river passes through the land of the Dutch Canadians who have hacked potato kingdoms out of the forest. It crosses the ethnic line many times—French, Dutch, English, French but for some interesting reason the mood and tempo of the river change just before it hits the real old Loyalist Anglo-Saxon belts of New Brunswick. The rollicking journey through the French Acadian country with its massive churches and vesper bells starts to slow down and appear more reserved and well-behaved when it arrives in the solid old Loyalist parts of New Brunswick.

Around Woodstock and Fredericton, both of them sounding so solidly Anglo-Saxon, the St. John River is languid. The river no longer charges. It is polite to the land and even allows insignificant hay fields to stand in its way. The river bends and bows and is so easily deflected. At this point, one would suspect that the river has forgotten its furious urge to reach the sea. It goes wandering all over the place in search of peace and quiet but it is these tributaries—the lakes, smaller streams, lagoons and bays and intervales which make the St. John River a traveller's delight.

When Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth visited Fredericton on her previous trans-Canada tour, she remarked that it reminded her of typical British cathedral cities—tree-lined, sleepy rivers and pasture everywhere. This is the most pastoral part of Canada, so no wonder Fredericton has inspired Canada's most famous poets—Charles Roberts and Bliss Carman. Another native son of New Brunswick will make this capital more famous and beautiful still. Lord Beaverbrook has showered his generosity on this capital town and visitors should stop and see the art gallery and the burgeoning campus of the University of New Brunswick. In Fredericton, "the Beaver" is not an animal but a great man with a very large heart. The Beaver's gifts will bring scholars from around the world to the banks of the St. John at Fredericton for he has given New Brunswick unique collections of state papers, paintings and reminders of other days.

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National Film Board Photo

The Village of New Glasgow, P.E.I.

At Fredericton the river slips gently by as it falls slowly to the sea. At the end of the long course it seems quite content to die in the arms of the salt water lover. The final plunge into the sea—at that moment the river seems serene and so composed—is at Saint John, New Brunswick. Now even the names must change. No longer must the traveller spell the name St. John with an abbreviated saint. It must be spelled out or the natives will rise like the tides to remind the uninformed Upper Canadian on the right and wrong ways. Now, in the final gasp of life as fresh water, the mighty river enters a new climate. The cold tides of Fundy send out their grey messengers to warn the river that it is now entering strange and tough territory. The warm air which followed the river through bush, rock, pasture and across language borders now meets the frigid front of Fundy. Within a few hundred yards, the temperature and sky change as if a knife had come down and severed the two. The last lap is as spectacular as the wild skirmishes where the story of the St. John began up on the border of Maine and Quebec. The Reversing Falls at Saint John provide a most engaging exit for a noble stream.

☆ ☆ ☆

St. Andrews, New Brunswick, sits beside the sea—and what a perch it is for out beyond are the seething tides of Fundy. Twice each day, the tides charge the land and lift ship or debris upon their back. No other tides in the world have such lifting power. The visitor can see a ship flush with the wharf and return a few hours later to stand on the wharf and practically look into the funnels of the same ship. These refrigerated waters draw the sweltering rich from inland Canada to the shores of Fundy and make St. Andrews a very posh resort indeed. The chilled waters also make St. Andrews the world's biggest lobster trap. Lobsters come to St.Andrews by truck and boat to be dumped and kept in Fundy's frosty cellar to await the call of the market. Visiting the lobster pounds of St. Andrews is a prime attraction of the resort town with its elegant Algonquin Hotel.

The curious visitor to St. Andrews who is in search of adventure should make enquiries about a boat trip to Grand

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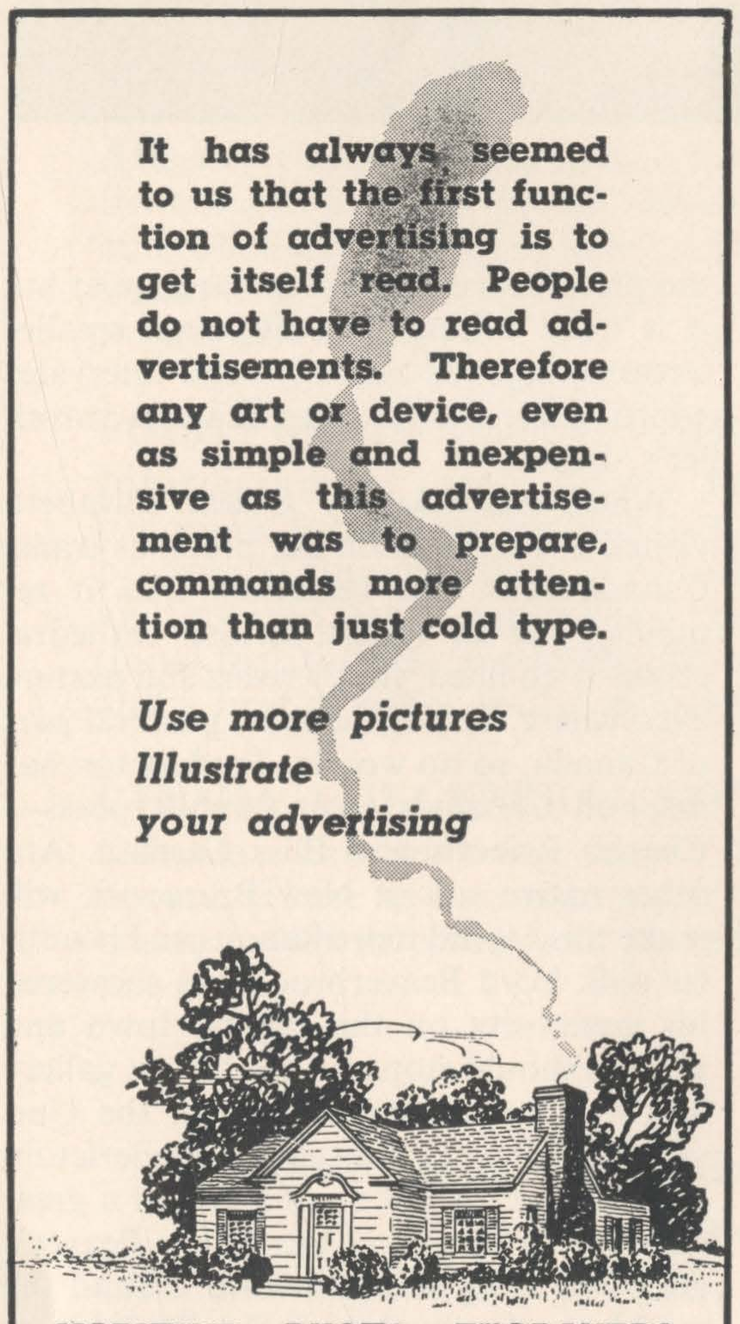

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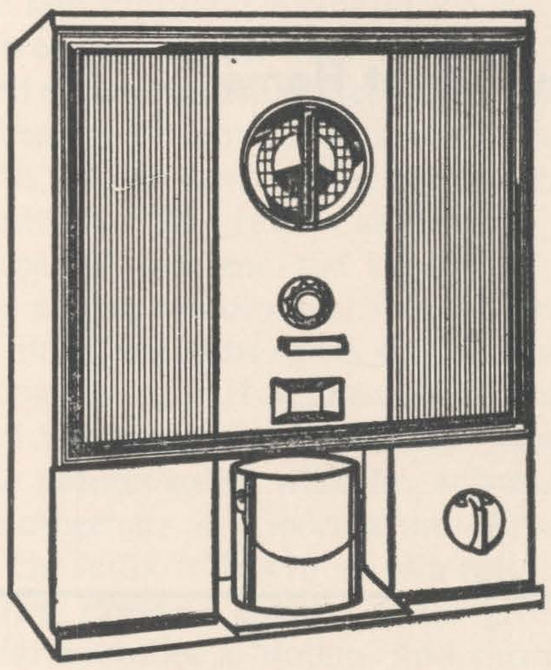

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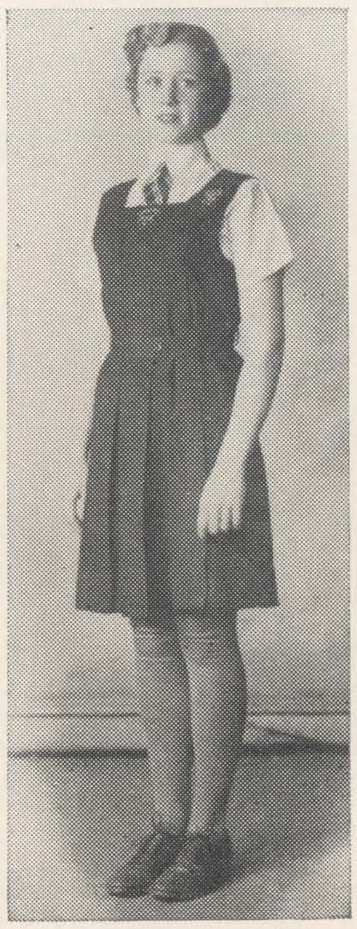
Nova Scotia Film Board Photo

Grand Pré Memorial Park, in Nova Scotia

Manan—an island a few miles off the coast. Grand Manan is one of the trinity of Passamaquoddy Islands made famous by the late President Franklin Roosevelt, who lived on Campobello. Travellers are amazed at how different life, foliage, birds and even speech can be on Grand Manan, which is only an hour or two by boat from St. Andrews. The grass is as green as on the Emerald Isle and the speech of the people almost as colourful. Many people claim that Canadians speak the same way from coast to coast, but one visit to Grand Manan will disprove this theory. Grand Manan natives speak with the softness of the Southerners in Georgia and Mississippi. The letter 'r' has more of a roll than any New England tongue could give it. A dollar becomes a 'dollah' and shore is 'shoah'. This little island must be one of the few unspoiled parts of North America and one of the most truly democratic, for there are practically no extremes of wealth. Pride in property is almost a fetish and merchants and residents living along the main highway can be seen in the early hours sweeping the road clean of pebbles.

Another favourite motor trip of mine is through the marsh country near Sackville, New Brunswick, and Amherst, Nova Scotia. This is dyke country. The dyke system of keeping out the sea has reclaimed hundreds of thousands of acres of the richest hay-producing land in the world. The poets call this Tantramar marsh, "the land of the flapper"... and there is a reason for it—a very practical reason. The dykes keep out the sea but they must be punctured by a sluice in order to let the rain and drainage water find outlet to the ocean. At the ocean end of each sluice is a valve or flapper. It is a trap door on a hinge which closes when the tide pushes against it and opens when the fresh water nudges from inside. The flapper has rescued the land and been responsible for row upon row of hay barns which are the feature of this Atlantic prairie. They are the grain elevators of the East . . . thousands of them—all the same shape—unpainted and forlorn beside the cocoa-coloured rivers which snake through



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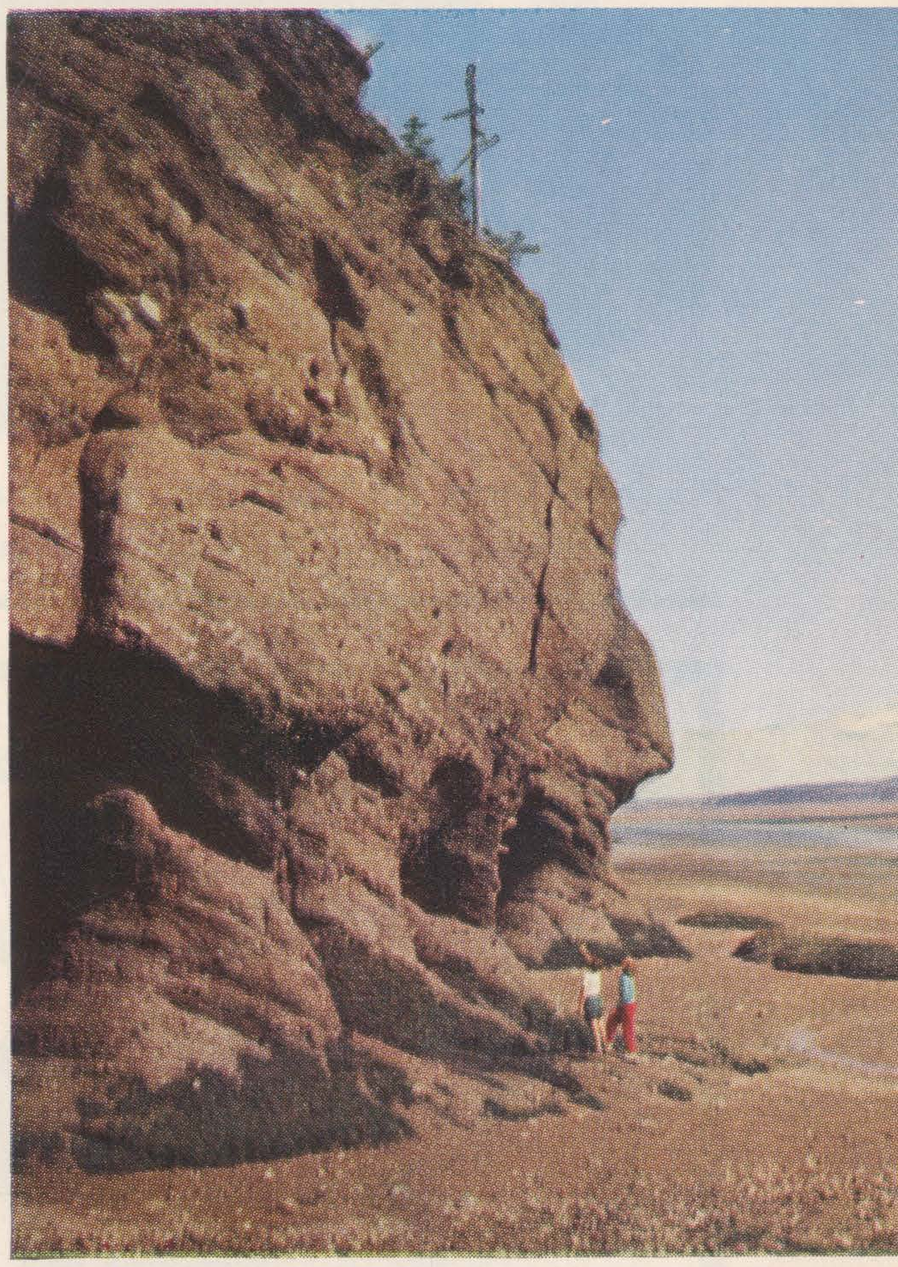

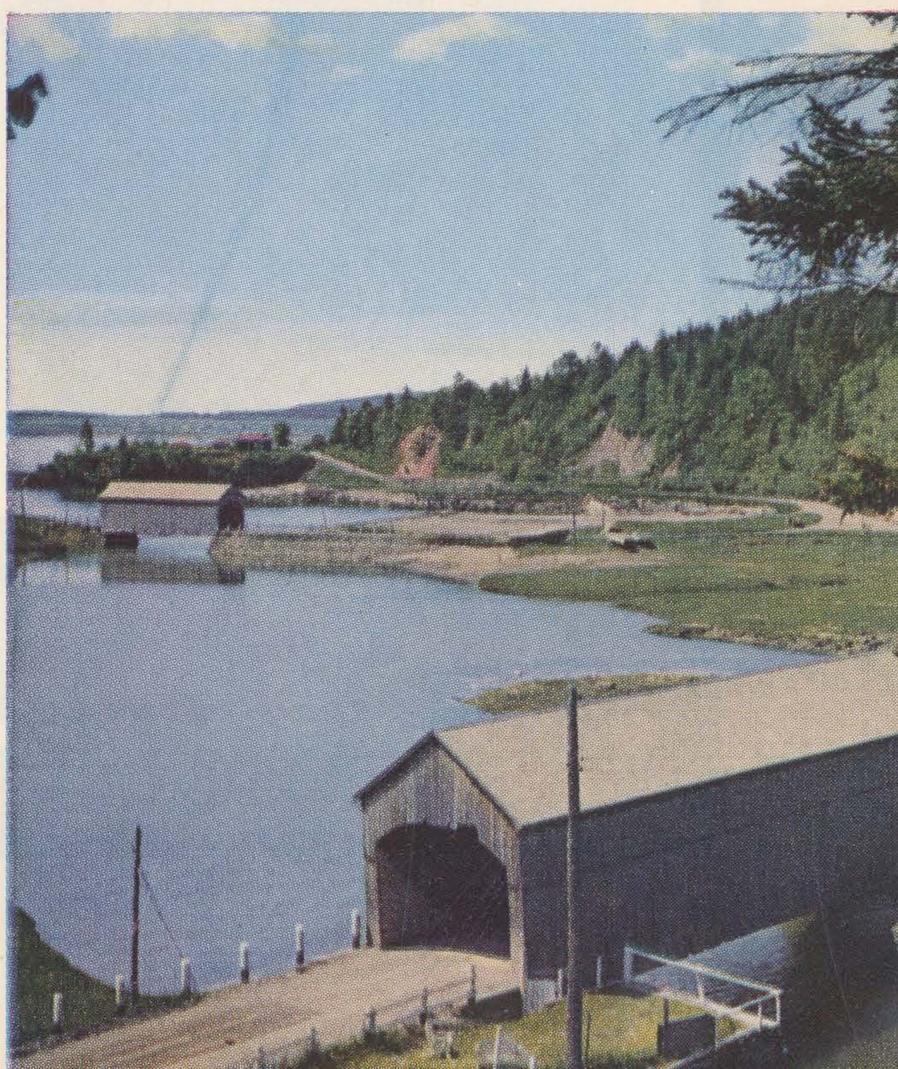

Courtesy of the N.B. Travel Bureau

Above, a display of New Brunswick handicrafts. At right, top, Charlotte County fishing boats; centre, Hopewell Cape, and lower, covered bridges, all New Brunswick scenes.

the oceans of hay. Even in the "heyday" when horses consumed hay, these barns never looked opulent. They are hay barns and not for stock or machinery.

In the upper reaches of the Bay of Fundy there are many side trips that the traveller should not miss. One of them is out of Sackville to Rockport, where the road follows the tawny marshes with their waves of grass. In this part of Westmorland County, the old farm homes are set back from the road—regal and alone. Many of them have attic windows or the traditional widows' walks. This is the saddest part of Canada. Not a ghost town but a ghost shore. Not too many years ago, each house in this whole area was owned by a sea captain, who roamed the seven seas by schooner out of New Brunswick. These old homes along the shore still hold the spoils of trips to China, the Indies and the lands down under. Along the coastline are the tired relics of shipyards which once sent these graceful schooners down to the sea. Today, along sea-captain shore not even a row-boat tickles the back of old Fundy. Only the stately farm houses and the rotted piers tell of past glories. Take your time or you will see only the tides.

☆ ☆ ☆

Another favourite trip, so redolent with tradition, is along the south shore, out of Halifax, Nova Scotia—toward Lunenburg. Any road leading off the main highway in the direction of the ocean will be rewarding and rocky, for the land has raised a stony face to the Atlantic on the south shore of Nova Scotia. In Peggy's Cove, they have fences to keep strayed cows *out* of the settlement, because the grass is so scarce. Lunenburg is the most famous and colourful town on the winding coastal road. Wherever you travel along the south shore, you will be reminded of the frightening power of the ocean and you will wish to pay your own tribute to the seafaring Nova Scotians whose 'highway' starts where the rocks stand fast and from there disappears into the grey Atlantic.

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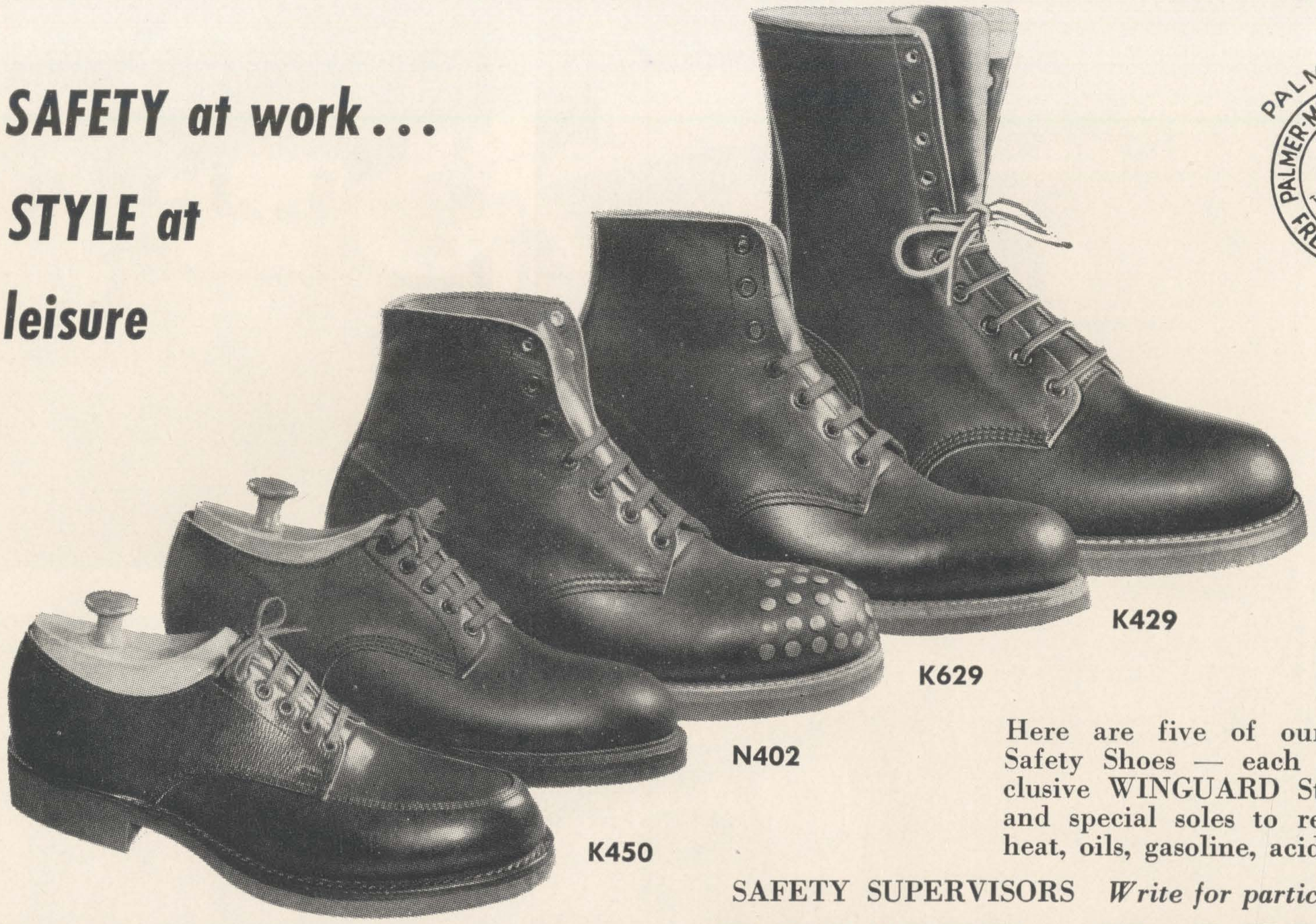

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Especially in Lunenburg, you will meet these characters with the North Atlantic complexion—as red and fresh as a boiled lobster—as if they had been tattooed with Atlantic brine. These are the celebrated Lunenburg sailors, who learn the roll of the sea as boys. Each one of them holds a raft of stories, especially the old skipper of the *Bluenose*, Angus Walters. Each one of them can spin tales worth hours of reading. The tall masts in the harbour have gone down with the tides of time and now most of the schooners are power driven, but the men have not changed very much. Lunenburg is undoubtedly the most prosperous fishing town in the North Atlantic. These sons of peasants who came from Europe 200 years ago are also farmers. If you see them using oxen in the fields, do not regard this as retrogression, because in this country the ox is a most practical beast. Tractors and horses are useless on such rocky soil. The ox is such a patient animal and besides he can always be put in the soup when his day is done.

☆ ☆ ☆

The land of Evangeline is as different from the south shore of Nova Scotia as furious old Fundy is from the pastoral lands of the St. John river. Maritimers refer to this as 'the valley'. From Windsor to Digby the land is shielded from the moods of Fundy by a wall of rock and therein lies a land rich in orchard charm and the neatness of towns. The Annapolis Valley has a New England look and indeed it might for the first settlers came from New England before the Loyalists settled in Canada. The same characteristics apply—fear of public display, dislike of debt, and reticence. Pride of property is another New England inheritance.

The orchards crowd the highways and one can almost pluck the apples from the trees. The tidal rivers wind through the orchards and the silty waters blend nicely with the orchard green. The mountain wall stands guard over the gardens, and amethysts can be gathered on the ocean shore. Very scenic and most historic. The first settlement in mainland Canada was here. Valley people boast that the first social club, the first saw mill, first play, first garden in all of Canada were established here. At Grand Pré is a delightful monument to the heroine of the Acadians —Evangeline. Evangeline, who perpetuates the memory of the Expulsion of the Acadians, stands in a community where not a word of French is heard any more. How strange that Longfellow, who epitomized this land, never set foot on Annapolis soil! He publicized Nova Scotia at no cost whatsoever to the province.

The Acadians were expelled from the fruit lands of Nova Scotia but they came back and today a few miles south of the Annapolis Valley the original tongue is heard once again. The returning Acadians settled as close to their beloved valley as

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Courtesy of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau

"The beaches are red, the farms are red . . ." A coastal scene at Prince Edward Island National Park.

they could. Visitors should drive slowly from Digby to Yarmouth and stop to talk to these soft-speaking Acadians. The road from Digby to Yarmouth is almost one continuous French-speaking village—it is called the longest street in the world. This is the land of craftsmen. Nearly every man can turn his hand to worthwhile projects. Wood carvers, whittlers, ship builders, house builders—the Acadian is an artist. Stop and chat with them and hear about the stories of days long ago.

☆ ☆ ☆

Any drive in Prince Edward Island can never be more than a few miles from the warm waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Prince Edward Islanders claim that their ocean water is warmer than any north of the Carolinas. The waters are shallow and the sun warms the sand, and besides, they have the rolling surf and sand dunes stretching mile upon mile. Here is one of the great tourist potentials in North America and visitors are surprised that more *de luxe* beach resorts have not been built. Prince Edward Island is a marvel of co-ordination. The entire province has a population less than the city of Halifax, yet it maintains all the trimmings of a sovereign state—legislature, lieutenant-governor, cabinet ministers and all the panapoly to be found in Ontario or Quebec.

Prince Edward Island is the most horse-conscious province east of Alberta. Summer is the big season and almost every hamlet has a track. No part of America is as neat as this province with a red face. The beaches are red, the farms are red and even the automobiles which stray from the paved roads have a reddish tinge. Rich soil producing potatoes and yielding market vegetables. No poverty, no smoke-stacks, no extremes of wealth—and a pride peculiar to island people—that is the Prince Edward Island boast. No matter which road you take, no matter where you stop, you will hear stories of native sons and daughters who left the Island to win fame and wealth. Almost every citizen on the Island was born there and is proud to tell you that there is no other island, yet the stern law of economics forces a high percentage to move to less friendly but more fertile fields.

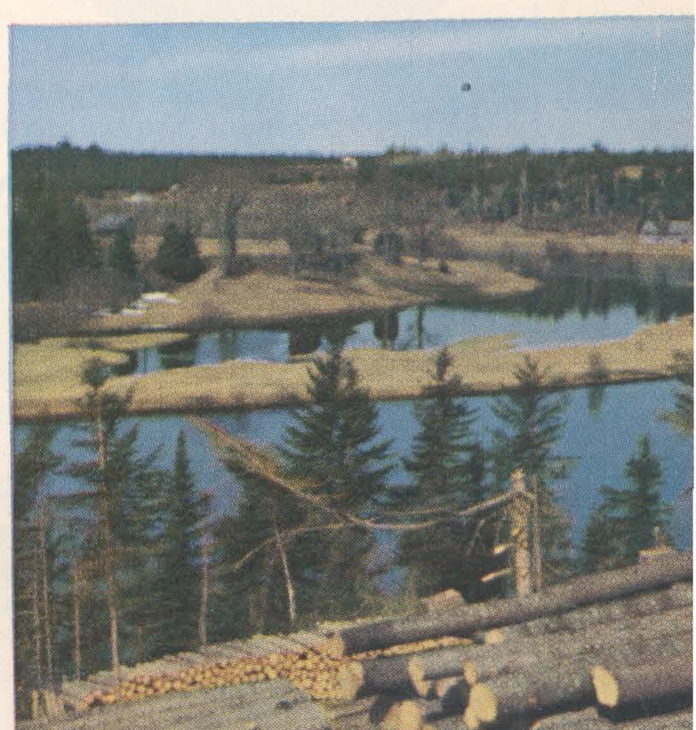
So much to see on the Island . . . *Anne of Green Gables*, the room where Confederation was conceived, Marie Antoinette's snuff box, mink ranches, oyster farms, lobster fishing villages, beaches, trout fishing. They are so friendly on the Island that they will let the visitor throw his line into the reserved and prolific trout streams. The one overwhelming impression of P.E.I. is the friendliness, neatness and beauty of landscape. For diversion, try a clam bake on the north shore when the moon is high and the sea sends her deep notes across the sand dunes.

☆ ☆ ☆

When Alexander Graham Bell wanted to spend his last few years in peace, he chose Cape Breton Island and especially Baddeck Bay. A man of such wealth and position could have chosen any spot on

Pictures above and lower left, courtesy of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau.
Pictures centre and right below, courtesy of the New Brunswick Travel Bureau.

Above, a scene at Cheticamp on the Cabot Trail in Cape Breton. Below, left the Habitation, Lower Granville, N.S.; centre, Grand Manan weir fishermen; right, lumber beside the St. John River.



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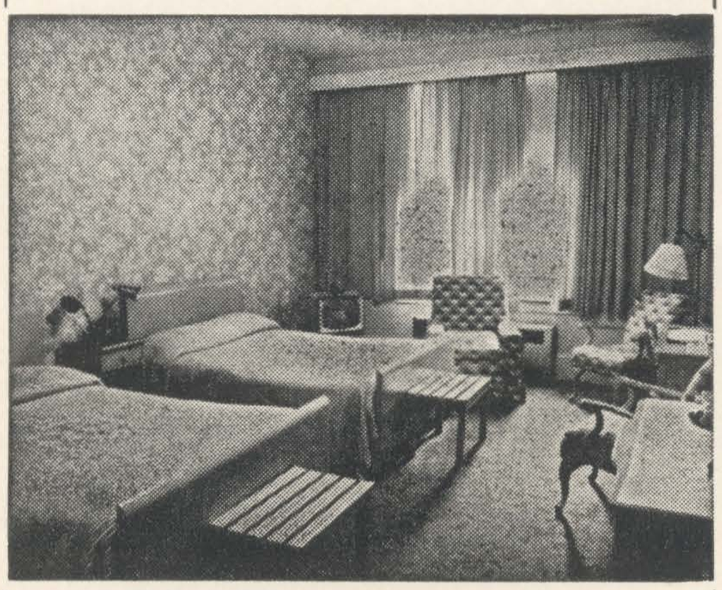

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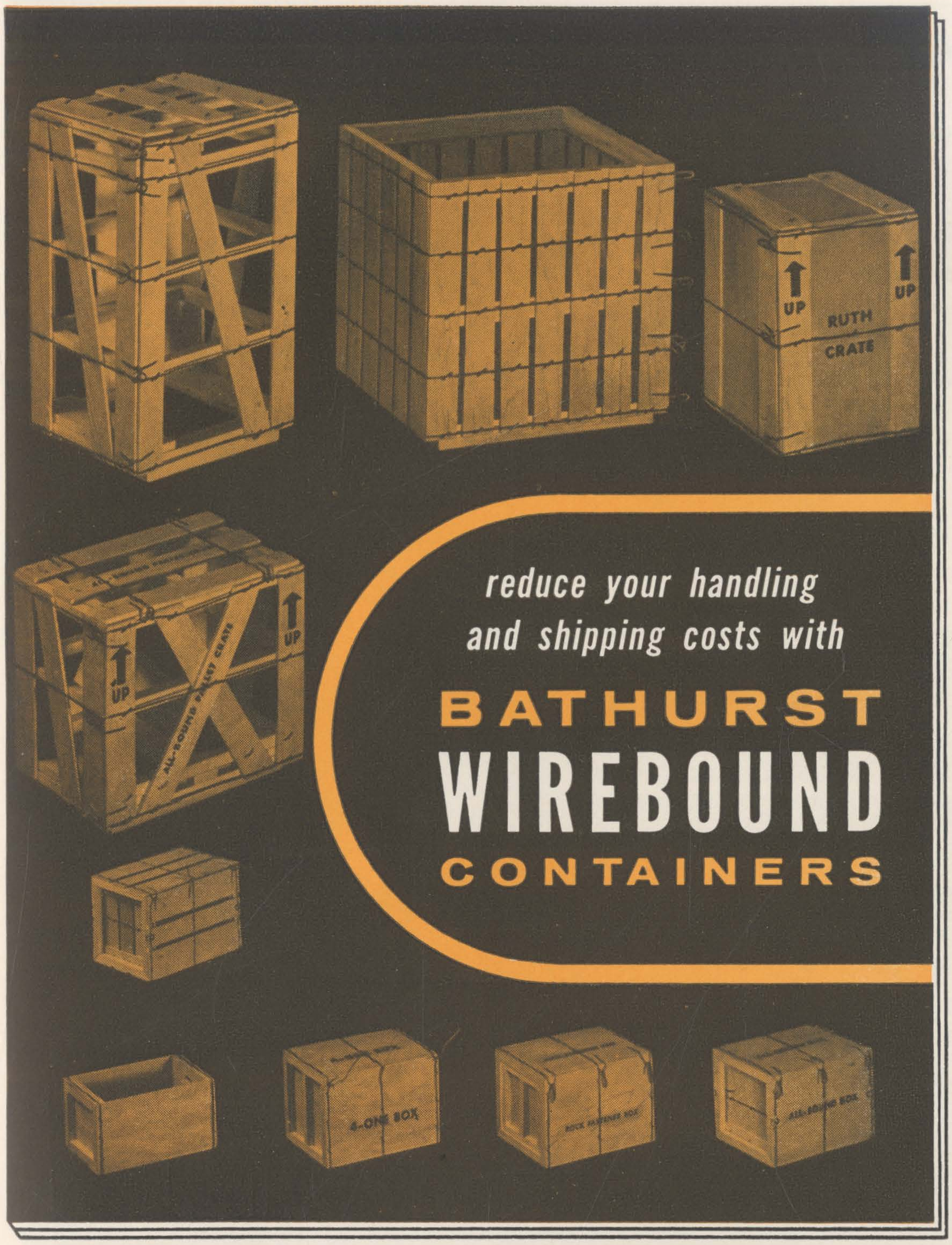
Green Gables golf course at Cavendish, P.E.I.

the globe. Bell loved the Bras d'Or lakes. He gave Canada a new chapter in invention and visitors can see the results of his pioneering genius in the Bell Museum at Baddeck. Linger awhile and see what this great brain produced in aviation, electronics, speech and a myriad of ideas.

North of Baddeck, follow the Cabot Trail around the tip of Cape Breton. This is spectacular mountain-marine country with vistas as bold and misty and moody as one will find in northern Scotland. Be prepared to hear the skirl of the pipes spilling out of some lonely glen—for this is Highland country. You will hear more Gaelic spoken here than you will in the old lands. When Ramsay MacDonald, prime minister of Great Britain, visited here, he was greeted in the Gaelic language. He was most embarrassed because he could not speak a word of Gaelic, although he came from Scotland. Each year at St. Ann's, a Gaelic mod is held where young Cape Bretoners are taught the ancient dances of Scotland and the art of the bagpipes. Cape Breton is New Scotland.

The Cabot Trail rolls over the highlands and is never far from the angry Atlantic. Only the Rocky Mountains or the Gaspé can offer such striking contrasts. When you reach Ingonish, leave your car and hire a fisherman to take you sword-fishing. If you do not wish to cook the sword-fish yourself, dine at the elegant lodge operated by the Province of Nova Scotia. As an extra, visit the museum in St. Ann's and see the effects of Canada's giant 'Big Angus' and note the size of his boots. He stood almost eight feet tall and the friendly natives will tell you the most stupendous stories about this enormous Cape Bretoner. Ask the natives about the minister who persuaded his entire flock to leave Cape Breton and sail to Australia and New Zealand. The Cabot Trail will eat up your entire summer, if you will stop and ask questions. On the other end of it, you will be in French-speaking country and there will be more stories and more places to see. Take it easy, for the Maritimes are full of surprises. Maritimers do not like people in a hurry.



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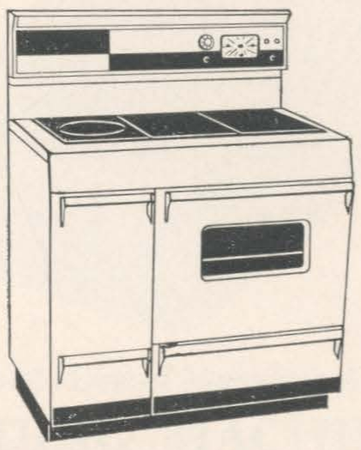

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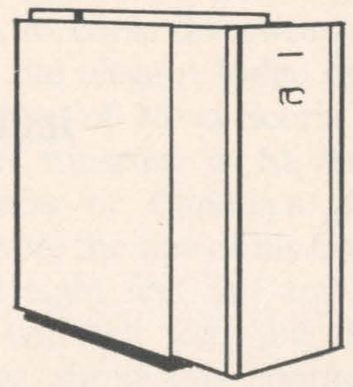

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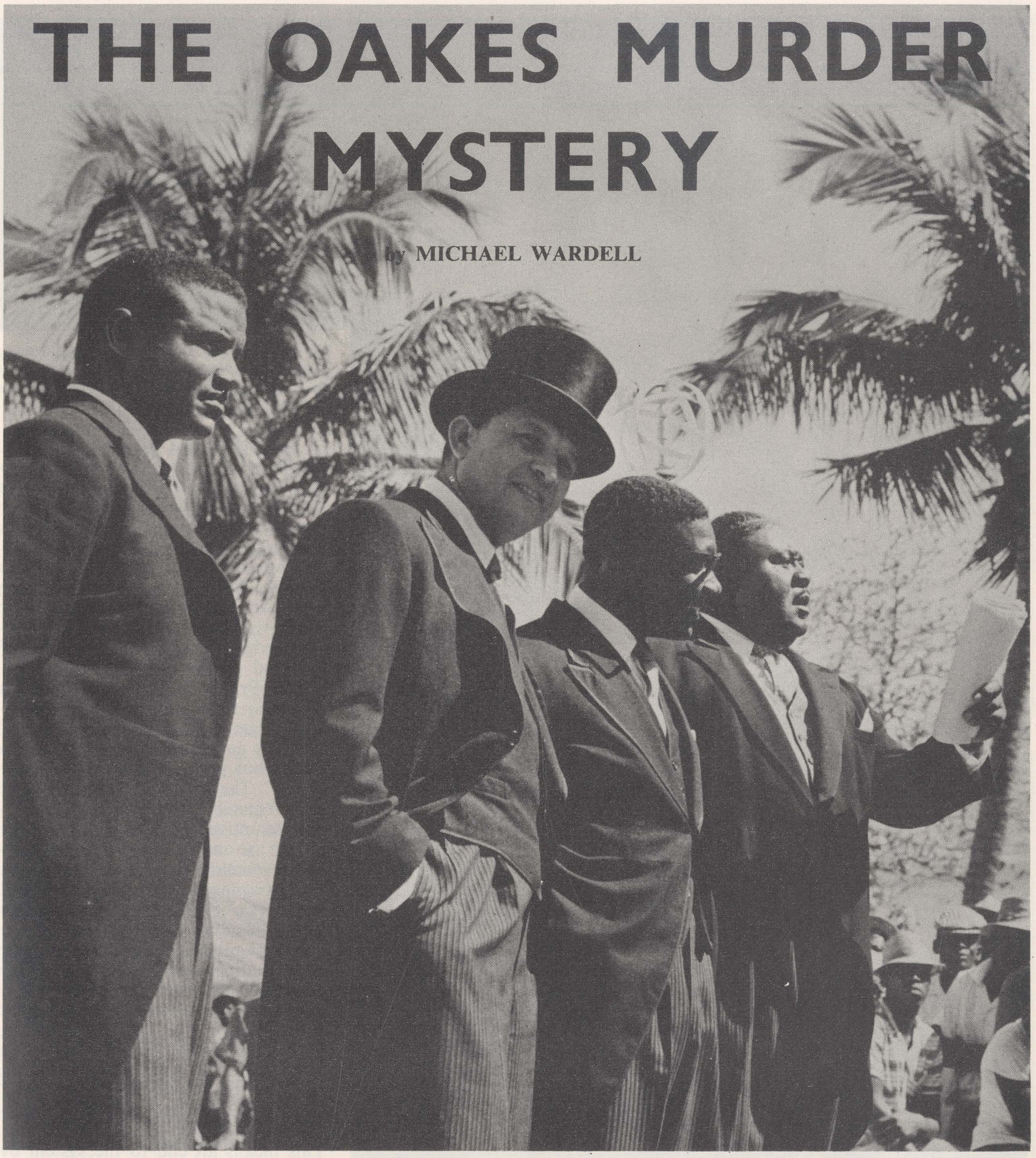
THE OAKES MURDER MYSTERY

by MICHAEL WARDELL



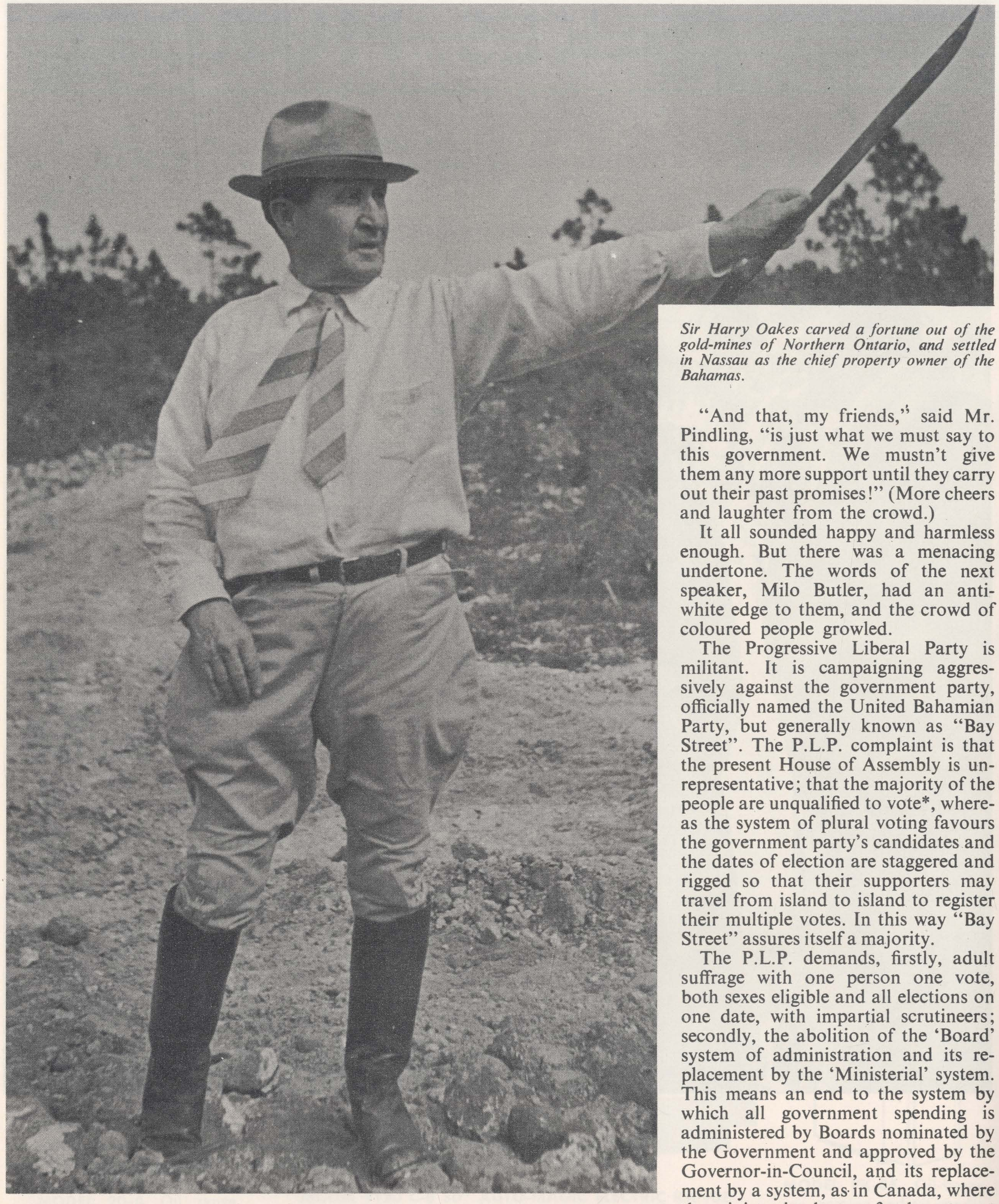
All Photos from Canada Wide Feature Service

"The Progressive Liberal Party is militant. It is campaigning aggressively against the government party, officially named the United Bahamian Party, but generally known as 'Bay Street'."

IT WAS AN AFTERNOON of early spring this year of 1959 in the Bahamas. There was crisis in the House of Assembly. The five members of the Progressive Liberal Party had been suspended for a breach of privilege by the Speaker, and the House adjourned for a week. On the day of which I write, the members had reassembled and apology had been demanded of the five rebels of the P.L.P. They had refused to apologize, and the House was again adjourned.

The five recalcitrants walked out onto the bandstand and I followed with the crowd, interested to hear the P.L.P. version of the controversy that was currently cleaving the colony. Cyril Stevenson, P.L.P. leader, was the first to speak. Stevenson is editor of *The Herald*, Nassau newspaper of the P.L.P. party, and he has a gift for words. He is a printer as well as a journalist, and a half-brother of Lord Beaverbrook's bailiff.

After him, Linden Pindling spoke. "There was a preacher," he said, "and



Sir Harry Oakes carved a fortune out of the gold-mines of Northern Ontario, and settled in Nassau as the chief property owner of the Bahamas.

he wanted a bottle of rum. So he sent his boy Peter to get a bottle from Mr. Johnston, the dealer. 'Hurry back,' he told the boy.

"But the boy didn't come, and the reverend started his sermon. He told of Peter's escape from Herod, and as soon as it was day, how the soldiers cried: 'What has become of Peter?' 'And I repeat,' shouted the preacher in a loud voice, 'and I say again: What has become of Peter?'

" 'I'm here, reverend,' piped the voice of Peter from the back of the church. 'Mr. Johnston said you can't have no more rum till you pays for the last bottle.' " (Shouts of laughter and cheers from the crowd.)

"And that, my friends," said Mr. Pindling, "is just what we must say to this government. We mustn't give them any more support until they carry out their past promises!" (More cheers and laughter from the crowd.)

It all sounded happy and harmless enough. But there was a menacing undertone. The words of the next speaker, Milo Butler, had an anti-white edge to them, and the crowd of coloured people growled.

The Progressive Liberal Party is militant. It is campaigning aggressively against the government party, officially named the United Bahamian Party, but generally known as "Bay Street". The P.L.P. complaint is that the present House of Assembly is unrepresentative; that the majority of the people are unqualified to vote*, whereas the system of plural voting favours the government party's candidates and the dates of election are staggered and rigged so that their supporters may travel from island to island to register their multiple votes. In this way "Bay Street" assures itself a majority.

The P.L.P. demands, firstly, adult suffrage with one person one vote, both sexes eligible and all elections on one date, with impartial scrutineers; secondly, the abolition of the 'Board' system of administration and its replacement by the 'Ministerial' system. This means an end to the system by which all government spending is administered by Boards nominated by the Government and approved by the Governor-in-Council, and its replacement by a system, as in Canada, where the minister in charge of a department is responsible to Parliament for the spending of his department.

To an outsider that seems rational enough. It is by the volume and viru-

* Voters' qualifications: ownership of £5 value in land, or annual rental 48 shillings New Providence, 24 shillings Outer Islands. Bill now before the House of Assembly proposes manhood suffrage.

lence of the propaganda that passions in the Bahamas can be measured.

Stevenson, discussing his party's attitude with me, said:

"Bay Street keeps a stranglehold on the Boards which spend the public money. No detailed accounts are published. Take the Development Board, with a budget of £680,000. No coloured person has ever been a member of it. Its five members are Stafford Sands, Trevor Kelly, John Bethel, Robert Symonette and Harold Christie. They control that expenditure absolutely.

"And look at the Board of Works. Harold Christie is commercially developing Cat Island, his constituency. Yet the Board of Works is spending another £20,000 there in addition to £30,000 already announced. And on the island of Eleuthera, Symonette, George Baker and Harold Christie are engaged in commercial development, and drilling equipment has just been ordered for Rock Sound, Eleuthera, at Government expense. Harold Christie either owns or controls or has a finger in every pie."

There is another side of the picture. The Hon. Harold G. Christie is an immensely active and wealthy landowner and real estate operator. It is true that he has a finger in every Bahamian pie. It can be argued that if none of his pies are to be sweetened by Government spending, there would be no Government spending anywhere in the Bahamas on public works or health or tourist promotion.

Antagonism to "Bay Street" is the main motive of the P.L.P. and the main target for attack is Harold Christie. And Harold Christie had the misfortune sixteen years ago to discover the clubbed corpse of his murdered friend Sir Harry Oakes. This, then, is the background to the storm provoked by Cyril Stevenson last May when he introduced the following Resolution in the House of Assembly:

Resolved, that it is the opinion of this House that immediate steps should be taken by the Bahamas Government to reopen the Oakes murder case and that Scotland Yard be requested to send investigators to the Colony to conduct an intensive investigation into the murder in Nassau in 1943 of the Canadian gold-mining multi-millionaire Sir Harry Oakes.

Resolved further, that it is the opinion of this House that the Governor of the Bahamas should order the Criminal Investigation Department of the Bahamas Police Force to offer every assistance possible to the officers from Scotland Yard in the investigation of the most brutal crime in the annals of Bahamian criminal history.

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Lady Oakes, widow of the slain Sir Harry Oakes, after giving evidence against her son-in-law. She is being helped into the car by her daughter, Nancy de Marigny, and Newell Kelley, manager of the Oakes properties at Nassau.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of this Resolution be forwarded to His Excellency the Governor for his information, and respectfully requesting him to carry out the wishes of the House as herein contained.

Cyril Stevenson was the only member of the Assembly to speak on the Resolution. He said that ever since the murder of Sir Harry Oakes and the acquittal of his son-in-law, Marigny, there had been almost continual demands in the world press for an intensification of the investigation.

He said that Raymond C. Schindler*, a detective of world renown, was employed by Nancy Oakes, daughter of Sir Harry and then the wife of Marigny, to investigate the case. When Schindler arrived in Nassau at that time, a briefcase was taken from him, and when it was given back certain important documents were missing. The Duke of Windsor, who was then Governor of the Bahamas, rejected an offer made by Schindler to track down the murderer. Recently, Schindler had stated in "Front Page Challenge", the television programme in Toronto, that he could unravel the mystery and bring the murderer to justice.

"The whole case was bungled by the interference of the Duke of Windsor," Stevenson charged. "The Duke really had no right to take the case out of the hands of the local police department and to bring in detectives from Miami, Florida. They did not follow the proper procedure in producing Marigny's fingerprints at the trial. It is generally agreed that Marigny was framed."

The Stevenson Resolution was supported unanimously in the House of Assembly. This caused surprise locally, since it was thought that "Bay Street" would reject it, for it was patently an attack on the United Bahamian Party intended to embarrass the Government with the implication that there was a conspiracy to suppress the case and to shelter Harold Christie from the ordeal of further questioning. In an editorial, *The Guardian*, the Nassau newspaper of "Bay Street", stated that it was Harold Christie himself who persuaded the members of his party to support the Resolution as he was anxious to have the case finally settled.

After the sitting of the House, Cyril Stevenson spoke to a large gathering of P.L.P. supporters on the Southern Recreation Grounds. He said: "The killer of Sir Harry Oakes is still stalking the streets of Nassau. The entire purpose of my Resolution is to place a rope around the murderer's neck and hang him until he is dead.

"The House has expressed its will, and I will see to it that the Governor carries out the wishes of the House. If he refuses, we will assume that gentleman is trying to protect another gentleman." Stevenson again charged the Duke of Windsor with "bungling" the investigation. References to the Duke were met by "booing and sneers" from the crowd, according to the local press report.

"It is a dangerous thing", said Stevenson "to try to unravel this mystery. Miss Betty Renner tried it. She was an American citizen from Washington, D.C. That did not save her. According to Raymond Schindler, she picked up some information very dangerous to the man involved. She wrote to her editor that she had received threats. The editor told her to return to the United States but she did not. Two or three days later her body was found stuffed down an open well in the Pine Barren off Gladstone Road.

"I myself received many warnings from friends and associates to be careful of my own safety!"

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Let us return, now, to the time of the murder sixteen years ago. It was at Westbourne, the great broad-balconied house on the golf course. At a quarter to seven on the morning of July 8, 1943, the bludgeoned, burned, and blood-spattered body of Sir Harry Oakes, Canadian gold-mining multi-

* Mr. Schindler died of a heart condition on July 1, 1959.

millionaire, was found lying on a charred mattress in his bedroom. There were four murderous gashes in his head. The room was still filled with smoke.

Harold Christie made the discovery. Subsequent evidence revealed that Christie awoke at 6:45 a.m. and walked barefoot in pajamas down the hall and knocked at his host's door. There was no response. Christie pushed open the door.

"It was the shock of my life," Christie said in the later court proceedings. He said that he and Sir Harry Oakes generally had breakfast together when he stayed overnight at Westbourne.

"I didn't hear from him by time for breakfast," Mr. Christie continued; "I called at his door and there was no answer. I went into the room and saw smoke. Then I rushed to the bed and discovered him with his clothing burned off. There were several raw spots on his body.

" 'For God's sake, Harry,' I shouted, and shook him. His body was still warm.

"I lifted his head and put a pillow under it, and took a glass of water and put some in his mouth. I got a towel and wet it and wiped his face, hoping to revive him. I thought him still alive.

"Then I went to the porch and called for help. I telephoned for the doctor and others for assistance."

Christie went on to describe how he wiped the blood from his hands on a towel in his own room. Officers had found a bloody towel in Christie's room and questioned him. He swore he was sleeping at the Oakes house next to Sir Harry's room. He had heard nothing.

Captain Sears of the Police Department stated that he saw a person he recognized as Christie in the early morning in Nassau in a station wagon. Christie was examined by the police on the night following the murder and was found to have no traces of burns on his body, face or arms.

Sir Harry Oakes' son-in-law, Marigny, was found to have the hair of his hands, head and beard singed. He was arrested for the murder of his father-in-law.

Then followed one of the most sensational trials ever to grip the crime-racked readers of newspapers in several continents. It has become a classic wherever famous murder cases are discussed. The case had horror, brutality, wealth, lust and suspense, all the elements to make it notorious, and revealed, moreover, a succession of blunders, errors and follies that dogged events to a degree that seemed almost too fantastic to have happened by chance.

Marigny, with Police Lieutenant John Douglas, who guarded him night and day before he was arrested for the murder of his father-in-law, Sir Harry Oakes.

Sir Harry Oakes had made an immense fortune in Canada by the discovery of the Lake Shore mines at Kirkland Lake, Ontario. At the time of his death, his fortune was reputed to be $200 million, no doubt an overestimate. On November 16, 1943, Walter W. Foskett, his attorney, gave a figure of $25 million; but there were complications by reason of his domicile in the Bahamas, and the full amount of his fortune was not revealed. He had left Canada in 1935 to live in the land of the tax-free, where there is not only no income tax but where succession duties amount to only two per cent on Bahamian investments and nothing at all on property held outside the colony. To Canadians this immunity has now been mitigated by the new law which requires the value of all foreign holdings to be included in a deceased's estate.

Sir Harry Oakes became the colony's chief property owner. He was married and had five children. There were three sons and two daughters. Nancy, the eldest, married the self-styled Count de Marigny within two days of her eighteenth birthday.

Marigny was a native of Mauritius, British island in the Indian Ocean. His father's name was Fouquereaux. He has written that his mother's maiden name was de Marigny and he decided to use it, adding the title of Count for good measure. He came to the Bahamas by way of Paris, London and New York and settled at Governor's Harbour with a rich American wife whom he later tricked into a divorce.

He met the young heiress Nancy Oakes when she was a schoolgirl of seventeen and after their marriage without her parents' consent there were acrimonious quarrels between Marigny and Sir Harry and Lady Oakes, with bitter and passionate recriminations and occasional reconciliations.

On July 7, 1943, the eve of the murder, Nancy and her mother were in the United States. Marigny had a dinner party. Half business, half pleasure, he called it. In the murder trial that followed it was described in abounding detail, for it was closely related to Marigny's alibi and to his story accounting for a singed beard. The dinner was a gay one, he said, in spite of a storm that kept blowing out the candles. The hurricane shades were not properly adjusted. In fixing them Marigny singed his beard. Everyone laughed. "It is nothing to laugh about," he said. "Dammit, I've burned my hand too."

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His guests included Georges de Visdelou Guimbeau, another expatriate of Mauritius, who was then living with him, a young girl named Betty Roberts, and two wives of Air Force officers. At one o'clock in the morning, Marigny offered to drive the two married women to the cottage they shared and remarked on the time as they started. It was 1:05 a.m. They passed the Oakes house, Westbourne, and reached Hubbard's Cottages at 1:20. The two women got out and Marigny turned the car and drove back to his house.

Betty Roberts was a guest at Marigny's party on the night of the murder.

According to his subsequent evidence, he arrived back shortly after 1:30 a.m. De Visdelou Guimbeau occupied a separate apartment in the house. He had earlier retired to it with Betty Roberts, saying he had influenza and was not feeling well. Marigny called out to ask if he should take the girl home. Guimbeau replied that he would take her himself. Marigny said goodnight to his servants, who were clearing up after the party, and went to bed. He slept. At 3 o'clock he was awakened, he said, by the Maltese cat which was playing with his bull-terrier puppy. He heard Guimbeau driving away. In a few minutes he heard him return. Marigny called: "Georges, come and take your dam cat out of here." The cat was removed.

The evidence was not conclusive as an alibi. For medical experts gave the time of Sir Harry Oakes' death as from 1:00 a.m. to 2:30 a.m. For an hour of that time Marigny lay alone in his bed. There was no proof other than his own denial, that he had not slipped out

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of the house, bludgeoned his father-in-law and returned to his own room before 3 o'clock.

Sir Harry Oakes spent the evening with three friends. They were Harold Christie, Charles Hubbard, owner of the cottages to which Marigny drove his two dinner guests, and Mrs. Henneage from London. The four dined and later played cards and Chinese checkers.

Charles Hubbard described Sir Harry as "jovial, full of life and in high spirits" that evening. At about 11:00 o'clock Hubbard left with Mrs. Henneage. Christie accepted an invitation to stay the night. He and Oakes were alone in the big house, their bedrooms opening on to a broad second-floor balcony. The rooms are to some extent noise-proof. I know, for I have slept in one of them when I stayed some years later at the Bahamas Country Club, of which Westbourne is now part.

On July 8th, after the discovery of the body, a decision was taken which led to then unforeseeable consequences. The Duke of Windsor telephoned to Miami, Florida, and engaged two detectives. They were Captain Edward S. Melchen, who usually served as the Duke's bodyguard on his visits to Miami, and Captain James O. Barker of the Identification Bureau of the Miami Police. The Duke described the Oakes death as suicide, and the detectives arrived without the equipment needed for photographing fingerprints.

Melchen and Barker took charge of the case. They started investigations on the night of July 8th and interrogated many witnesses, including Marigny. They examined his hair and beard, put specimens under the microscope. They asked: "How do you account for burned hair on your hands and singed hair on your beard?"

Marigny was taken aback. He suggested smoking, cooking, burning rubbish, plucking chickens. He had forgotten the incident at dinner the previous evening.

A police officer guarded Marigny at his house that night. Next morning he was summoned again to the Oakes house. He was taken upstairs and questioned by Melchen on his relations with the dead man.

"I hated him because he was a stupid old fool who couldn't be reasoned with," Marigny said.

In the afternoon he was sent for again.

This time the Duke of Windsor was at Westbourne. Marigny gives this description of him in his book *More Devil Than Saint*, in which he tells the story of the trial.

"The Duke came out of the house. We all stood up, of course, and he

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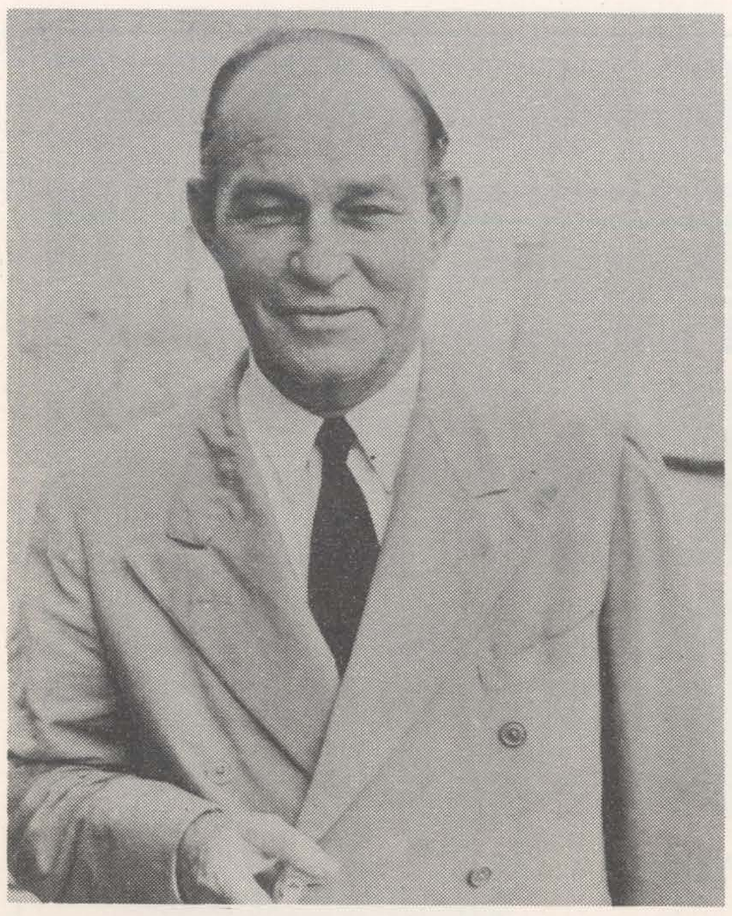


The Hon. Harold G. Christie, who found the body of Sir Harry Oakes.

nodded to us. When he was a few paces beyond me he turned and stared hard at me. He did it again a few paces farther on. I wondered to myself, 'What the hell's the matter with him?' "

The answer was soon apparent. Marigny was arrested for the murder. He was taken to Nassau jail.

His cell was an eight feet by twelve feet dungeon with an army cot in one corner and a pail in the other.

"I thought it was a water-pail", he wrote in his book, "until I investigated and found out that it was 'the lavatory'. I had never slept with my own excreta before. The thought revolted me.

"The first week in jail almost drove me crazy. I was in solitary confinement for twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours. The other hour I was allowed to go for a walk in the yard with a guard who was forbidden to speak to me. My meals were brought to me in the cell. I could hardly eat them on account of the smell from the night pan . . . all night long the light was on, throwing a blinding reflection from the white-washed walls and ceiling . . ."

For four months of hell the accused man lived in degrading squalor as the trial dragged through a series of preliminary hearings culminating in twenty-four days of testimony in the old stone Supreme Court at Nassau.

The news reports in the press chronicled his appearances and recorded the evidence. It makes gruesome reading.

It starts on July 12th when the prisoner was remanded after a hearing lasting only three minutes. He was described as wearing a brown suit, a faded yellow shirt and a striped tie. He stroked his beard nervously. He sat in the prisoner's box with two Negroes charged with drunkenness. A hundred-and-fifty people squeezed into the court room; four hundred more waited outside.

As the case gradually unfolded, the picture was presented of the unsavoury life of the accused, his effrontery, his brutality and heartlessness. Readers were filled with compassion for the young girl who was his wife and who sat in court, pleaded his innocence and smiled her reassurances to him as he sat in the dock. At this time the public feeling was so strong against him that she was an outcast. Yet through it all the picture gradually emerged as a "frame up", startling as the plot of a paper-back mystery thriller. There was nothing against Marigny to connect him with the murder except by prejudice and perjury.

The evidence showed that the body of Sir Harry Oakes had been burned before and after death. Inflammable liquid normally used by Sir Harry for insecticide had been sprayed over the body, bed and furniture. A blaze had been started with the obvious purpose of destroying the body, and, no doubt, the house with it. Police believed that the fire had been accidentally extinguished by the violent current of air from an electric fan.

Pajamas and bedclothes were burned. The body lay with its right hip on a newspaper that was burned around the edges. The unburned part under the body was saturated. The headboard of the bed was charred, but Sir Harry's sandy hair was not singed. There were burns on the carpet and sooty smudges on the staircase leading to the ground floor. The door was smudged with soot on the outside, and marks on the wall indicated that the body had leaned against it, inclined towards the staircase banister. The banister itself showed signs of fire. This indicated, Melchen said, that Sir Harry had fought for his life with an assailant who had clubbed him and set fire to him while still alive, that the fire had revived him, and that he had tried to make his way from the room until he was clubbed again into unconsciousness.

The case against Marigny relied entirely on a fingerprint alleged by Barker to have been "lifted" from a screen that stood beside Sir Harry's bed on the night of the murder. In all, about sixty "lifts" had been taken by Barker, by pressing scotch tape on the fingerprint and lifting the tape, fingerprint and all. The last three "lifts", he said, he made with rubber tape, having run out of scotch tape. One of these he claimed was Marigny's. He had announced on July 9th, the day of

Betty Renner was murdered seven years after the Oakes murder. She was a former American Justice Department attorney who had been concerned in Japanese war trials. She was investigating the Oakes murder, and her body was found in a well.

Marigny's arrest, that the charge against him had been made on the basis of "hair analysis, fingerprints and interrogation"; and on July 15th he told Lady Oakes at Bar Harbor, Maine, of his discovery of the fingerprint. Yet Captain Melchen testified that although he and Barker worked on the case together, travelled together from Nassau to Miami, and from Miami to Bar Harbor, he had heard nothing of this vital piece of evidence until Barker told it to Lady Oakes.

On hearing this, the Chief Justice, Sir Oscar Bedford Daly, said:

"Captain Melchen, do you not now consider it strange that Captain Barker did not tell you about the fingerprint on your journey to Bar Harbor?"

"Yes, I do now," Melchen replied.

In the Magistrate's Court at a preliminary hearing, Godfrey Higgs, Marigny's defending counsel, had asked Barker to indicate the place on the screen from which the print had been taken. Barker walked over to the screen and made a circle in blue pencil. He initialled this, saying: "That is where the latent print was 'lifted'."

Later, in the Supreme Court, Higgs pointed out that there was no evidence that the fingerprint had been "lifted" from the screen. Barker had not followed the invariable practice of fingerprint experts of having a witness to the time and place of the "lifting", or a photograph identifying its exact position.

Marigny and his bride, Nancy, eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir Harry Oakes. The picture was taken at the time of their marriage in 1942.

The "lift" had been trimmed down to little more than the exact size of the fingerprint. Yet in its curtailed form, as "Exhibit J", it still showed a little of the background, which was not the remarkably distinctive pattern of the screen, but had circles such as are seen in commercial designs on glass.

Barker was forced to make an admission probably unique for a police officer in a Court of Law.

"In the Magistrate's Court, I marked in blue pencil where I thought the rubber 'lift' was made. I have since examined the screen. I cannot say definitely that 'Exhibit J' was 'lifted' from within the area marked by me in blue pencil . . ."

The Chief Justice: "Do you mean that you cannot swear that 'Exhibit J' came from the area within the blue pencil mark? Did I hear you correctly?"

Captain Barker: "The blue line which I now see on the screen was not made by me . . ."

Godfrey Higgs jumped up and showed Barker an enlarged photograph of the spot on the screen. This showed Barker's own initials on the blue line. The Chief Justice motioned Barker to go over and inspect the screen. The court record states: "Witness further examining the screen said: 'I now withdraw what I said about the alteration of the blue line. I find my initials where the blue line is.

" 'I now doubt very seriously if it would have been possible for the 'lifted' fingerprint, 'Exhibit J', to have come from within the area marked by me with a blue pencil.' "

There was, in fact, no evidence at all that Marigny's fingerprint had come from the screen and because of the background pattern there was conclusive proof that it had not.

The case against Marigny collapsed. After a deliberation of one hour and

The body of Betty Renner, Washington lawyer who was investigating the Oakes murder, was found beaten and drowned in this well in the Pine Barren.

fifty minutes, the jury found him "not guilty" by a vote of 9 to 3. Under Bahamian law it needs the votes of twelve jurors to convict, eight to acquit. Marigny was released, to the cheers of the same mob which had been clamouring for his neck a few days earlier.

So ended a chapter in a story that is still stirring the interest of criminologists and still weaving its grim web of menace, fear and mystery in the sunny Bahamas.

☆ ☆ ☆

Will Sir Oswald Raynor Arthur, Governor of the Bahamas, act on the Resolution of the House of Assembly? Or will he follow the line indicated by the Hon. L. A. W. Orr, Attorney General, who said: "The Oakes murder case has never been closed. It is the duty of anyone who has any new evidence to hand the information over to the law officers or the C.I.D."?

There the case stands today, bizarre and inscrutable.

First we have the grotesque scene of the discovery of the corpse and the attempt to give it a drink of water. Then we have the mystery of the great house without a night-watchman. Who dismissed him? When and why? Why did Oakes not use his revolver? There could only be three reasons. Either his attacker was known to him, or he was asleep or he was assailed somewhere other than in the bedroom where his body was found.

The bedroom was spattered with blood. Yet no fingerprints were found.

What had the inquisitive Betty Renner discovered that caused her murder?

Where were the servants at Westbourne on the night of the murder? Some of these questions could doubtless be answered by Newell Kelley, Sir Harry Oakes' manager who lived with his wife in a cottage in the grounds of Westbourne. He was said to have been away fishing that night. Can he throw any light on the mystery of the night-watchman and servants?

The person to be pitied in all this is the Hon. Harold G. Christie. With the acquittal of Marigny, he has been the victim for sixteen years of persecution by sneer and suspicion.

Scarlet-robed and bewigged Chief Justice Sir Oscar Bedford Daly enters the guarded courtroom where Marigny went on trial for the slaying of Sir Harry Oakes.

And yet a moment's thought makes his innocence palpably apparent.

Remember that he is a man of stern decision and will power; a man of high intelligence who loves to recite aloud the poems of Bliss Carman; a man who has built up an immense fortune by constructive efforts in a competitive field, and who is to a great extent the creator of the modern Bahamas as a luxurious and fashionable resort area which has attracted the popular tag of "the millionaires' playground"; the man who has brought the primitive islands to booming prosperity.

If he had wanted to strike down his friend and collaborator to whom he owed much of his own good fortune, would it be conceivable that he would set fire to the room for the purpose of concealing his crime, allow the fire to flicker out, not rekindle it, but wait four hours until morning, then enter the room alone and cover himself with the blood of his victim? Anyone can see the absurdity of such a thought.

I who know him well, like him and respect him, see not only the absurdity of the thought, but the wickedness in the thoughts of those who would smear him by innuendo, which they can do because of the frightful predicament in which he once found himself through no fault of his own.

Obviously, Cyril Stevenson and the members of the Progressive Liberal Party know Christie to be innocent. Why, then, do they not publicly say so? Is it because he is their political enemy?

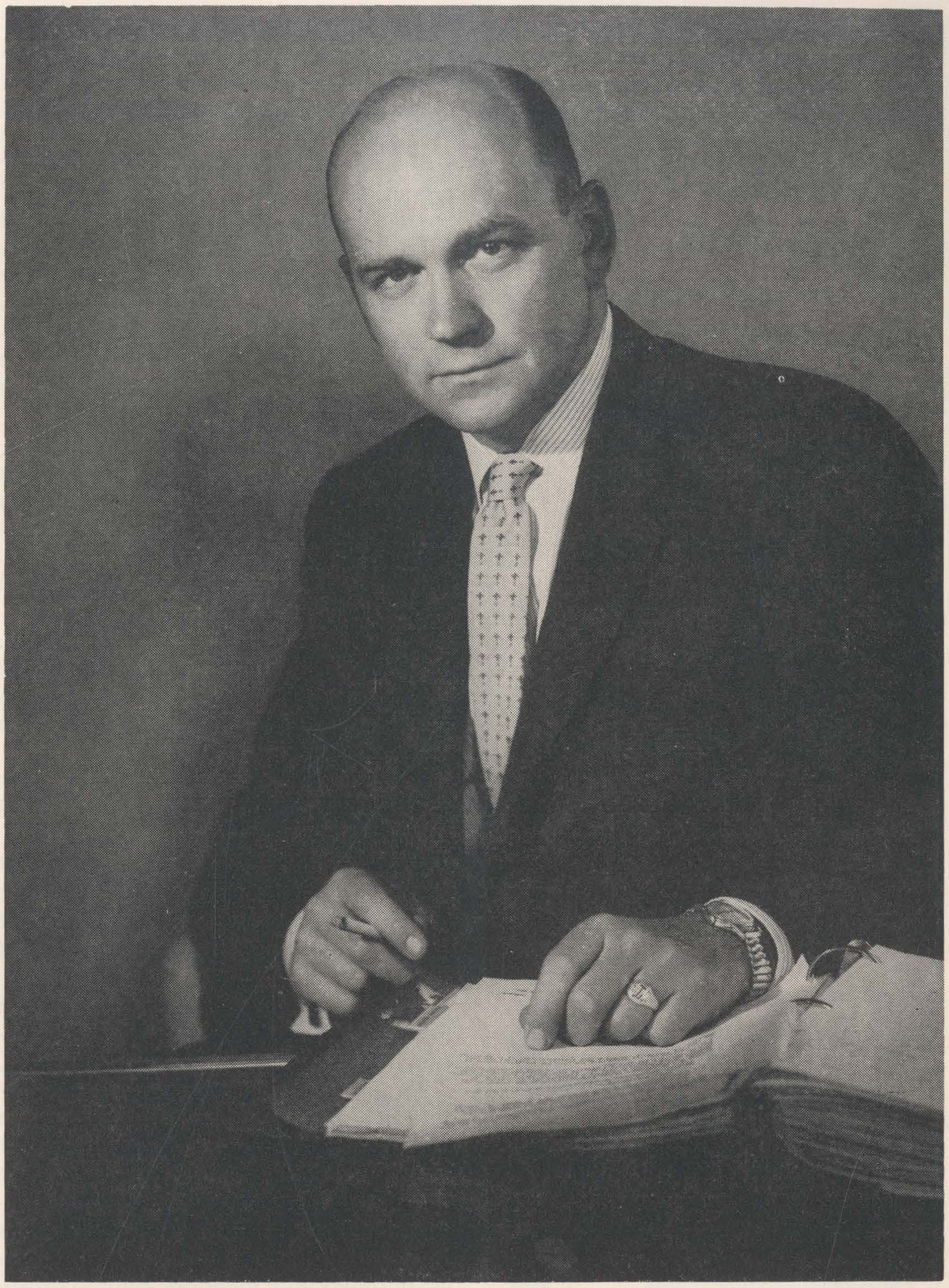
It is easy to see why Harold Christie forced his colleagues in the Government to adopt the Stevenson Resolution. It is easy to see why Christie wants the utmost publicity for the case: for the purpose of clearing his name in the eyes of the world. For no one can know the full facts but must absolve him from blame and suspicion.

Who, then, is the suspect? It would be in the best interest of the Bahamas that his name be made known. Nothing will stem publicity and conjecture. At this time two books are on the presses, both of them likely to be best-sellers. One is *The Life and Death of Sir Harry Oakes* by Geoffrey Bocca. The book will be published on October 22nd. The other is by Rupert Furneaux, an Englishman who is using the report of the case that appeared in Etienne Dupuch's Nassau newspaper *The Tribune* as the basis for his story. With so much written, so much said and so much suspected, there can only be one course, that of the fullest public re-examination of all the issues and of all the evidence in the case of Sir Harry Oakes.

THE TOURIST

by

DALTON K. CAMP



Dalton K. Camp

TOURIST (*toor-ist*) *n., a man passing through New Brunswick in a foreign car on his way to Nova Scotia to visit his mother.*

from an old Maritime dictionary

THE CLASSIC DEFINITION of a tourist is simply "anyone from out of town". More precisely for our purposes, anyone from out of the province. Every spring, "out of the province" people begin to appear in the tens of thousands. The money they spend is clear profit—freshly minted money, as it were, which we have neither earned from exploiting our own natural resources nor created entirely by our own labour. But money it is. Everyone gets some of it—no one is the poorer for it nor are future generations jeopardized.

Tourists ask little from us. Simple food, adequate shelter, a place in the sun, a toe in the water—and hospitality. For what little they ask, they are willing to pay—not only goods and services but sales taxes, gasoline, tobacco and liquor taxes—without complaint. They come for the scenery, generally, and leave it just as they found it. They provide their own entertainment—at least none is at our expense.

There are some who deprecate the value of the tourist industry. There is no one who does not have an opinion on it. In a sense, the industry is fortunate to have the advice and counsel of so many. Truly, everyone is an expert on tourism because everyone is or has been a tourist. You can not say this about engineering, mining coal or shoemaking.

As an industry, it has other unique characteristics. Tourists are served almost entirely by facilities provided by free enterprise—representing a substantial investment by private citizens. Yet the advertising, promotion and publicizing of Canada's tourist industry is almost entirely done by government or crown companies. Few realize, or appreciate, the substantial contribution made by government to the tourist industry.

Governments spend more than the industry realizes and governments value the industry and want for its success more than many appreciate. The government-initiated giant advertising and promotion campaigns, in huge and competitive markets, are in the front line of the struggle for the tourist dollar. No doubt without them there would still be tourists. Perhaps at least the man in the foreign car driving through to visit his mother.

Who else is there in our economy who can open his place of business and have, complementing his own efforts, a multi-million dollar promotional effort by the tax-payers to help him succeed? Advertisements are placed, on his behalf, in magazines and newspapers he has not only never seen but for sums he could never afford. Publicity promoting the beauty of his community and its desirability as a holiday area is produced ceaselessly by persons whom he does not know and will never meet. The government solicits business for him and brings the customers to his door.

There has always been more criticism than praise of government's role in the tourist industry. Its success should speak for itself—Canada is the beneficiary of

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Mr. Camp, a New Brunswicker, is account supervisor for all of the advertising of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, the New Brunswick Travel Bureau and the Manitoba Bureau of Travel and Publicity. In addition, he supervises the co-operative tourist advertising of the Maritime Provinces on behalf of New Brunswick, and is vice-president of the advertising agency of Stanfield, Johnson and Hill Limited.

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the largest tourist traffic in all the travelled world. We have substantially more tourists in our midst in one summer than most nations will enjoy in a month of summers. For example, as many New Yorkers visit Canada in a single year on visitor permits as the total number of visitors' passport applications for travel abroad from the entire fifty states! As for those who say Canada is "losing" tourists, the latest available figures show that even with its gigantic traffic, Canada's tourist industry is growing at a faster rate than the European market and Canada is still the most visited nation in the world.

We are sometimes told, again by experts, that Canadian advertising lacks "appeal". It does not "compare" with the advertising done by other areas which are competing with Canada for the U.S. tourist dollar. This criticism comes from a visual comparison of Canadian promotional efforts with that of others. Somehow, although Canada should be "different", there are those who feel its advertising should be more like that of its competitors.

I hurry to admit that Canada lacks certain characteristics of other travel areas and this lack shows in its advertising. We are, among other things, the most prosperous nation in the world that Americans can visit. Our standard of living is the highest in the world, except only the United States.

We are totally lacking in picturesque slums. We do not have a "native" population which carries washing on its head, dives for coins or that does other picturesque and photogenic things suitable for tourist promotion. We are barren of gambling casinos and, for that reason, we do not have enormously lavish, non-functional hotels. Indeed, the tourist plant in Canada is built as much for Canadians as for others and, therefore, built to satisfy Canadian tastes and wants.

We do not belong to what might be called the "gin on the rocks of Gibraltar" school of advertising. Indeed, it seems certain that if we must solicit tourist business by glorifying the prospect of drinking alcohol through a pink hibiscus, then the industry is in serious trouble.

This is not, I should add, a temperance view of tourism. Nor do I seriously quarrel with it as a copy point for others. The fact remains that the advertising hard-sell of hard liquor is not, in my view, a Canadian tourist copy point.

What, then, do we have to sell?

We have, in blessed abundance, everything that most people want as tourists. We have, first of all, Canadians themselves —Americans will not meet in all their travels a more friendly populace. Canadians are courteous, hospitable, tolerant; as jealous as Canadians are of their sovereignty they envy no other nation and no other citizen. In a world where the slogans of Coca-Cola are being crowded by "Yankee Go Home", Canada remains steadfastly fond of "Yankees". Broadly speaking, we talk their language, literally and figuratively.

We have a country with immense scenic beauty. Ask an American what impresses him most about Canada (as the New Brunswick Travel Bureau does regularly) and at least eighty per cent of the replies are: "The scenery."

One can only wonder at those here at home who insist that Canada and the United States are "the same". If this were so, why are so many visitors so impressed by what they see in Canada?

We have accommodations that rank with the finest in the world. Canada has excellent vacation resorts, many of them built, it must be said, with commendable vision and faith by our two railroads which launched the Canadian tourist industry. One will travel in vain to find resorts superior to these in service, cuisine and hospitality.

We have a "Canadian style" of vacation —relaxed, healthful, wholesome, invigorating—and the climate to go with it. The fundamental purpose of a vacation is to "get away from it all"—to enjoy a change of pace and a change from life's routine. Those who prefer the change of pace that gives them an all-night life of nocturnal revelry in night clubs, need hardly come to Canada. Those who want the change of pace that allows them the pure leisure of full days on the beach, on the golf course, in the boat, inhaling pine-scented air cooled by ocean breezes—they come to us, and who can blame them?

There are some in Canada who want to develop a programme to keep tourists continually busy—day and night. They might first try it themselves. Try eighteen holes at St. Andrews, a swim at the cove, or a day of fishing in the sun and salt air—and no gaming table, dance hall or floor show on earth could compete with the simple virtue of a night's restful and dreamless sleep! Tourists who come to the Laurentians to ski spend their first night celebrating their arrival, their next day on the slopes—and then a hush falls over the chalet at nightfall. Only the physically

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NANDI'S WALK

The white dog with the brown eyes
Lies where the sun's long fingers
Search the summer wakened door.
Her thumping tail
And following golden plea
See my resistance crumble
As shadows fall.

Where scutted rabbits scurry
And mist-soaked meadows wait,
Her greyhound grace
Soon now will weave pale magic
To ringdove's lute.

BARBARA J. CHRISTIE

indolent can tolerate an extensive night life.

Canada has good food. This statement is vigorously challenged by many experts. I do not mean to suggest that all food is good in Canada. The tourist must be as selective about where he dines in Canada as he surely is when he dines out at home. But if he selects the better restaurants he will get a better meal. Some of it will be superb, much of it will be good. Even the travelled Maritimer must admit he has never found lobster so succulent, sole so tender, chowder so rich as he can enjoy at home. Canadian hotel cuisine is unexcelled on this continent—and less expensive. It might also be added that the people who serve it, by and large, are at least as concerned with your enjoyment of the meal as they are by the prospect of a gratuity.

We not only have all these in our favour, we have them in abundance—a friendly people, a varied and spectacular landscape, excellent resorts and a growing number of good standard accommodations, we have play-room for everyone and a climate that's an undiluted tonic for the heat-ridden, humidity-sodden urbanite.

And what do we lack?

Many things—mostly a sense of urgency about the need for continued, creative expansion of the industry. And too many of us lack faith in Canada's value as a tourist area. The profits and the potential of the industry in any province or area can be no greater than our real hopes of achieving them.

Also, there is a provincial—and worse—a parochial attitude in the tourist industry . . . a budworm mentality that infests ideas and destroys growth. There are more special pleaders for the industry than there are creative planners. The view so often is that unless it's good for the town of Sawville, it's not good for the industry.

The tourist industry of this nation lacks substantial corollary promotion and advertising given to other travel areas by air and steamship lines and travel agents. One can only surmise that the direct promotion of Europe or California, or Florida is enhanced at least three times over by the aggressive associated advertising promotion contributed by national or international air and steamship lines servicing these routes. Travel agents, being realistic, appreciate the fact that there is more profit in promoting a travel area which is largely served by carrier traffic than there is in promoting Canada, which is largely served by the family motor car. It is remarkable how few critics of the industry realize the enormous prestige this corollary advertising gives to a travel area, even though they themselves have perhaps been over-impressed by it.

One sometimes suspects that because of these considerations Canada is a victim of an almost deliberate "de-glamourizing" by some voices in the tourist industry. It is futile to complain about this; it is only realistic, however, to be aware of it. Indeed, only by intensive effort does Canada compete for so-called "editorial" support in certain highly competitive travel publications.

No discussion of tourism could be complete without some mention of its leadership. This has special pertinence to the Atlantic Provinces, which have enjoyed and benefited from the direction of some of Canada's architects of the tourist industry—Leo Dolan, for one, the late Tom Courtney, for another. Today's tourist directors, surrounded as they are by pessimists, skeptics, cynics and heathen unbelievers in tourism, still manage to do a heroic task. Tourist promotion requires men competent in both administration and inspiration—a unique combination of talent not only for government but for any industry. Although many of them are competent, mature, creative directors, their direct supervision of a multi-million dollar industry is rewarded by salaries that are startlingly inadequate. Men in other fields, with somewhat fewer responsibilities, enjoy far greater reward.

Tourism in the Atlantic Provinces holds a future as great as any tourist area in the world. This is not rhetoric, but logic. For here we live on the very threshold of a huge, prospering segment of the American population. Within that market area, tourist facilities are inevitably to become overcrowded. We will then possess the very last stretches of free, uncluttered beach, of tranquil forest land and fish-filled waterways, of tourist living-room. How we meet this inevitability is of vital importance.

We should resist the blandishments of those who want to make of our tourist resources something both foreign to our way of life and a distortion of basic tourist needs. Expansion must be disciplined, perhaps even regulated, so that we do not inherit an industry in which a vacation paradise has been replaced by a jungle of neon and billboard. We will destroy our industry by making it commonplace.

Tourists from the United States—and, importantly now, from Ontario and Quebec—will come to the Atlantic Provinces in increasing numbers provided we maintain the integrity and authenticity of our industry. They will not come if they are to find only more of what they left behind.

The future demands that we expand our national parks' facilities, create new provincial parks and establish new resort areas. These are fundamental to our kind of tourist industry, which so many, including ourselves, have come to enjoy and cherish. The tourist industry in the Atlantic area will continue to share its resources with increasing thousands of our neighbours so long as we continue to plan and build on sound and honest foundations.

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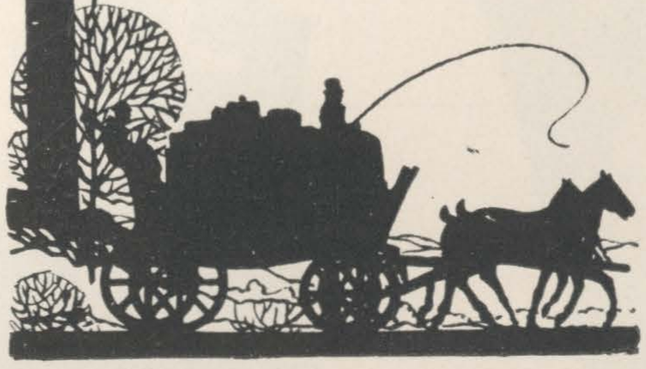
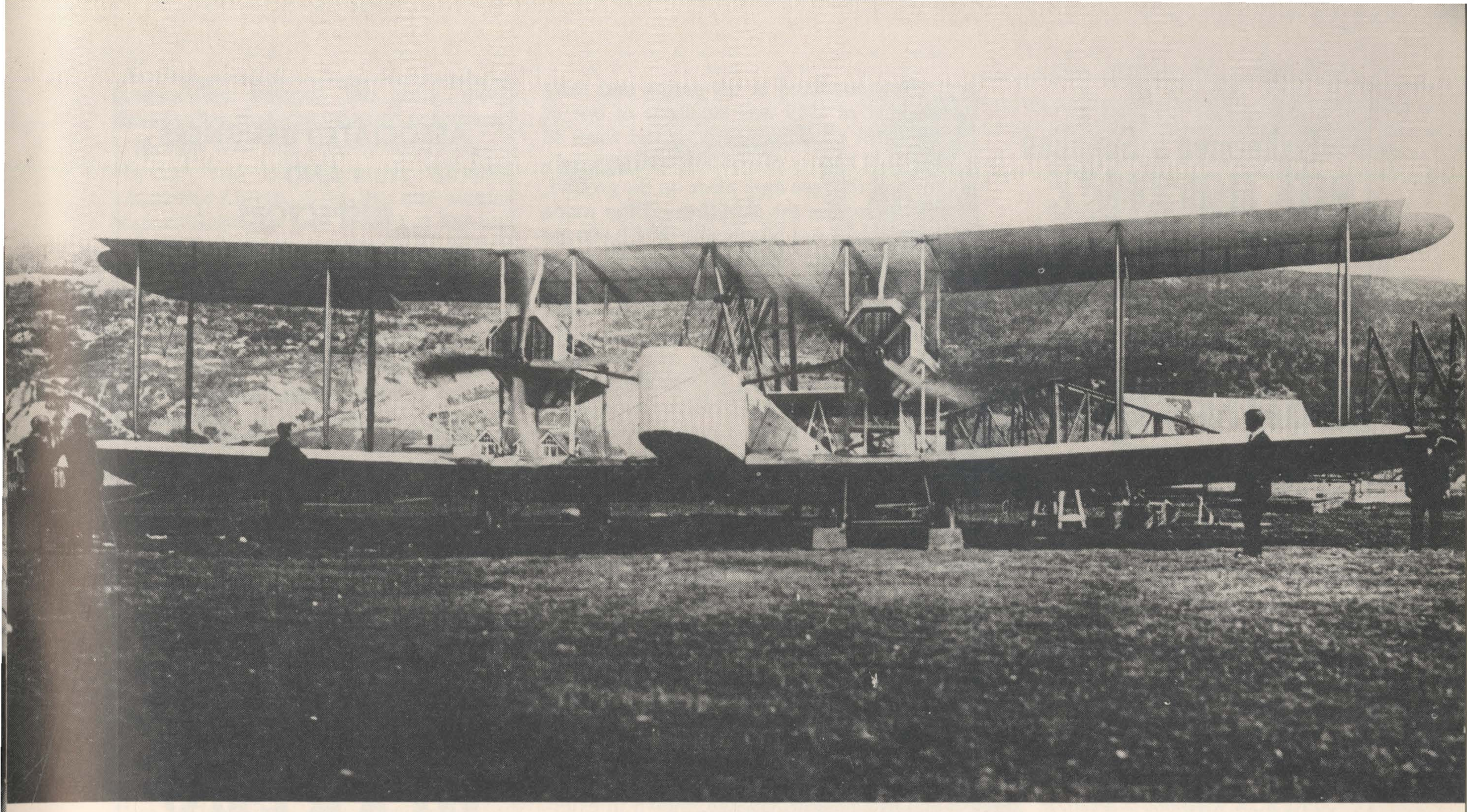


Above, Arthur Whitten-Brown with a thermos bottle in hand, shortly before the take-off of the Vickers Vimy from Newfoundland on June 14, 1919. John Alcock, his companion on the flight, wearing a cloth cap, stands below. The preparation and departure of the aircraft attracted great attention. Below, spectators get a close-up view of the flying machine, at Lester's Field on June 14, 1919.



The Vickers Vimy at Lester's Field, near St. John's, warming up for the take-off. Alcock and Brown made the first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight in this aircraft, landing in a bog in Galway, Ireland.

AIR RACE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

The Story of the Alcock and Whitten-Brown Flight Forty Years Ago

by ERIC MOON

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE skyline on a tall hill in Ireland's green and quiet Galway there stands today a giant aircraft fin modelled in Carlow limestone. It is a memorial erected by Aer Lingus—Irish Air Lines—and unveiled on June 15 this year, the fortieth anniversary of one of the most epic, and least remembered, flights in aviation history.

With the sun behind the fin the long tail-shadow stretches down in the direction of a fifteen-foot-high stone cairn built on the rock edge of a typical Irish bog a mile and a half away down in the valley. On top of the cairn a signpost points to the heart of the bog. This is a unique signpost to the past and the future; a signpost to the immortality of a great achievement and to the still incredible possibilities of aviation.

Here, on a grey June morning forty years ago, while many of the thousand inhabitants of nearby sleepy little Clifden were still enjoying their Sunday breakfast, a flimsy-looking aircraft nosed through the cloud and rain, touched down and buried itself in this Connemara bog. Sixteen hours before this inelegant landing John Alcock and Arthur Whitten-Brown had launched that same small plane from a bumpy field in St. John's, Newfoundland. Now the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic was over, and if the Vickers *Vimy* aircraft had its tail in the air perhaps it was no more than an appropriate gesture.

***Next Month*:**
HOW NEWFOUNDLAND PIONEERED TRANS-ATLANTIC FLYING
by Gordon F. Pushie

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Newfoundland in the spring and early summer of 1919 was the scene of one of the most prolonged and tautest races in the brief history of aviation, and strangely most of the race took place on the ground. Its origin was the clairvoyant offer made in 1913 by Lord Northcliffe of $50,000 for the first flight across the Atlantic from any point in the United States, Canada or Newfoundland to any point in Great Britain or Ireland, in under 72 hours, in an aeroplane. The public and the press heaped ridicule upon Northcliffe and his paper, *The Daily Mail*, but the young men of the upstart aviation industry were taking him seriously. Immediate entries were received from two of the pioneers, Blériot of Channel fame and S. F. Cody, and two others, Gordon England and Herr Rumpler. But within months Europe was aflame, the First World War had begun, and thoughts of Atlantic conquest by air were forgotten.

Northcliffe repeated his offer just before the end of the war and found an even greater response. Four years of military strife had seen great advances in aircraft, and by now there were scores of young fliers eager to find in exploration the thrills and excitement they had known in extermination. When the Royal Aero Club announced the first list of entries for the *Daily Mail* prize on April 17, 1919, there were no less than eight prospective British contestants. In May two more came in, together with an entry from America. At the end of April it also became known that the U.S. Navy was preparing four flying boats for an attempt at an Atlantic crossing. Actually one of these did make the first trans-Atlantic flight, but it made stops at the Azores and at Lisbon, so the honour of the first non-stop flight and the lure of the *Daily Mail* prize were still open to competition.

Among the ten British entries one only, a Short biplane, intended to try the flight from east to west with a take-off from Ireland. But it crashed into the Irish Sea on its flight from England, and like six of the other competitors did not even reach the starting point. The remaining four planes, a Sopwith, named *Atlantic*, to be piloted by Harry Hawker, a Martinsyde, a Vickers and a Handley-Page, were all brought to Newfoundland, and from April 1919 the race to get away was on.

For weeks, indeed months, the local newspapers carried progress reports from the various camps—the Americans with their flying boats at Trepassey, the gigantic Handley-Page bomber, also named *Atlantic*, at Harbour Grace, the Sopwith at Mount Pearl, and the Martinsyde on the north side of Quidi Vidi where now stands Fort Pepperell, the American Air Force base. Last to arrive were Alcock and Brown with their twin-engined Vickers *Vimy*, but it was soon to be seen that this was another dramatic illustration that "the last shall be first". Not first away, of

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course—fate scripted the story more cleverly than that—but the first to succeed.

Earliest on the scene were Harry Hawker and his navigator, Kenneth Mackenzie-Grieve, with the tiny single-engined Sopwith. They arrived at the end of March, found the harbour at St. John's blocked with pack-ice and made a detour to Placentia. The Sopwith came to the capital by train. Despite their early arrival Hawker and Grieve found that the advance agents of the Martinsyde and Handley-Page companies had beaten them to it and grabbed off the best available sites for airfields. They had to be content with an L-shaped field, hemmed in by a belt of high firs, at Glendenning's Farm, six miles out of the city.

When the Sopwith *Atlantic* made its first trial flight from Newfoundland soil on Friday, April 11, amongst the many who watched it flying over the roof-tops of St. John's were Raynham and Morgan, respectively pilot and navigator of the Martinsyde *Raymor*. They had arrived only that morning on the S.S. *Sachem* from Liverpool, and were supervising with loving care a large crate conspicuously labelled "Aircraft Spares. Handle With Care." This contained a consignment of two dozen each of brandy, gin, rum, whisky, sherry and port: liquid encouragement and inspiration for the Martinsyde team in prohibition-bound Newfoundland.

The Sopwith camp had their sights lined on April 16, the night of the full moon, as the most favourable take-off date, and Hawker served notice on his rivals that he intended to be first across. Raynham and Morgan remained optimistic. They were gambling on the weather, and with good cause. The Newfoundland weather was at its notorious worst in that first post-war year, and made nonsense repeatedly of hopeful prophecies that this one, or that one, would be away tomorrow. And if it seemed favourable locally, invariably violent storms in mid-Atlantic were forecast. An additional hazard faced by all the contestants was the state of the ground. The many trial flights by the respective camps were usually followed by a renewed spate of hasty repairs, mainly to flimsy undercarriages not built to withstand the shocks of the bumpy improvised runways.

April 16th and the full moon came and went, and still the Sopwith could not get away. Meanwhile Raynham and Morgan had made their first trial flight, and now the teams were even. They waited and sweated it out together, the two aircraft kept always ready to take off at short notice. Rumours, many of them without foundation, circulated throughout St. John's, and finally in order to ease the tension the pilots arranged a gentleman's agreement, each promising to give the other two hours notice if he intended to try the Atlantic flight.

They were still there on May 10 when the Handley-Page aeroplane and crew

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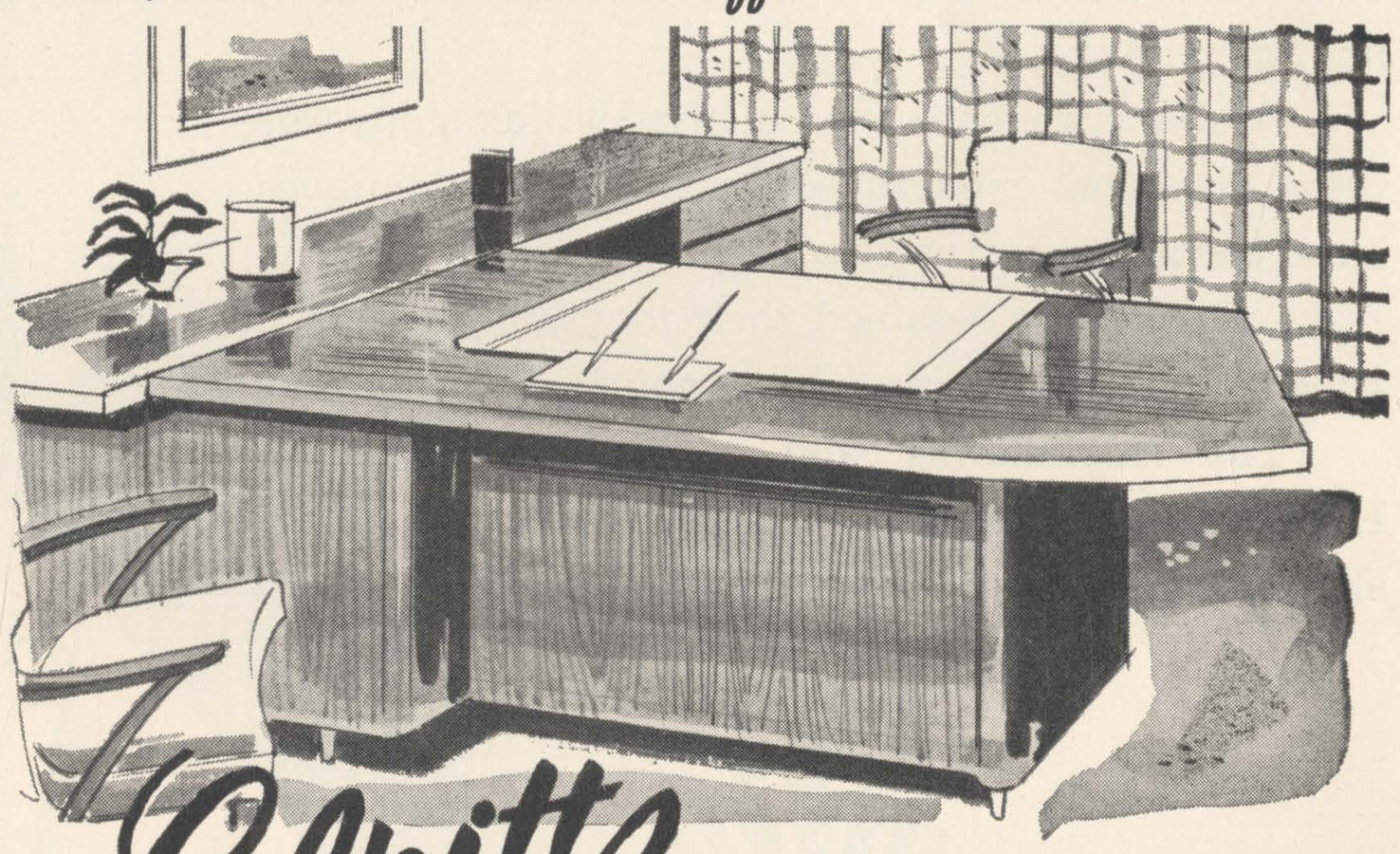

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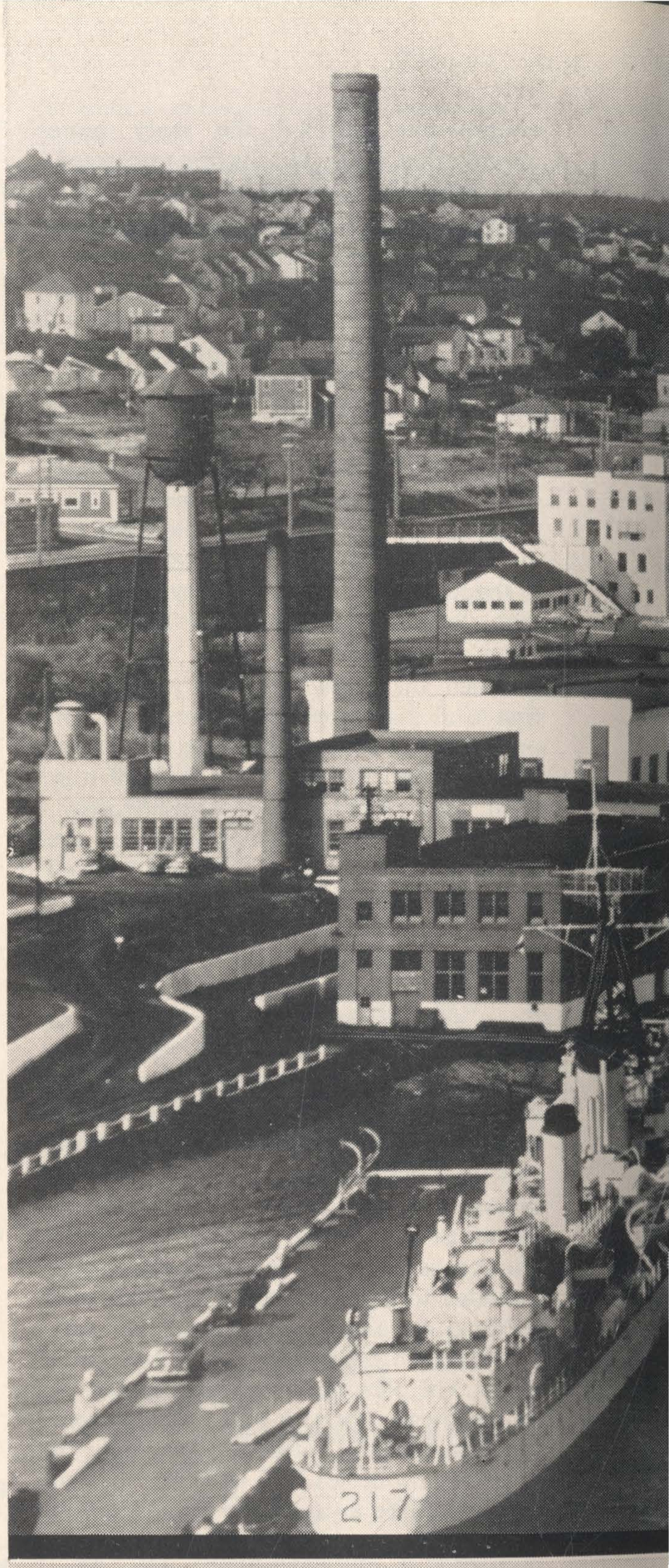

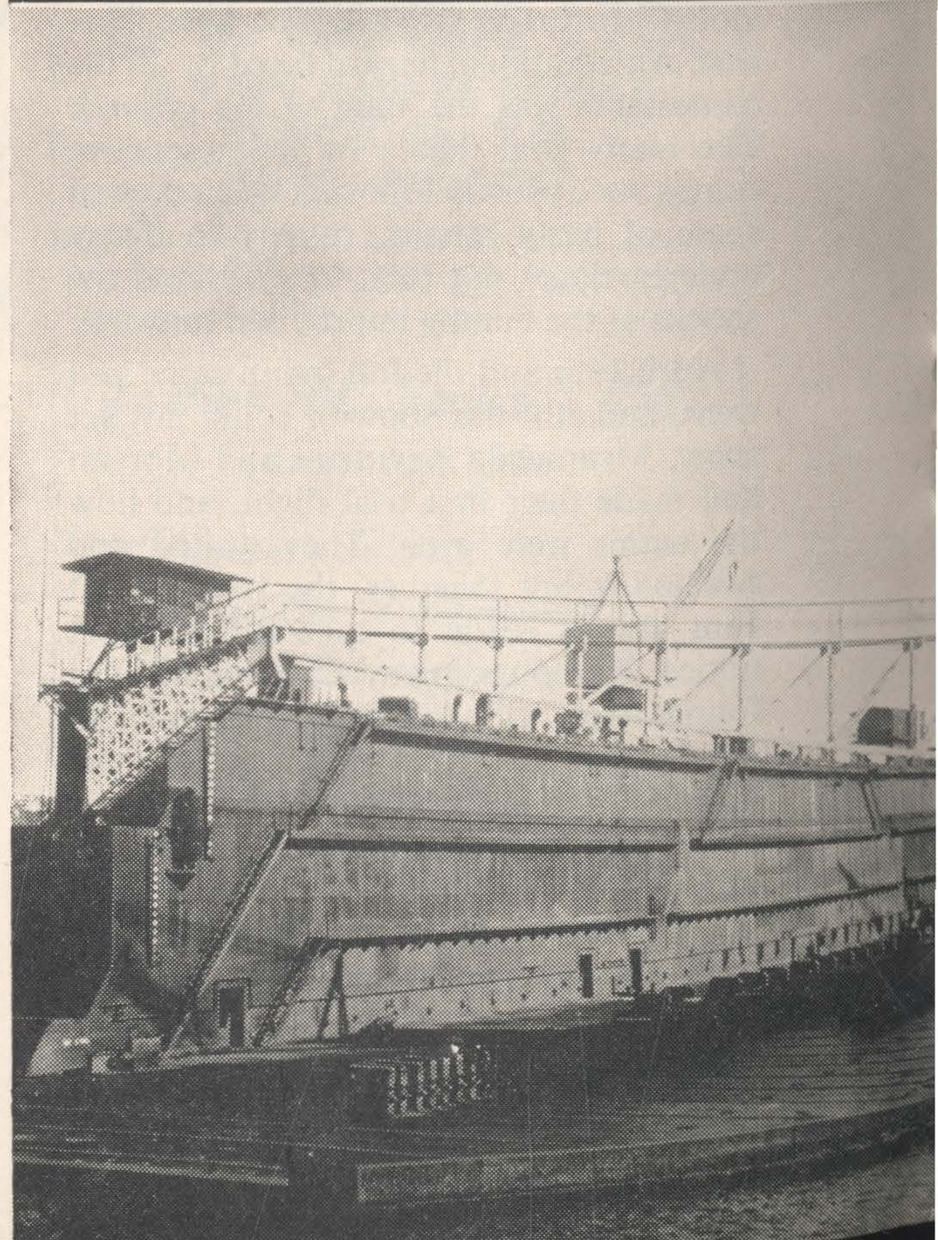

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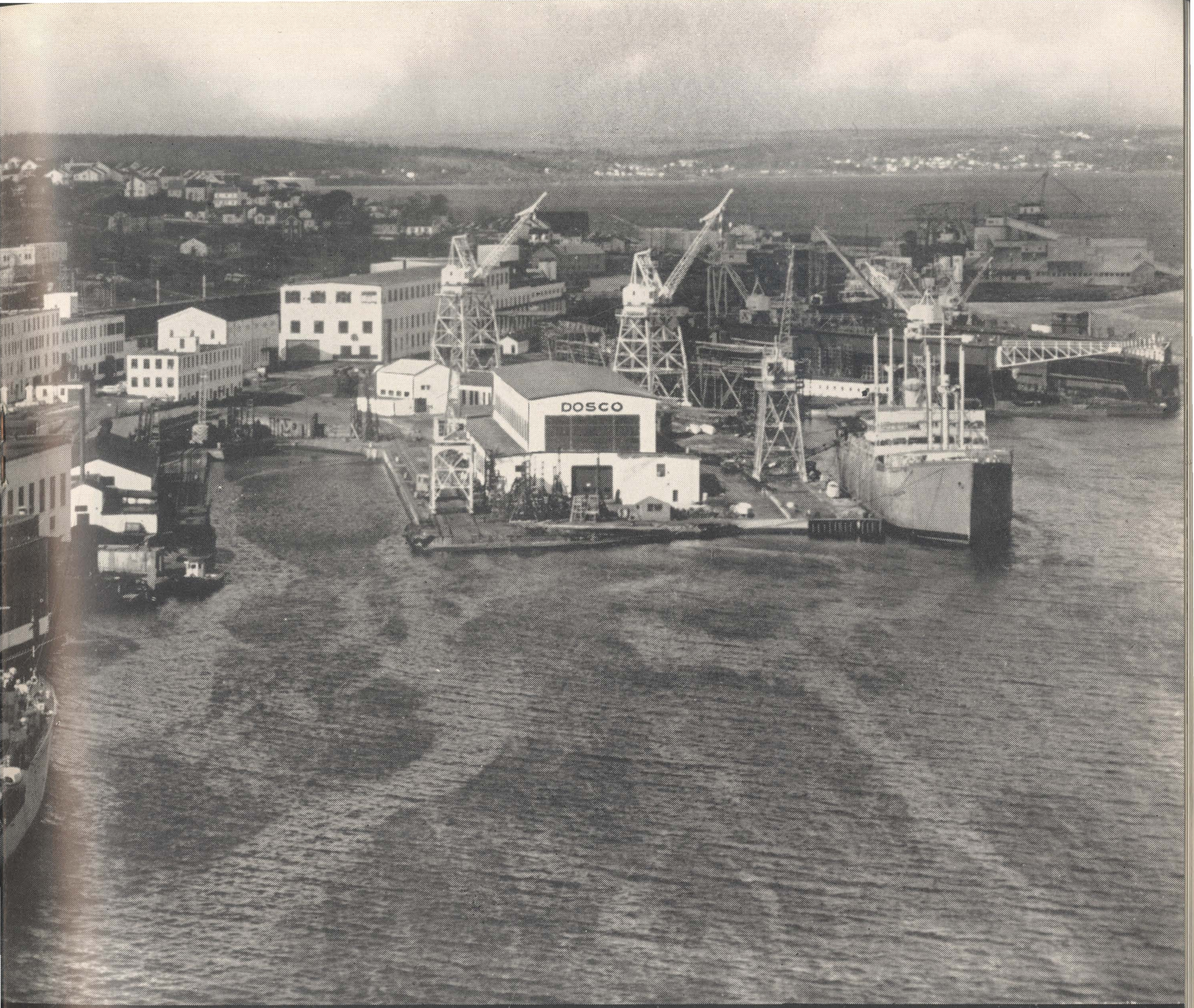

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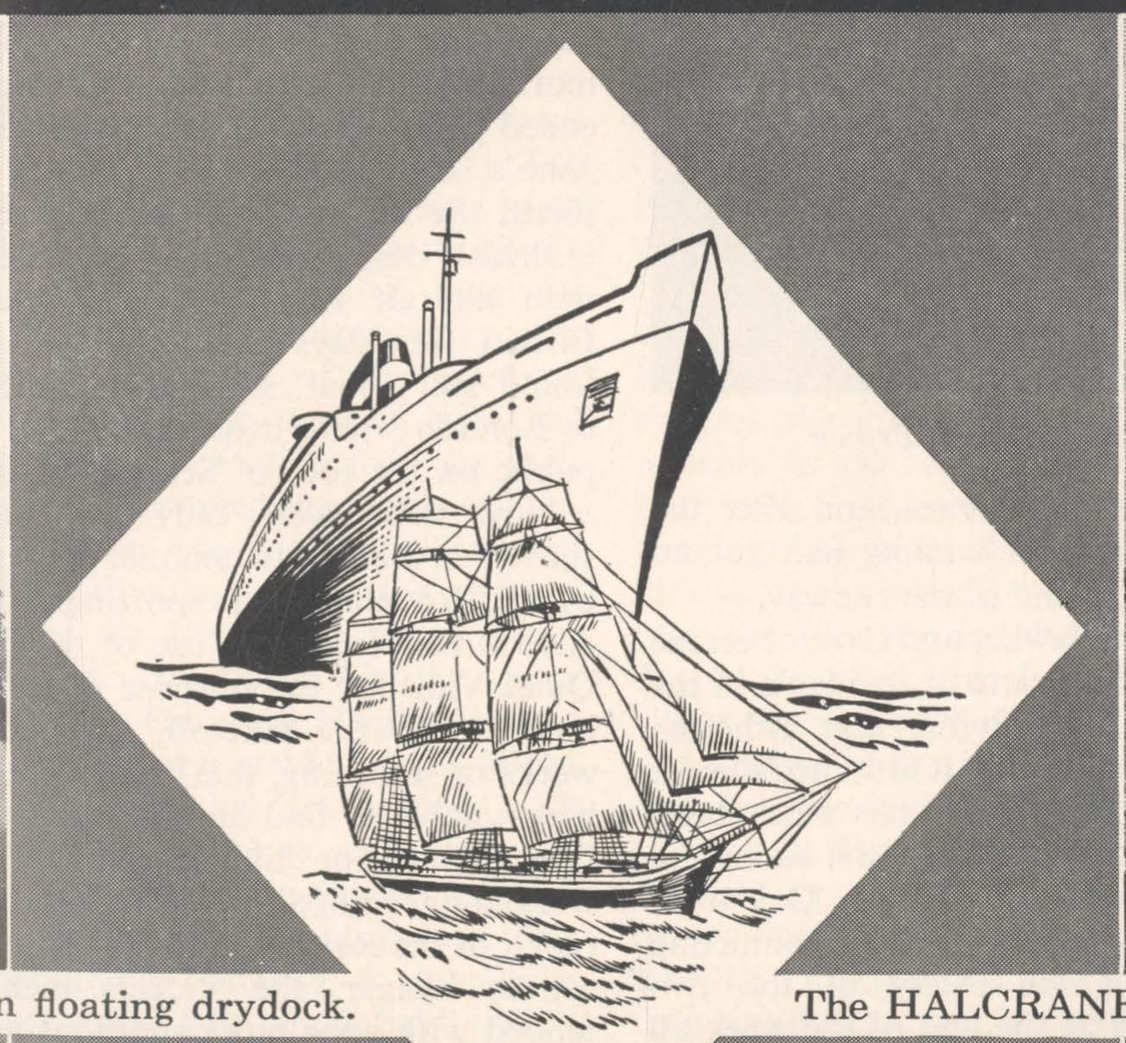

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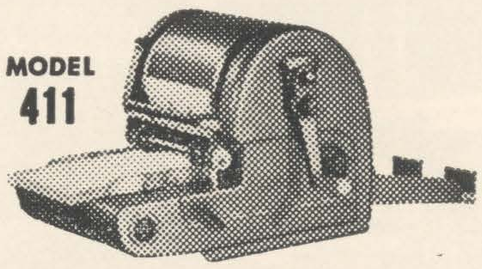

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arrived and Admiral Mark Kerr set up his headquarters on the other side of Conception Bay at Harbour Grace. When Alcock and Brown came down to breakfast at the Cochrane Hotel on the morning of May 14, having arrived shortly before midnight the previous night, the first people they saw were Hawker, Grieve and Raynham, still sitting it out.

It was at the end of that week, with all four contestants now in Newfoundland, that the first attempt was made. On Sunday, May 18, the Sopwith *Atlantic* stood ready outside its hangar by 3.30 p.m. Ten minutes later a handful of spectators saw the *Atlantic* lurch into the air, turn and head for St. John's and the ocean beyond. As Hawker and Grieve passed over Quidi Vidi they could see the large crowd assembled to watch Raynham and Morgan make their last-minute preparations.

Raynham was not particularly worried by Hawker's start: he knew the Martinsyde was appreciably faster than the Sopwith. Exactly one hour after Hawker had left, the chocks were pulled away from the wheels of the *Raymor*. For two hundred yards it rolled forward at increasing speed, then as the little machine struggled into the air a sudden cross-current of wind hit it, and it buckled into the ground. Raynham and Morgan crawled from their capsized plane, badly shaken but not seriously injured. Their disappointment was bitter,

Arthur Whitten-Brown

they were out of the race, and after the long tense weeks of waiting had got no farther than the end of the runway.

The flight of Hawker and Grieve became one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of British flying, and although unsuccessful in its aim, it attracted almost as much publicity, and has since been more often recorded, than the successful flight of Alcock and Brown. Day after day the newspapers carried conflicting reports about the safety of the two aviators, until at the end of the week all hope was abandoned. The King and Queen sent their condolences to Mrs. Hawker, and through *The Daily Mail* Lord Northcliffe offered to provide for her and her baby daughter. Back at the Cochrane

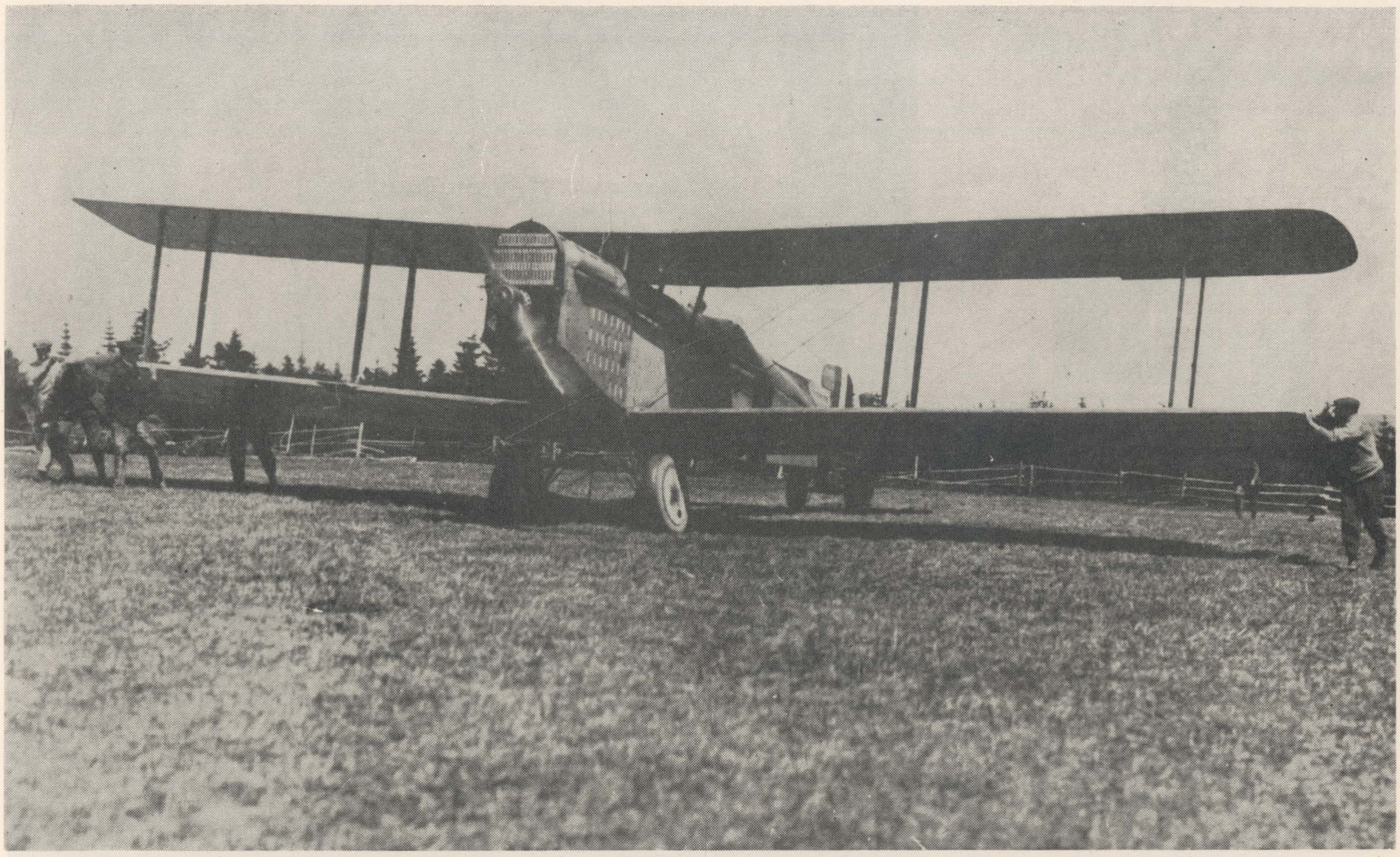
John Alcock

Hotel in St. John's there was a stunned silence among the other fliers as the news came through that Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve were officially presumed dead.

Monday, May 26, was a good news day among the fliers remaining in St. John's. In the morning a messenger boy handed Alcock a message he had impatiently waited for during the last couple of weeks: "S.S. *Glendevon* carrying *Vimy* aircraft remainder Vickers mechanics expecting to dock St. John's morning Monday May twenty-six."

Even more electrifying was the news received at supper that night, when a messenger bounded into the dining room of the Cochrane Hotel, excitedly waving a cable and shouting: "They're safe. Harry and Mac landed in Scotland this morning." Hawker's gallant attempt had ended just over 1,000 miles out from St. John's, and he and his navigator completed the trip on a Danish steamer and a British destroyer. Even the little Sopwith aircraft finally made it back to Britain. Ten days after the crash it was found still afloat, salvaged and brought to London where it was exhibited to the public on the roof of Selfridge's store.

Now there were only two possible starters in the race to conquer the Atlantic by air. Raynham had sportingly offered Alcock the temporary use of the field at Quidi Vidi, for the purpose of assembly but not for the take-off, since, despite weeks of searching, the Vickers crew had been unable to find another suitable airfield. While the Martinsyde mechanics worked in comparative comfort on the repair of the *Raymor* inside the temporary canvas hangar, the Vickers men contended with appalling conditions as they



Harry Hawker and K. Mackenzie-Grieve taking off from Mount Pearl, Newfoundland, on May 18, 1919. They were forced down at sea due to radiator trouble.

tried to assemble the *Vimy* in the open. For the first week they worked twelve to fourteen hours a day in a bitterly cold wind that numbed their fingers until they could no longer hold their tools. For three consecutive days it poured with rain; soaked to the skin the crew repeatedly had to cover the *Vimy* with tarpaulins and dash for cover in Raynham's hangar.

All the time they worked with an eye on the calendar, conscious that, only sixty miles away, the Handley-Page was being prepared for her first test-flight from Harbour Grace. With Hawker out of the race, Raynham now a very doubtful starter, and the *Vimy* in such difficulties, the odds by the end of May had shortened to four to one on the Handley-Page. The Vickers men were not deterred: they worked on, and as the weather began to improve at the beginning of June the *Vimy* at last took on the appearance of a real biplane. In spite of this progress Alcock was still a very worried man. The nagging question of an airfield for their final take-off remained unsolved.

This problem was unexpectedly solved by Lester, the haulage contractor who had transported the *Vimy* from the ship out to Quidi Vidi. He offered Alcock a piece of land out at Cornwall Heights that he used for grazing his stable horses. When Alcock first saw it his face dropped with disappointment. Nothing could look less likely as an airfield than this rectangular meadow, dotted with young spruce trees and large granite boulders. A stone dyke ran across the middle of the field, with a deep drainage ditch on one side. But funds were low and time short. Lester was offering the land for nothing and promised help with clearing the ground. Alcock's enthusiasm returned.

"We'll call it Lester's Field," he said. "It'll become famous as the first trans-Atlantic aerodrome."

The new airfield was ready by Sunday, June 8, and Alcock and Brown drove back to Quidi Vidi to join the mechanics still working on the *Vimy*. As they stopped work that afternoon for a mug of tea they heard the noise of an aeroplane engine. A few minutes later the four-engined Handley-Page circled majestically over St. John's at an altitude of 5,000 feet. The faces of the Vickers crew expressed their feelings as no words could. But by nightfall the *Vimy* was ready for a trial flight. In thirteen days the Vickers team had assembled the airframe, installed the Rolls-Royce engines, the petrol and water systems, the instruments and other components. In ideal conditions it would have been a record; on an open field, in that appalling Newfoundland spring, it was little short of a miracle. Alcock and Brown took the *Vimy* up for the first time next day, and landed it at Lester's Field.

For the rest of that week the weather, and a series of minor difficulties with the fuel, the axle and other parts of the machine, kept them from starting. The wind dropped on Thursday and Alcock and Brown left the Cochrane, intending to take the *Vimy* up for a final short test and then, if all went well, to take off for Ireland. During the morning the Handley-Page again flew over St. John's, and they were sure that this was the start of their rival's Atlantic flight. With relief they saw it turn back to Harbour Grace: it was only another test-flight. Alcock and Brown took the *Vimy* up for a short trip to test the wireless and a few other small defects that had shown up after the first flight. The test was so satisfactory that they determined to leave as quickly as possible. Within an hour of landing, the gale had returned, and flying was abandoned for the rest of the day.

It was shortly before dawn on Saturday, June 14, that the wind at last dropped again. By 3.30 a.m., with the sun just rising over Signal Hill, Alcock and Brown were out at Lester's Field. The mechanics had finished their work on the *Vimy*, and she stood ready, fully loaded and complete to the last split pin. As the fliers climbed out of their car the wind rose again. Alcock wanted to take off and be damned, but the other urged caution. One gust of wind could ruin all their hopes and chances.

As they waited impatiently through the morning a boy arrived with sandwiches and coffee sent up from the Cochrane by Agnes Dooley. He startled everyone with a rumour that the Handley-Page was going to make the flight from Harbour Grace that day. As it happened this was to be the great day, but it was the *Vimy* which made the flight. The Handley-Page never started. It was waiting for some new radiators, delayed at sea by fog.

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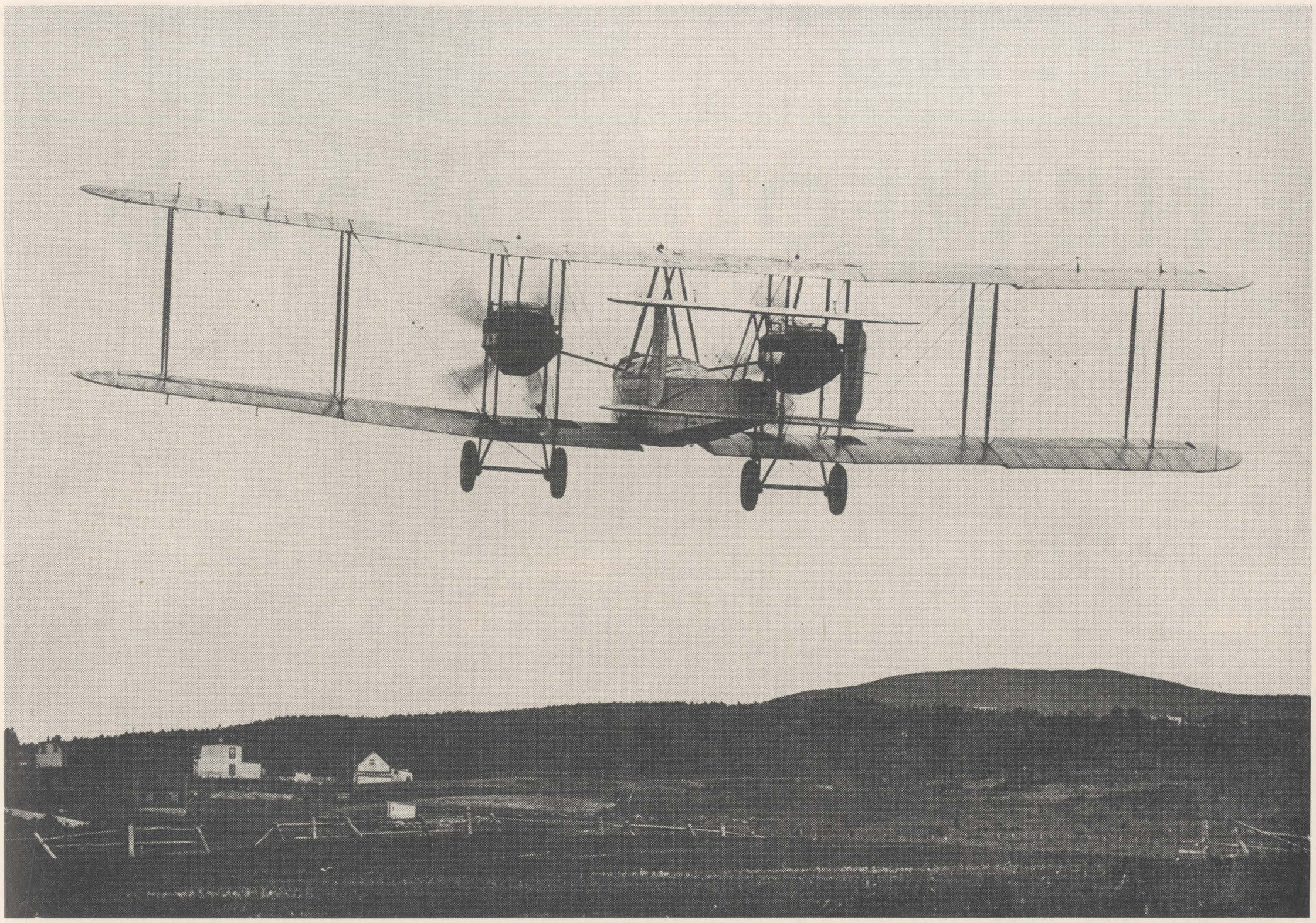
Alcock, left, and Whitten-Brown, standing beside the Vickers Vimy. In spite of a late start and strong competition, they made the first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight, to win The Daily Mail's £10,000 prize.

Everything about the Alcock and Brown take-off was as dramatic as the great occasion demanded. There to witness the scene were the Prime Minister of Newfoundland, Sir Michael Cashin, with several members of his Cabinet; Mayor Gosling of St. John's; and, June 14 being a Saturday, with the stores closed for the afternoon, a growing crowd with picnic baskets, sensing, after all the disappointments and false alarms, that they were to be present for a great moment in history. Lester's Field had the appearance of a pleasant holiday scene, but there was a tension and excitement in the air that no ordinary holiday could generate.

Alcock warmed up the engines to a deafening roar. In the face of a wind from the westward still blowing at 40 m.p.h. the *Vimy* lumbered forward. For 250 yards she tore along the field; then a few seconds before lifting, a squall struck her wing and tipped her slightly. Alcock pulled her back and averted the mishap as the spectators clenched their hands and prayed. Slowly, with barely a hundred yards of open ground ahead, the *Vimy* rose, clearing the stone boundary wall and trees by inches. At 1.45 local time, and Alcock and Brown were air-borne.

A quarter of a mile from the airfield the plane appeared to be stationary, and as she dipped out of sight everyone was sure she had crashed among the trees. Dicker, one of the mechanics, yelled: "She's down, Monty. She's down," and tears streamed down his face. Dr. Campbell pushed his way through the crowd to get to his car. "Make way," he said. "They'll be needing me. I'm a doctor."

But Alcock was keeping the *Vimy* deliberately low to make turning easier, only too aware of the risk in climbing with the great weight of fuel aboard. Those who saw her turn in the area of Donovans say that the bomber was still skimming the treetops.



Above, the take-off of the Vickers Vimy from Lester's Field. Below, the landing. A soldier stands guard over the damaged plane which crash-landed in a bog near Clifden, County Galway, Ireland, on June 15, 1919. A memorial was unveiled at this site on June 15 of this year.

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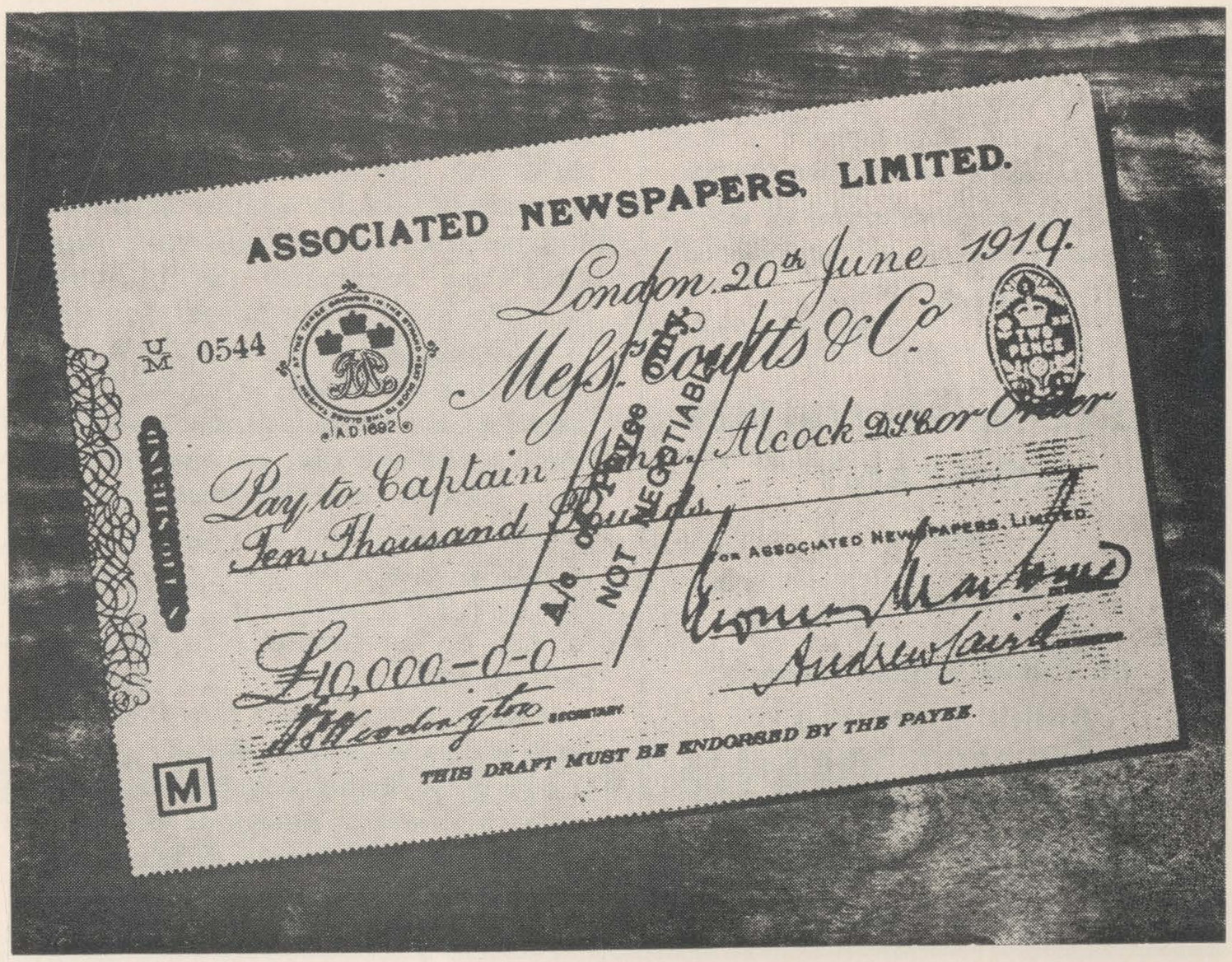
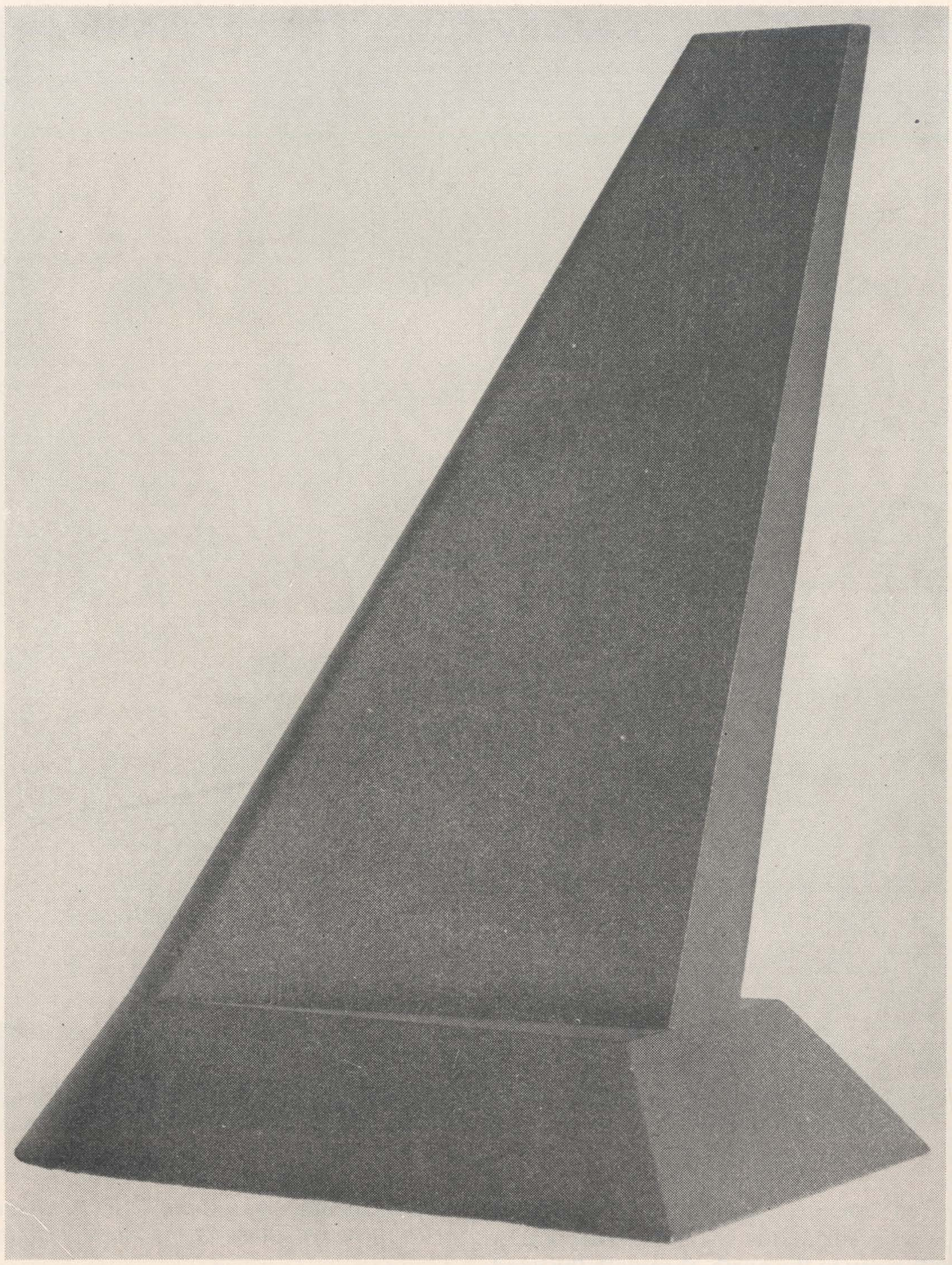
Above, Alcock receives the £10,000 cheque at a dinner in London. The cheque, shown below, was presented by the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill.

Ten minutes later the spectators at Lester's Field saw the *Vimy* reappear a mile away to the north, then with the wind behind her she flashed out over Signal Hill 150 feet above Cabot Tower. In St. John's, people dashed out into the streets. Ships in the harbour saluted the two airmen with their sirens. The great adventure had begun. Ahead lay 1,890 miles of the menacing Atlantic and a future of which men had yet only dreamed.

Of the flight itself what is there to be said? Today it is difficult to appreciate the heroism and tenacity needed to carry these two men through, although those who have seen the *Vimy* in its place of honour in the Science Museum in South Kensington, will wonder that anyone would have the courage to take this assembly of canvas, struts and wires 2,000 miles across the Atlantic.

Only the highlights remain in the memory to make sense of the magnitude of the ordeal. Four hours out and the clear coastal weather behind them, visibility was down to nil. Half an hour later the wireless generator smashed, and all contact lost. Nothing now, not sight or sound, to sustain them except their own faith in their machine and themselves. A section





The memorial in Galway, erected last month by Aer Lingus, the Irish Air Lines.

of the inner exhaust pipe splitting away from the engine casing to leave the six inner cylinders belching flame into the slipstream. The crippled Brown climbing six times out on the wing in driving snow and hail to free the fuel intake gauges. The *Vimy* completely out of control, plunging like a crazy horse, then diving in a vicious spiral while Alcock fought the joystick and rudder to pull her out only sixty feet above the grasping waves. And finally, with the rain pouring into their open cockpit, and the sea leaping up below, the sustaining courageous humour of Alcock as he leans over to his navigator and says: "It's hard to tell, Art, whether to put up an umbrella or get into a bathing suit."

It was 8.15 a.m. when they first sighted land, two small islands off the Irish coast. Brown put away his charts and calculating tables, his work as navigator finished. He smiled at Alcock, a smile of triumph, joy and sheer relief. Minutes later they circled the masts of the Clifden Marconi Station and fired Very signals. No one saw them. Over the town of Clifden they fired more signals, again without reply. Then Alcock saw the bog which from the air they took to be a suitable landing field.

A few hours later the messages were flashing round the world. The air route across the Atlantic was open. An aeroplane had flown it non-stop in fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes. Alcock and Brown had won through.

The memorial erected by Irish Air Lines on the Errislanan Road, about two miles south of Clifden, marks not just the end of a great flight and an incredible achievement. It is symbolic of the future as well as the past. At a time when airmen are once more preparing for a flight into the unknown—the flight into space—it reminds us appropriately that forty years ago when these two, Alcock and Brown, set out across the Atlantic they were attempting what many believed impossible. They proved it possible, and made the unknown known.

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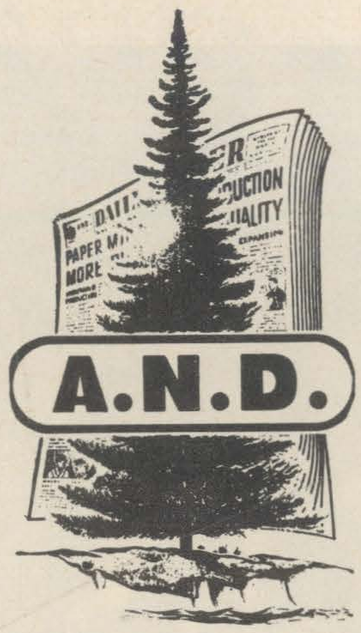

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DISASTER AT SEA

Story and Photos by JIM MORRISON and ART CARPENTER

The shores of Miramichi Bay were strewn with wreckage brought in by high tides and heavy seas.

DARK, DISMAL, DRIZZLY, windy—money weather. This was in the minds of Miramichi Bay fishermen, Friday, June 19, as they milled around the breakwater at Escuminac, N.B. Cheerful greetings were exchanged as the crews prepared the tiny fishing boats. Similar weather during the previous two weeks had meant good catches, good money.

The clouds were ugly but not ominous to these rugged fishermen, used to putting out to sea in bad weather. There were families to support, livings to be made, bills to be paid. The waters were choppy, but no more than on other days, as fathers, sons, brothers readied their nets.

Motors coughed hoarsely, one after another. Ropes sighed as moorings were slipped and the boats left the shelter of the breakwater, battering the waves with their bows.

All was serene in the picturesque homes of fishermen at Escuminac, Baie Ste. Anne and Baie du Vin. Wives made preparations for the weekend, secure in the belief their husbands would be back in the morning with a good catch, meaning ready cash for a Saturday shopping trip. Some, too, were making elaborate plans to surprise their fishermen-husbands on Sunday—Father's Day.

Father's Day was also in the minds of some of the fishermen as the waters became more turbulent during the trip into the Bay. Yvon Durelle of Baie Ste. Anne, fisherman, and Canadian and British Empire light heavyweight boxing champion, was fighting an inner battle. Durelle, who had taken time off from training for his title fight with Archie Moore, wanted to be home for Father's Day weekend. He wanted to go fishing but the pull of his home, wife and family was strong.

Now the waters of the Bay were becoming heavier. They had reached a stage that they had about ten days previously; and that time Durelle had lost $900 worth of fishing gear.

"I'm turning back," Durelle told his crew. The "fighting fisherman's" other boats followed. Others in the fishing fleet, admiring Durelle both as a fighter and a fisherman, followed him back to the breakwater.

But many, not knowing of Durelle's decision, not knowing a violent storm was already on its way, continued into the bay.

Smashing waves, driven up Miramichi Bay from Northumberland Strait, powered by a strong north-east wind, tore at the fishing vessels. Another type of wave, which could mean life, passed unheard overhead.

At 8.45 p.m. a weather warning to east coast vessels was issued to department of transport marine radio stations for broadcast over their wave lengths. The Miramichi Bay boats could have picked up the gale warnings from several stations, and beaten back to port. But not one of the boats had a marine radio.

Private radio stations carried the gale warnings at 10 p.m. But the boats carried no ordinary radios either.

Fate had cast her die!

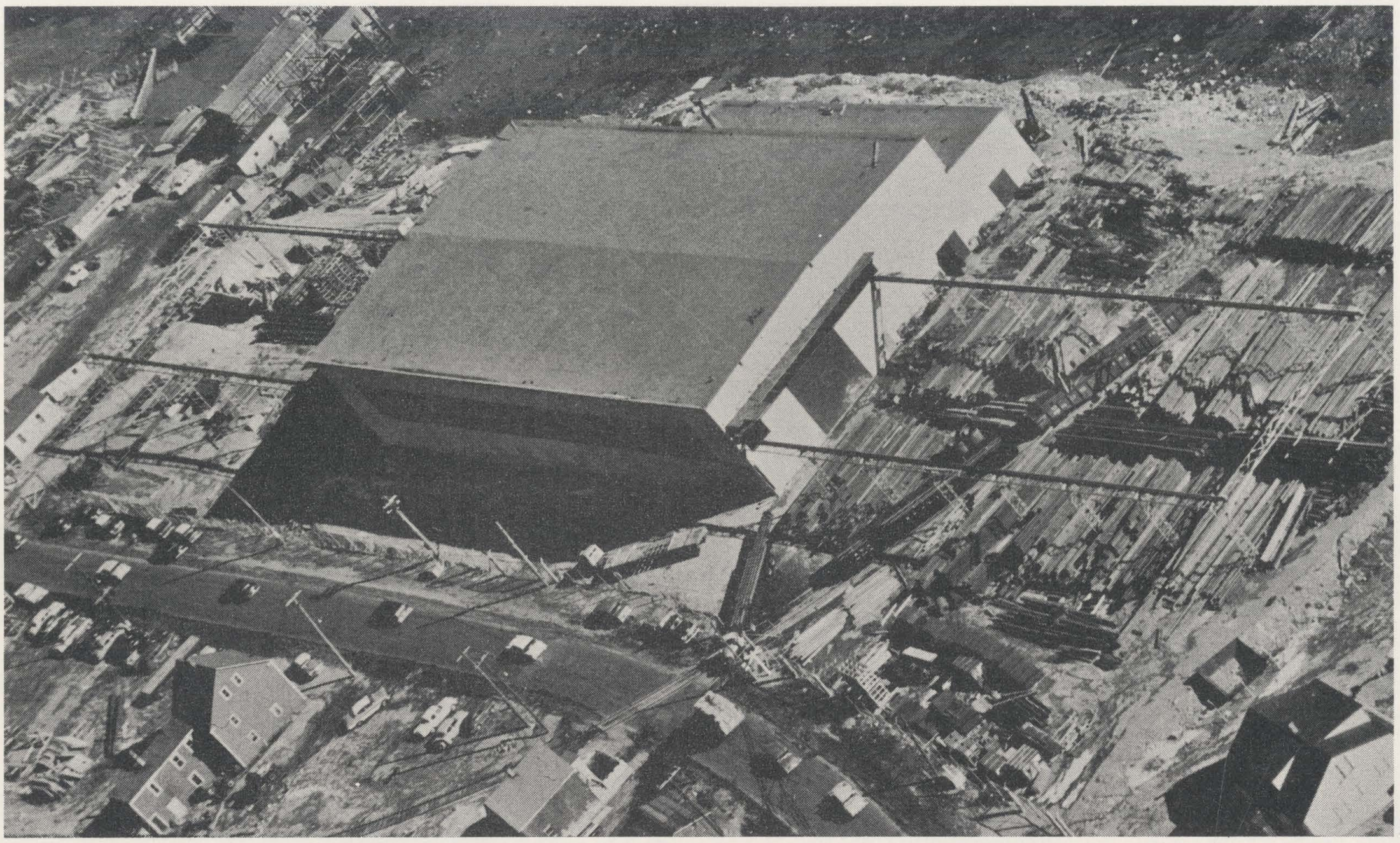
By the time the gale warnings had been broadcast, the fishermen had set their nets. Crews sought the warmth of their cuddies*, brewing pots of potent coffee. This became impossible as the night wore on, and the vessels, lightened by the absence of nets from their decks, tossed and rolled in the heavy seas, huge waves breaking over the decks, smashing down on the cuddies.

This was a time for fear, but the craggy-faced Miramichi Bay fishermen do not know the meaning of the word. These men respect the sea; grasp their living from it. They do not fear it. This is their way of life.

The fishermen remained in their beds in their cuddies. Work, if there were any to do, was impossible. It was not until dawn, about 5.30 a.m., that some of the fishermen tried to bring in their nets. Some succeeded. But by now the storm was furious.

Waves forty to fifty feet high towered over the small boats, then crashed down, sweeping engines, cuddies, nets—and men—into the chilly seas.

* Small forward cabins



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Above, fishermen identify the stripped and battered hulk of a boat. At right another boat washed ashore. No one remained alive aboard either boat.

A few survived to tell of their ordeal. But many others—thirty-five in all—ended their lives in the waters that had given them their sparse and perilous living.

Some of the fleet, still able to make headway, sought shelter from the storm, some toward shore and some toward the open sea.

Roy Lloyd, Bernard Jenkins, and Jack Doucet, all of Escuminac, were among the skippers to head for Northumberland Strait.

Residents of the tiny fishing village of Escuminac had, by now, realized that there was trouble in Miramichi Bay.

"It was the worst storm ever to hit this region," one grizzled veteran said. Others were quick to concur.

Roy Lloyd would have instantly agreed as he guided his boat, sluggishly, slowly into the bay. It was slow work, terribly slow.

"If it hadn't been for my nets, we would never have returned," Mr. Lloyd told us Saturday evening. He explained that as long as the engine continues to function and headway is kept into the seas, the nets provide an efficient sea anchor. The nets are abandoned only if the engine fails and the boat is abeam to the waves. Mr. Lloyd said that in this case the chances of survival are very slight.

Brian, his thirteen-year-old son, later told us of this nightmare trip.

It had been about 10.45 a.m. when the Lloyds and their crew, Chlorin Jimmo and Les Lewis, pulled their nets.

"It was about 3.15 p.m.," Brian said. "We were approaching the breakwater at Escuminac when we saw a boat just above the wharf. There was a man tied to the mast. We went up to the boat, but had a hard time to get him to untie himself. It was Mr. Cook."

Edward Cook, a fisherman from Howard's Cove, P.E.I., later talked to us about his rescue by the Lloyds. His story was told at Hôtel Dieu, Chatham, where he was recovering from cuts, exhaustion and shock.

Mr. Cook said he and his father, Fraser Cook, who was sixty, had gone out in their boat on Friday night.

"It seemed to reach its peak about dawn," he said in describing the storm.

"It was the worst I have ever seen.

"There was just Dad and I aboard. The boat turned right over once but we were able to get back in. I lashed myself to the mast and hollered at Dad to do the same. He was clinging to the cuddy. Just as I hollered a huge wave came over the boat, sweeping the cuddy and Dad overside.

"They say the waves were forty to fifty feet high. I don't know. I just can't remember.

"Then a boat came along and I was helped into it by Roy Lloyd. My boat was about two miles from Escuminac when I was rescued, so they tell me."

Brian told us that Cook had been taken to the Lloyd home, after the boat landed at the breakwater late Saturday afternoon. He was later moved to hospital.

Mrs. Lloyd, overjoyed at the return of her husband and son, was, nevertheless, looking ahead.

"That was your last trip out fishing," she told Brian.

"The heck it is!" Brian retorted. "I'll be going out again soon."

The return of the Lloyds brought hope to others awaiting the return of fathers, sons and brothers. Hope began to wane, however, as the first sign of wreckage appeared, brought to shore by high tides and heavy seas.

Three bodies were found washed up on the beach by the angry waters.

Mrs. Bernard Jenkins of Escuminac was

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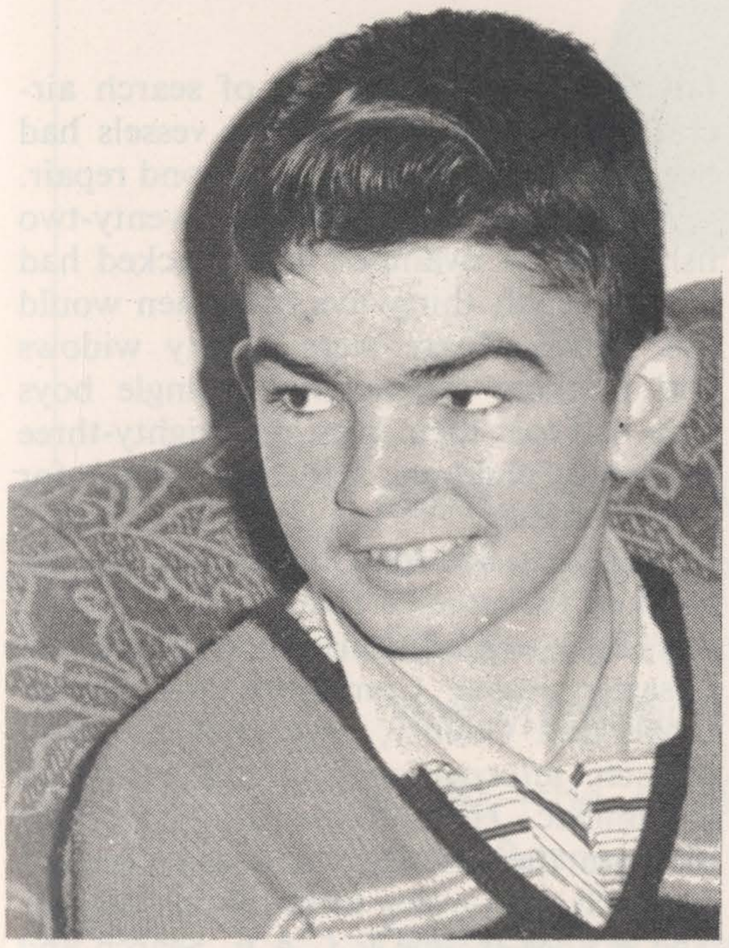
one of the wives who sat at home on that fateful Saturday night, never losing hope that her husband and seventeen-year-old nephew Cyril would return.

"I have never lost hope," Mrs. Jenkins told us. "I know that my husband and nephew will come sailing through the breakwater, perhaps not today, perhaps not tomorrow . . . but they will come home."

One veteran fisherman of Miramichi Bay held no such hope for his son and brother.

"I never expect to see those two alive again," Albany Martin told us, "but, God granting if they walk across the breakwater and shake my hand, only then will I believe that they live."

Mr. Martin expressed his thoughts as we walked the beach, late at night, amid water-washed wreckage, past tiny knots



Brian Lloyd

of men gazing seaward. They stood silently, smoking, speaking in hushed tones as they waited for a newly spotted piece of wreckage to reach the beach, or watched the battered hulk of a boat wash to shore.

During Saturday night people were silent in Escuminac. The wind howled steadily from the north, and mighty white-crested breakers boomed on the beach.

Greeting the grey dawn was a sail on the horizon—Bernard Jenkins returning home. Fishermen, still keeping a vigil at the breakwater, spotted the boat instantly and identified her.

Before Jenkins had reached the breakwater word was received that two more bodies had been found on the beach: John Louis Richard and his son Jeffrey.

When Jenkins reached the breakwater he had with him his crew, as well as Jack Doucet and his sons, Alphonse and Everett. A fourth crew member on the Doucet boat, William Manuel, was killed

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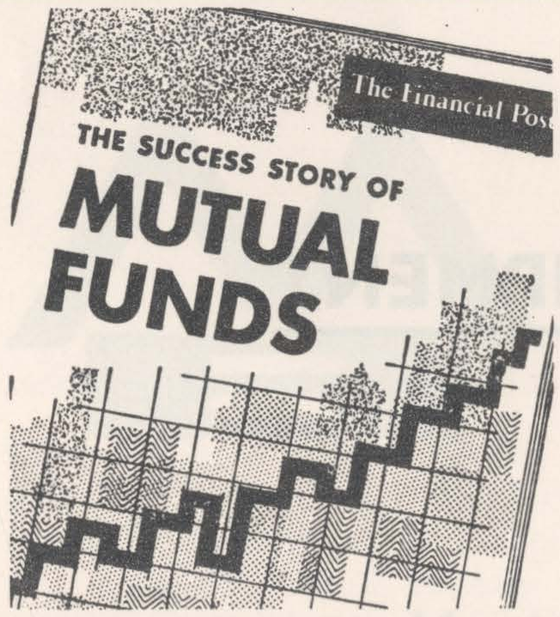

DID YOU READ...

this 16-page Supplement that appeared in the Financial Post, May 9th?

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Corporal H. A. Trann of the Chatham Detachment of the R.C.M.P. confers with Yvon Durelle, the fighting fisherman.

when a boat being towed by the Doucets crushed the stern of their boat. Manuel's body was the first to be found.

Mr. Jenkins later told a deeply moving story. "My nephew [Cyril] called: 'There's a boat upset behind us.' . . . I . . . turned and went back . . . three men were clinging to the boat. The two boys were on the wheelhouse, and the father, Jack Doucet, on the bow . . . The first casting . . . we missed . . . I turned . . . and on second casting, the oldest boy, Everett . . . caught the rope and passed it along to his kid brother, who was fourteen . . . my nephew pulled him through the water with the rope, and I . . . helped . . . haul him aboard . . . [On] the second attempt . . . the same young guy passed the rope along to his father and we brought him aboard. He was in pretty bad condition . . . we then had . . . large seas and I was unable to turn, so we left him behind several hundred yards and he was afraid . . . that we had abandoned him altogether, that we weren't going to save him . . . I turned again and with the third casting we hauled him aboard . . . I asked him why he didn't come first; he had the first opportunity. He said: 'I didn't want to go and leave my brother behind. I wanted to make sure that he was saved before I was, and also my Dad.' "

Jenkins, after returning to his home to reassure his wife, went back into the bay with his boat to look for nets he had lost and to aid other searchers in their hunt for wreckage and bodies.

Yvon Durelle had three of his fleet out Sunday, and recovered two derelicts. R.C.A.F. Search and Rescue, out of Chatham, also was on the job. By nightfall Sunday, with the aid of search aircraft, all twenty-two missing vessels had been located, some broken beyond repair.

Now the truth was known. Twenty-two fishing boats swamped and wrecked had been located; thirty-five fishermen would not return. There were twenty widows and mothers dependent on single boys who had lost their lives, and eighty-three fatherless children, left unprovided for and destitute.

Help was not long in coming for the stricken fishermen's families.

F. B. Fowlie, chairman of the Red Cross Disaster Relief Committee for Northumberland County, organized a central disaster information and aid centre at Escuminac. He and his fellow workers were on the job night and day, keeping in touch with every facet of the tragedy. The R.C.M.P., the R.C.A.F. Search and Rescue team and members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade carried out invaluable services throughout the trying period.

Within a matter of hours, this tragic event gained international attention and sympathy.

The New Brunswick Fishermen's Disaster Fund was launched under the joint sponsorship of *The Atlantic Advocate*, *The Daily Gleaner* and the New Brunswick Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society. Within a day all of the newspapers and radio and television stations in New Brunswick accepted an invitation to aid the fund as co-sponsors.

Lord Beaverbrook, favourite son of the Miramichi, telephoned from his office in London to Michael Wardell to hear details of the tragedy, and immediately gave $5,000 to open the fund.

Donations to the fund, payable to the New Brunswick Fishermen's Disaster Fund, may be deposited with any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada, trustees of the fund.

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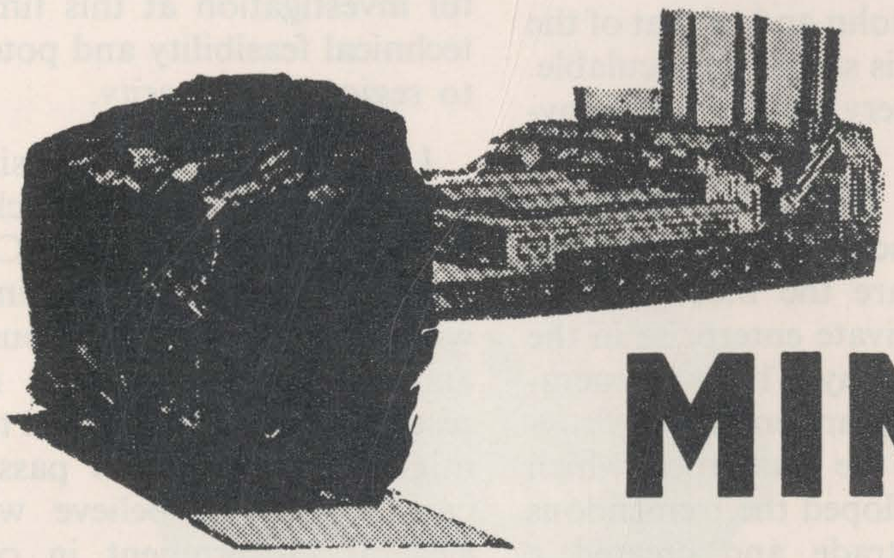

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Premier Hugh John Flemming

Developing New Brunswick's Industrial Potential

by

Hon. Hugh John Flemming

Premier of New Brunswick

NEW BRUNSWICK looks forward to an economic future of vastly expanded industries. To bring it about, the Government is greatly increasing its efforts for the promotion of industry in the Province.

The determination of the Government to carry out an aggressive policy of economic development has been embodied in the New Brunswick Development Corporation Act which was passed during the past session of the Legislative Assembly. This legislation provides for the setting up of a crown agency with broad authority to promote industrial development, co-operate with private business and to stimulate efforts to provide increased employment opportunities. A nominal amount to finance the setting up of the New Brunswick Development Corporation appeared in this year's budget but very substantial amounts will be asked for in budgets to come. The organization of the board is now going forward and announcements of great interest can be expected during the months immediately ahead in respect to the Corporation's set-up and activities.

Immediate prospects for manufacturing and construction are greatly enhanced by 1959 estimates for capital investment in New Brunswick which have recently become available. They indicate that capital investment will reach $212 million in this Province during 1959, and this is compared to the total of $186 million in 1958 —a projected increase of some 14 per cent.

Substantial construction is going on in many parts of the Province, consisting of industrial plants, domestic housing, institutional buildings, and, of course, high levels of governmental construction of many kinds—roads, bridges, breakwaters, park improvements, public buildings and other structures. Tremendous development is taking place in the East Saint John industrial area where the Irving Oil Refinery is under construction. Expansion is also taking place in the Irving Pulp and Paper plant in Lancaster, N.B. The recent acquisition of the Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company by Mr. K. C. Irving probably means modernization of the facilities at the company's plant in East Saint John.

The rapid development now taking place in East Saint John will undoubtedly place this area among the most highly industrialized communities in Canada. The influence upon the future growth of metropolitan Saint John and of that of the Province in general is simply incalculable. It will be felt in every part of the provincial economy.

The Government of the Province has the highest commendation for the energy and vision which are the most striking characteristics of private enterprise in the New Brunswick of today. This is a generation of workers and planners in our Province comparable to the generation which built the ships, developed the tremendous provincial timber trade and created a legend of achievement which has been an inspiration for the past century.

The Government, on its own part, recognizes the need to do everything within its power to create the conditions within the Province which will enable private industry to flourish. Geographically, we are much better situated, in respect to proximity to the North American centres of population, than the other Atlantic Provinces. Only a few hundred miles separate us from the greatest concentrations of human beings on earth. We have in the Port of Saint John shipping facilities and highly trained port-workers which are as good as anywhere in the world. I am convinced that out of the present intensive investigations being conducted into the transportation problem of the Atlantic Region will emerge new solutions which will effect substantial improvement. Projects like the Chignecto Canal, the Prince Edward Island Causeway and the idea of a Corridor Road through the State of Maine deserve careful investigation at this time as to their technical feasibility and potential benefits to regional prosperity.

I have on previous occasions urged the benefits to New Brunswick that would stem from the Chignecto Canal, and the Government is interested in co-operating with Boards of Trade, business groups and others to carry out much needed research into the estimated tonnage which might be expected to pass through the canal. This we believe will assist the Federal Government in completing its assessment of the project which may mean so much to this area.

The Government, as I have said, is greatly expanding its efforts for the pro-

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motion of industry in the Province. During the 1959 Session of the New Brunswick Legislature, an Assistance to Chemical Industry Act was passed. This provides that the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council may enter into agreements with any municipality or other body corporate for the purpose of assisting in the establishment of a chemical industry in the Province.

The Government intends to devote special attention to the promotion of secondary industries. During the past few years, the starch industry has grown up in the upper St. John River Valley, with a new plant at Grand Falls. A fine new frozen-food-processing plant at East Florenceville is also a new factor making for the stabilization of agricultural conditions in the same area. A new fish-processing plant at Beaver Harbour on the coast of the Bay of Fundy, developed by the world-famous firm of Connors Brothers, was opened last year. It is one of the most modern in the world.

All these industries mentioned are based upon New Brunswick's natural resources but they carry the exploitation of these resources a profitable step further than our primary production industries. They provide new employment for New Brunswick citizens and create work and wages to stabilize local community conditions. The Government strongly believes that a considerable part of our economic future will depend upon the intelligent use of opportunities in such fields as I have mentioned.

At the conclusion of the budget debate in April last, I took the opportunity to forecast some aspects of New Brunswick's future. They may be of interest to readers of this article. I shall confine them to those in connection with the economy.

Forecast No. 1:

I feel that there are good grounds for anticipating the eventual establishment of two and possibly three new pulp and paper mills in the Province based upon present calculations of a forest inventory and rates of annual increments. Naturally, this is dependent on world conditions, but I shall be very surprised if the productive capacity of our pulp and paper industry will not substantially increase before 1964.

Forecast No. 2:

In foreseeing an expansion in the pulp and paper industry, I by no means relegate the long-lumber industry to a forgotten place. On the contrary, the long-lumber industry may well expand somewhat in volume. Yet, in the main, its improvement will be by way of better integration—more stability—higher quality and more diversification of product.

Forecast No. 3:

I do not think that there is any doubt that ancillary chemical industries will grow up around the great new oil refinery in East Saint John. This is what has occurred at other refining centres.

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Forecast No. 4:

In the northern part of our Province, I envisage the modernization and expansion of existing pulp and paper plants for the manufacture of new paper products as well as newsprint.

Forecast No. 5:

I also envisage a resumption of base metal mining. All forecasts of future mining development in Canada predict that the exploration of the ore bodies in the Bathurst-Newcastle area will be substantial in the years ahead.

The present year will be one of considerable activity in exploration, prospecting and the outlining of ore-bodies already discovered. Large-scale developments, of course, must await an improvement in world demand and prices for lead and zinc. Nevertheless, the fact remains that between 1952 and the present time, mining companies spent approximately $50 million in exploration and in the construction of production facilities of various kinds. In addition, the Canadian National Railways constructed an extension from Bartibog into the principal mining area where the Heath-Steele mine is located. These facilities are in being for a rapid resumption of base metal operations as soon as lead and zinc prices improve to profitable levels.

In the future, I urge all New Brunswickers to honestly appraise their opportunities. They are considerable.

We look forward to the months immediately ahead with confidence that they will be more prosperous than has been the case during 1957 and 1958. In fact, in some sectors of the provincial economy, new high points are likely to be reached.

Solid statistical support for such a view is furnished by figures just compiled covering the first quarter period of 1959. They indicate substantial gains in production during the first three months of 1959, the period most vulnerable to the influence of weather conditions.

The production of sawn lumber for the first quarter of 1958 was 58.6 million board feet. The comparable figure for 1959 is 75.1 million board feet, representing a gain of 28.2 per cent.

The construction industry reported a value for building permits in New Brunswick of $2,151,000 for the first quarter of 1958. The figures this year rose to $2,800,000—a gain of 30.2 per cent.

Coal production has also shown a significant increase from 188,496 tons in 1958 to 267,563 tons in 1959—41.9 per cent improvement in this section of the provincial economy.

Landings of fish exhibited a 36.8 per cent gain in volume.

One of the most indicative economic indices, which is very sensitive to general conditions in the Province, is that for the generation of electric power by the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission. The figures for total net generation in 1958

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were 162.5 million kilowatt hours—in the first quarter of 1959, the equivalent figure is 195.8 million kilowatt hours—an increase of 20.5 per cent. The provision of power in sufficient quantities and at prices which are competitive with other production areas is a basic requirement for economic development in this day and age. The improvement in New Brunswick's position during the past few years has been phenomenal in this respect, the power generating facilities of the Commission having more than tripled during the past ten years.

The opening of the Beechwood hydro development in 1958, the projected construction of a large new thermal electric plant at East Saint John and the recent acquisition of the facilities of the Gatineau Power Company at Grand Falls assure existing and potential industrial operations an adequate and reasonably priced supply of electric power at all times. The Power Commission is looking far ahead to possible future demands and overlooking no possible source of future power generation. A highly efficient system of integrated power, using both hydro and thermal generation, has been developed over the years. Hydro plants at Beechwood and Grand Falls on the main St. John River, another on the tributary Tobique, and a small installation at Musquash on the Bay of Fundy coast are tied in with thermal units located at Grand Lake, Chatham, Saint John and other centres in the Province. These use New Brunswick coal produced in the Minto fields; in the Chatham plant provision has been made for the emergency use of oil. The design of the East Saint John plant will permit the use of both types of fuel.

The position of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission and of the Government of the Province has been greatly strengthened by the action of the Federal Government in 1958 in authorizing a loan of approximately $30 million to assist in the financing of the Beechwood project. This is repayable in eight annual instalments, the first payment having been made only recently. A second piece of federal legislation, An Act to Provide Assistance in Respect of Electric Power Development in the Atlantic Provinces, is also proving of great assistance; especially in assisting to meet the cost of high-tension transmission lines between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. During the next few years, an inter-provincial grid system will greatly improve the efficiency of power facilities in both Provinces through the Northern Canada Power Commission, the federal agency for power assistance. Subventions on Maritime coal, used for the generation of electricity, administered through the Dominion Coal Board, are also proving of great value in the improvement of New Brunswick's power situation.

Improved economic conditions also find reflection in the ever-brightening employment situation in the Province—an improvement which is general and not confined to any one locality. The regional office of the Unemployment Insurance Commission at Moncton periodically issues figures covering unplaced applicants for employment in the Province and these have reflected the changes which have occurred in the past few years with reasonable accuracy.

On June 11, 1958, the Commission's figures indicated 26,144 unplaced applicants. This year, as of June 12, the comparable figure was 13,154—about half the figure of a year ago.

Figures for provincial revenue and other indicators of value in following the trend of the New Brunswick economy substantiate the fact that the trend is, indeed, strongly upward and coming within sight of the high levels reached in 1955 and 1956. Already, much of the ground lost during 1957 and 1958 has obviously been recovered, while factors of production, such as power generating facilities, have improved to such an extent as to make for the attainment of higher levels of prosperity than ever before as general economic levels improve.

We should never overlook the tremendous potentiality of the tourist industry. This year, the New Brunswick Government placed an item of $100,000 in its budget to provide special assistance to municipalities for tourist promotional activities. These are to be on a matching grant basis.

There are many other encouraging economic features which are of interest to friends of New Brunswick. For instance, large new highway bridges are either under construction or projected for the immediate future in various parts of the Province. New Trans-Canada Highway bridges at Hartland and Fredericton will transform the motoring situation in the St. John River Valley. An inter-provincial bridge between Campbellton and Cross Point, P.Q. is under way. A large bridge connecting long-isolated Shippegan Island with the mainland has recently been completed. Arrangements have practically been completed for the construction of an international bridge connecting the Island of Campobello with Lubec, Maine. Thus, within a few months, communities which have been isolated for generations have been brought within the orbit of our highway system.

I began this article with an expression of optimism for New Brunswick's future and I wish to close on the same note because I truly believe that the difficulties existing during the past few years are definitely being overcome. Recovery will not only take place but the period immediately ahead is likely to witness the Province surpassing all previous levels of production and income.

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THE MARITIME PROVINCES BOARD OF TRADE

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Maritime Provinces Board of Trade was held in Saint John, New Brunswick, on June 14 to 16.

The Board is a federation of the 105 Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce located in the four Atlantic Provinces.

A. T. Parkes, executive secretary, was able to report the results of an active and successful year, with the formation of five new Boards established in Blackville, Collette, Neguac and North and South Esk in New Brunswick and at Westside in Nova Scotia. Seven Boards or Chambers which had been dormant were reactivated. These were in Fredericton, Dalhousie, Shediac and Petit Rocher in New Brunswick and in Westville, Stellarton and River John in Nova Scotia. Mr. Parkes gave evidence of increased interest within the individual Boards and gave as examples the Digby Board of Trade membership as having increased from 60 to 125 members during the year, while that of Mulgrave increased from 21 to 105.

Details of action taken on resolutions from the 1958 annual meeting were reported, together with a series of meetings between the directors of the Maritime Provinces Board of Trade and the Premiers and Cabinet Ministers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

☆ ☆ ☆

L. G. Desbrisay, retiring President, in a speech of optimism, said: "A new spirit unprecedented in the history of Canada is awake in the Atlantic Provinces. The governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland are giving leadership at government level. We are deeply appreciative of the effort each of them is making to establish new industries, and to expand existing enterprises."

In his report there was evidence of an immense amount of time and energy expended during the year on the business of the Board. There were visits to and discussions with provincial premiers and governments, six seminars held in Sydney, Summerside, Saint John, Kentville, Truro and Bathurst, attendance at the annual meeting of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Montreal, meetings of the Maritimes Transportation Commission, the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, the Atlantic Provinces Premiers' Conference and many other assemblies. There was also a visit to the West Indies.

"In the Caribbean area is a population of many million people whose trade was formerly bound up with Great Britain but in recent years has been more and more directed towards the United States. A new nation is being created in the southern seas and these people would like to retain their ties with the Commonwealth. If trade barriers are lessened and more adequate transportation facilities made available, there is no reason why a tremendous market cannot be opened up for Atlantic Provinces products together with an exchange of tropical products from the West Indies."

☆ ☆ ☆

In a comprehensive report of the work of the Maritimes Transportation Commission its chairman, A. Murray MacKay, referred to the Royal Commission on Transportation and welcomed the appointment to it of Howard A. Mann, executive manager of the Maritimes Transportation Commission. He referred also to M. A. MacPherson of Regina, Saskatchewan, who is a Cape Bretoner and well versed in the Maritime transportation problems.

The Maritimes Transportation Commission has considered the terms of reference of the Royal Commission and has recommended a procedure to the governments of the Atlantic Provinces for the submission of briefs to the Royal Commission.

Rapid changes in rates, routes, services and facilities dominate the Canadian transportation scene, Mr. MacKay said. These factors have affected the Atlantic Provinces and it is imperative, therefore, that careful attention be paid to development in transportation and that proposals for improvements which emanate from this region be thoroughly sound.

Rail rates have advanced by 17 per cent but class and commodity rates will be held to approximately ten per cent rise and no further general rate increases will be allowed until the Royal Commission reports.

Piggyback services, the carriage of highway trailers on railway flatcars, is becoming increasingly widespread on the North American continent. Piggyback services are provided by both Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways.

The Board of Transport Commissioners is continuing its investigation on the equalization of commodity rates. Shippers' associations, designed to cut freight costs on inbound shipments of less than carload size, were formed at New Glasgow, Sydney and Moncton during the past year. Such groups operate in Halifax, Saint John and Charlottetown. The Moncton association has been dissolved.

Harry I. Mathers

The Maritimes Transportation Commission assists in arranging rate adjustments on a number of specific commodities. Major reductions are expected in potato, turnip and lumber rates.

A study of the effects of the St. Lawrence Seaway on the Atlantic region, commissioned by the governments of the four provinces last June, is under way. The Economic Research Corporation of Montreal is carrying out the study and the report is expected before the end of the year.

The proposal for a Corridor Road through Maine is receiving wide publicity. The commission has had occasion to deal with the proposal on a preliminary basis. "From data available to the Commission," Murray MacKay said, "it would appear that this project should be given the closest and most careful investigation. It may be that, providing certain conditions can be met, such a highway would confer great economic benefits on the Maritime Provinces."

Harry I. Mathers, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, president of I. H. Mathers and Son Limited, steamship agents, was elected President of the Maritime Provinces Board of Trade for the year 1959-1960.

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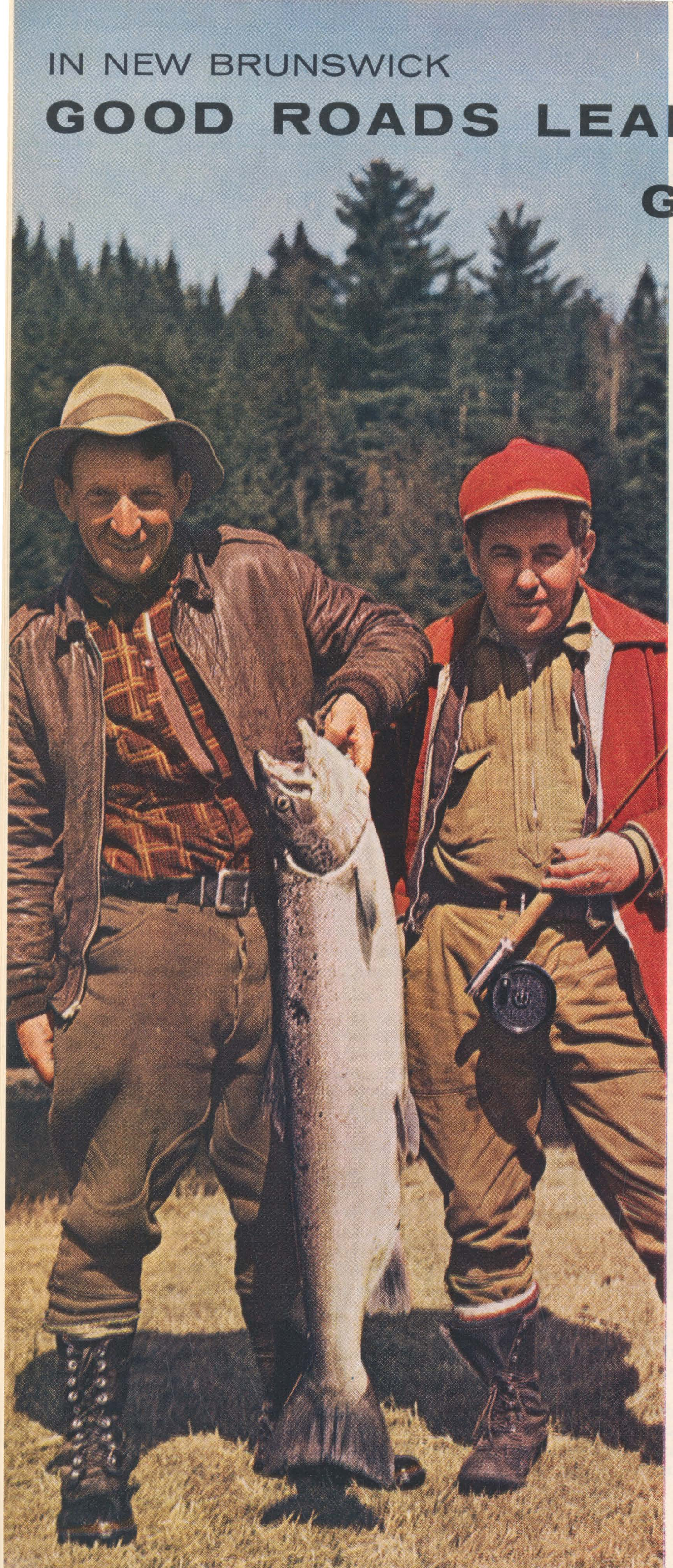

Since the end of World War II there's been a booming growth in New Brunswick's tourist industry. More than 800,000 visitors traveled to the province last year, adding some $25 million to the economy.

Good sport—such as angling for the hard-hitting Atlantic silver salmon, hunting black bear and deer—draws many of these visitors. And good roads carry them to it.

New Brunswick highway authorities are well aware of the vital importance of good roads, not only in building a profitable tourist industry, but in serving the province's expanding economy in general.

In 1956, for example, 250 newly paved miles were added to New Brunswick's highway network. And it was expected that construction work in 1957 would bring the province's total dust-free road mileage to 2,900. It's now possible to make a complete circuit of the province by automobile without leaving a hard-surfaced road—and the scenery's magnificent!

Progress like this does not come cheap. In 1957, New Brunswick had a total roads budget—including the cost of new highway and bridge construction plus maintenance—of $24 million. And this figure can be expected to grow steadily in the years ahead, just as the province's tourist industry will grow.

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K. C. Irving made his first major public speech as guest speaker at the meeting.

"The Chignecto Canal is a 'must' to the industrial success of the Maritime Provinces," he said; and he called for removal

K. C. Irving

of unnecessary credit restrictions, a reduction of interest rates and the elimination of the premium on the dollar.

"If the canal were built," he said, "the whole coastal shipping and industrial picture of the area would be changed." Failure to build the canal following Confederation promises dating back to 1864 and 1866, he charged, had destroyed our coastal shipping and industry. Before any new industry could be expected to establish in any location, he said, it must be reasonably certain of a profitable operation. A profitable industry requires raw materials, power, transportation and many other things at prices it can afford to pay, and above all, a market, either at home or abroad in which it can sell competitively. "We have some raw materials in the Atlantic Provinces, and due to our seaboard location, others are available to us from all parts of the world.

"Power we have at a price not competitive with Quebec, Ontario and some other parts of Canada, but at reasonable cost for some industries.

"Transportation, generally speaking, in these provinces is expensive. Yet the Bay of Fundy and Northumberland Strait areas could have a most economical system of water transportation, particularly now that the St. Lawrence Seaway is in operation. The Seaway has created greater opportunities than ever before available to these Atlantic Provinces."

Mr. Irving read the Atlantic Resolutions. Little could be added, he said, to these good resolutions. They express views which are most constructive. The co-chairmen at the meeting when the resolutions were pledged and Mr. Nowlan, who presided, are all Ministers of the Government. They are, without doubt, in a position to develop them successfully. The Federal Government should take our promise that if they build the canal, we will use it to the best advantage, restore industrial activity to the Maritime Provinces and again place ourselves in a position where we will not be number one on the charity list.

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the pawn ticket

FRED H. PHILLIPS

OLIVE MCSWEEN left home at 9.45. Not that she was on the street every day. She wasn't. But a fur coat made a difference, especially if you'd never had one before. And thirty days had been a long time to wait.

"Gee, honey," Olive had said that day when Rance had first shown her the coat over at the hotel sample room. "I couldn't. What would I tell Merv? He knows you don't get fur coats in a home-and-school drawing."

"Well, then, let's make it simple for Merv," Rance had parried easily. "We'll set it up so he gives you the coat."

"Sure, but how?" Olive had wavered.

"Just leave it to me," Rance said, "until tomorrow, that is. Look. I'll pawn the coat today for something around twenty-five bucks. Then I'll give you the ticket."

"But Rance, I don't know anything about pawn shops," Olive said.

"You don't have to," Rance said. "You just keep it until after thirty days have gone by. Then one day you accidentally find it on the street. You don't exactly know what it is, see. So you ask Merv. He'll say it's a pawn ticket, that's all. There's where you really get interested. You get the idea that somebody has pawned something really super and you just can't wait to follow up your hunch. Maybe it'll take a little nagging, but Merv'll redeem the ticket if you really want him to. The way it shakes down, Merv'll get you a fur coat for about one-third of the retail price. He'll spring for that quick enough."

"Well," Olive said, "if you say . . ."

And that's the way it had been. Olive had seen Rance at the sample room again next day and he had simply given her a pawn ticket.

"Here," he said. "Let's age it just to give it a really lost look." And he had put the ticket on the floor and scuffed it a bit under his heel.

"There you are, honey," he said. "But remember—not till after thirty days."

So Olive had waited until this morning.

You could easily walk downtown in Booneville. It wasn't far.

Merv was on the phone when Olive got to his office. Something about a policy, she wasn't sure.

"Look, Merv," she said when he was free, "I've got some running around to do, then I've got to go to the hairdresser's at eleven. We better have lunch on our own."

"OK, Olive, anything you say," Merv said.

"I'll be back around five o'clock," Olive said. Then: "Oh! Merv, what's this? I found it on the street on the way down. I didn't know what it was, so I kept it."

"Let's see it," Merv said. "That? Why, it's just an overdue pawn ticket. Probably no good."

"A pawn ticket! Oh, Merv. Doesn't it sound exciting! What do you suppose is behind it? I'm dying to know."

"Probably an old bicycle or a busted cornet," Merv said. "Some guy hocked it for a quick twenty. They're all the same."

"But, gee, Merv, doesn't it make you curious? Just think—a pawn ticket! What do people part with when they need money? Couldn't you go and claim it—just for fun?"

"OK," Merv had agreed. But his heart wasn't in it.

"I'll see you around five," Olive had said, and was gone.

The afternoon dragged for Olive, even when it was punctuated with two nervous cups of tea at the Blue Lantern.

It was only 4.45 when she walked back into Merv's little reception room. Merv was dictating inside. Then he came out and the weary staccato of a typewriter followed him.

"You needn't bother with that tonight, Gertie," Merv said to the girl inside.

The typewriter stopped obediently.

Merv shrugged into his coat and just as he reached for his hat Olive said:

"Did you have a chance to see about the ticket, Merv?"

"The what?" Merv said.

"The pawn ticket. Oh! Merv, don't tell me you forgot."

"Oh, that," Merv said. "Just like I told you. Nothing at all."

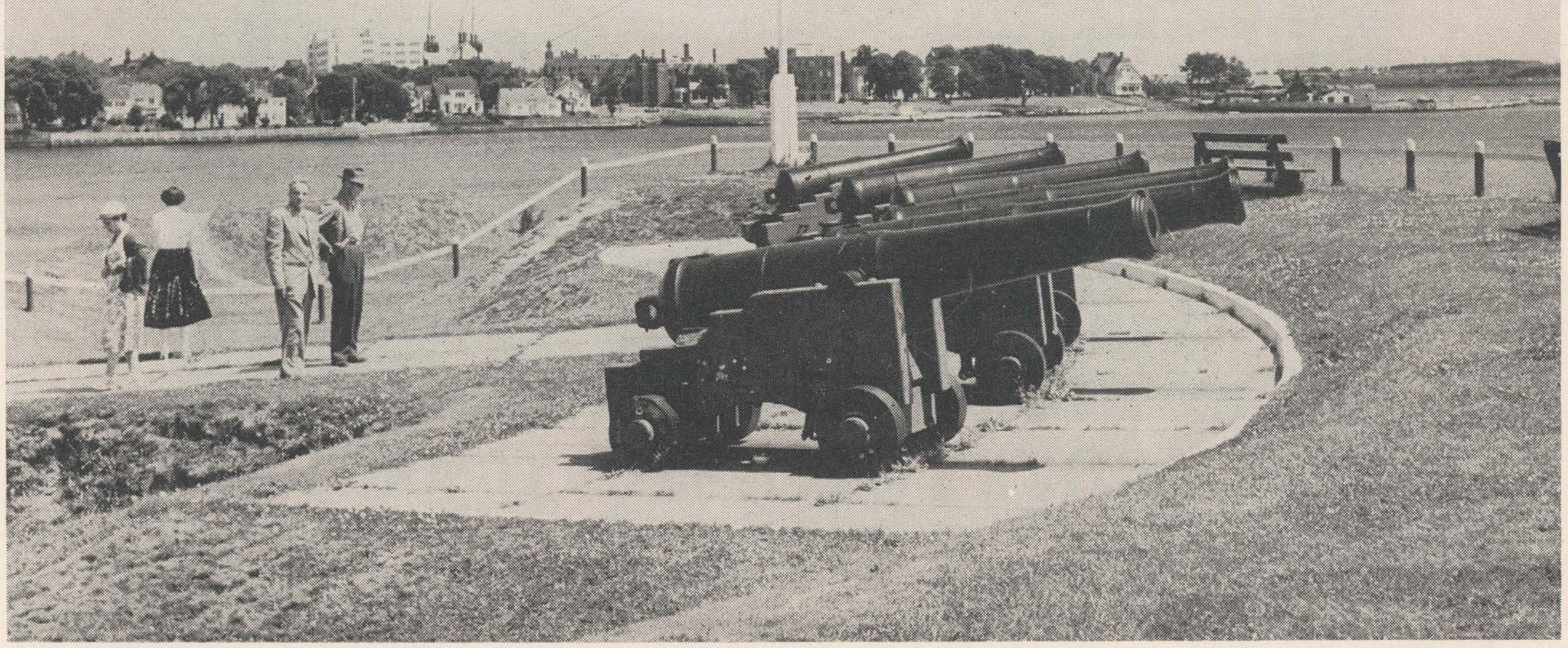
"Nothing at all," Olive echoed.

"Well, just an old lacquered cigarette lighter. Here it is if you want it."

Olive took the lighter in wooden fingers. A moment later it slipped from her hand.

She never had seen Gertie Bowles in a fur coat before.

THE CAPITAL OF ILE ST. JEAN



Old cannon at the site of Port La Joie, with Charlottetown across the harbour in the background

by Sonia MacRae

DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HARBOUR from Charlottetown is a spot of unusual beauty. Its beauty is transcended only by its historical significance. Known as Port La Joie or Fort Amherst, but better known by Charlottetonians as "the old French fort", it has been for many generations a favourite picnic spot, since it is only a ten-minute ferry ride from Charlottetown. Soon this site is to be restored as a national historic park, and many people are wondering just what happened over at Port La Joie. Its early history is sometimes happy, more often tragic, but always fascinating.

Ile St. Jean (Prince Edward Island) was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534, but for almost two hundred years was completely ignored by France. In 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht France gave up mainland Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. France then determined to settle Ile St. Jean, which took on a new significance with the building of the fortress at Louisbourg, because it was realized Ile St. Jean could become a source of provisions for the mighty fortress in Cape Breton.

In 1720 three ships from Rochfort, France, arrived at Port La Joie with three hundred passengers, who, immediately after embarkation, proceeded to build log houses and a barracks, in front of which were mounted eight pieces of cannon. These people raised a tall black cross over ground set aside for a cemetery. A church was also built, but its site can no longer be identified. The church was, in due time, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and Father Bresley (Sulpician Order) was the first *curé*. At this time carpenters were brought over from Baie Verte and Beaubassin (Amherst).

This was undoubtedly the happiest time in the history of Port La Joie. Indeed, a government official at the port wrote to the Regent of France: "We are here at Port La Joie, one of the most beautiful harbours the eye can behold." Things continued pleasantly until 1728 when a plague of field mice wrought havoc on the crops.* So complete was the destruction that the inhabitants had to seek subsistence from the sea, but with persistent determination they struggled on. Then followed a long period in which the inhabitants just managed to eke out an existence.

At this time a new governor arrived at Port La Joie in the person of M. de Pensons. In 1730 he wrote to a minister of the government of France that the buildings, consisting of log houses, a breastwork with eight cannon mounted, government offices and dwelling for the commandant, quarters for the soldiers and junior officers, a bakehouse, a forge and three storehouses, were falling into decay and besought the minister to authorize the erection of new buildings immediately.

However, this was not done until 1749. By that time settlers had arrived from Cobequid (Truro), Pisquid (Windsor), Grand Pré, Minas, and Beaubassin. These brave souls converged on Ile St. Jean because, with the first fall of Louisburg in 1745, they preferred leaving their homes to living under the English flag. A similar feeling was the motivating force which brought the United Empire Loyalists to New Brunswick after the American Revolution. The arrival of these new settlers on Ile St. Jean, combined with two crop failures, spelled near starvation for the sojourners, and many were forced to eat their cattle.

During this time, in 1752 Joseph de la Roque compiled a census of Ile St. Jean. He records the name of Jacques Hache-Gallant, aged forty years, married to Marie-Joseph Boudrot, aged thirty-two

* See "A Plague of Mice", *The Atlantic Advocate*, January, 1958.

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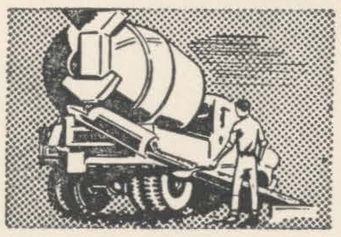

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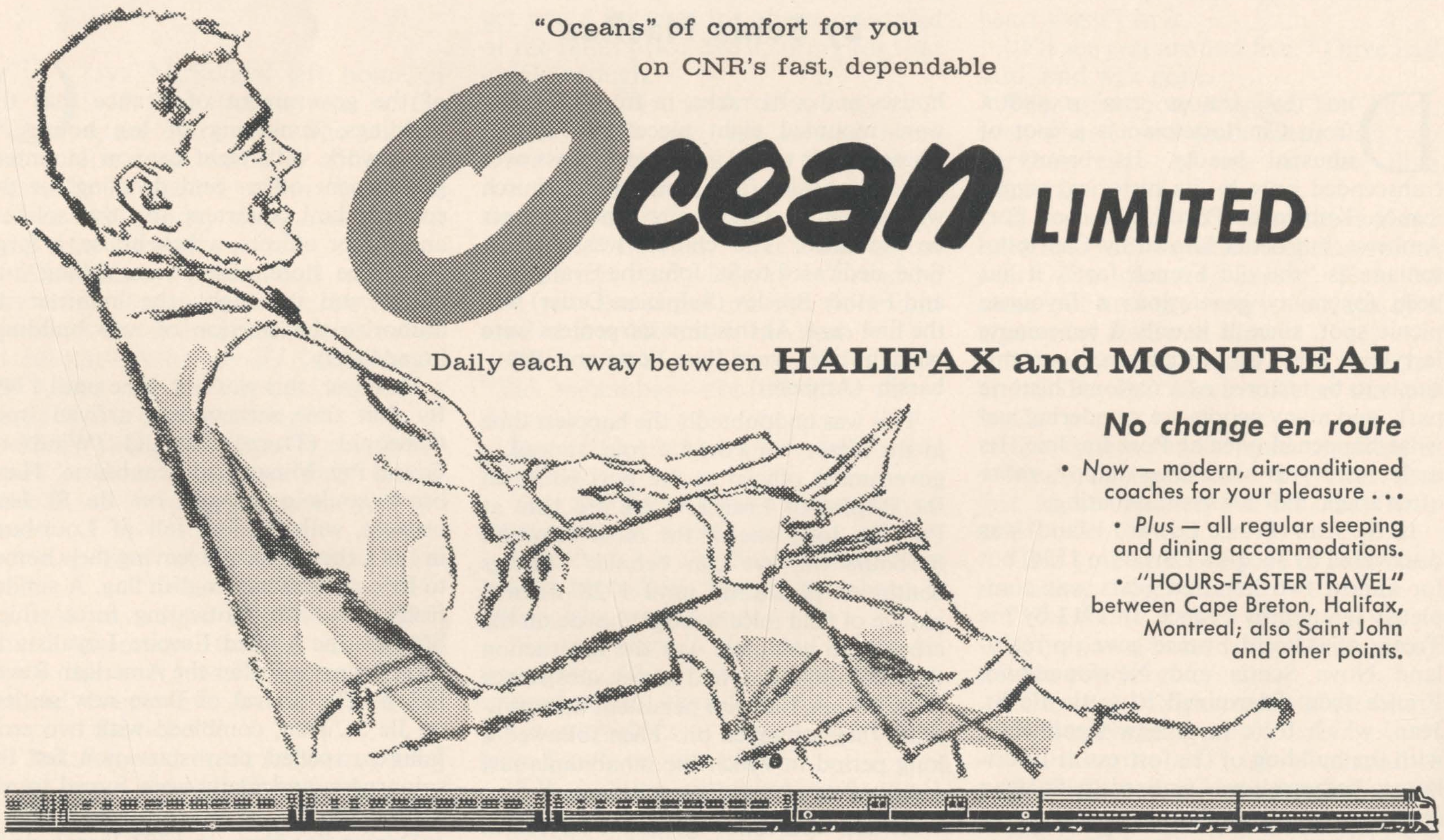

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years; their children, Jacques-Philippe, fourteen years, Joseph, ten years, Charles, eight years, Marie-Jeanne, twelve years, Marie, five years and Anne, one year. Practically all the Gallants (and there are many) of Prince County trace their ancestry back to Jacques Hache-Gallant. Another interesting name is that of François Blanchard, ancestor of all the Blanchards* of Prince Edward Island.

With war between England and France came the fear of expulsion. On July 28, 1755, the order for expulsion of the Acadians was signed. This included the Acadians of Ile St. Jean as well. However, it was not feasible for England to move them at this time, so a treaty was made by which the Acadians promised to be neutral in the war between the two mighty empires, and they, the Acadians, were allowed to stay in their homes at the pleasure of the English.

The final chapter of French rule was written on August 17, 1758, when Lord Rollo sailed into Port La Joie harbour with a splendid array of four transports and five hundred men dispersed thus: On board the *King of Prussia*, 140; *Dunbar*, 140; *Bristol*, 130; *Catherine*, ninety. With Lord Rollo were French officials from Louisbourg, who ordered Commandant Villejon to surrender. One can appreciate the feelings of Rosseau De Villejon as he watched his proud *Fleur de Lis* replaced by the Union Jack.

Then began the expulsion of the Acadians of the tiny Island. Their lot was just as tragic as the expulsion of the Acadians of Nova Scotia, the only difference being the absence of Longfellow's poetry to immortalize the suffering of the poor unfortunates. All but a handful of the Acadians of Ile St. Jean were deported; these few fled to the woods. Direct descendants of these loyal people are today's Acadians of Prince Edward Island.

Immediately after the French surrender, Lord Rollo ordered the erection of Fort Amherst on the site of Port La Joie. The fort was, according to John Stewart's history, a large square redoubt with a broad deep ditch, mounted eighteen cannon and contained handsome barracks. Lord Rollo left Fort Amherst in November, 1758, to join his detachment at Louisbourg. Behind him he left 190 men.

Within the next few years, at least two raids were made on the fort by the French with their Indian allies. In one of these raids a sergeant and eighteen men were ambushed and killed.

"In 1762," Miss Helen Champion has written, "a number of men at the fort decided to mutiny, rob and kill the officers and burn the fort; however, the plan

* J. Henri Blanchard, LL.D., retired vice-principal of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and Major T. Edgar MacNutt, provided much of the research that was necessary in the writing of this article.

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			CHARLES A. DUNNING			
7 a.m.	11 a.m.	3 p.m.		9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.

Sept. 21st to Oct. 18th

			LORD SELKIRK		
11 a.m.	4 p.m.			8 a.m.	1 p.m.
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8 a.m.	1 p.m.			11 a.m.	4 p.m.

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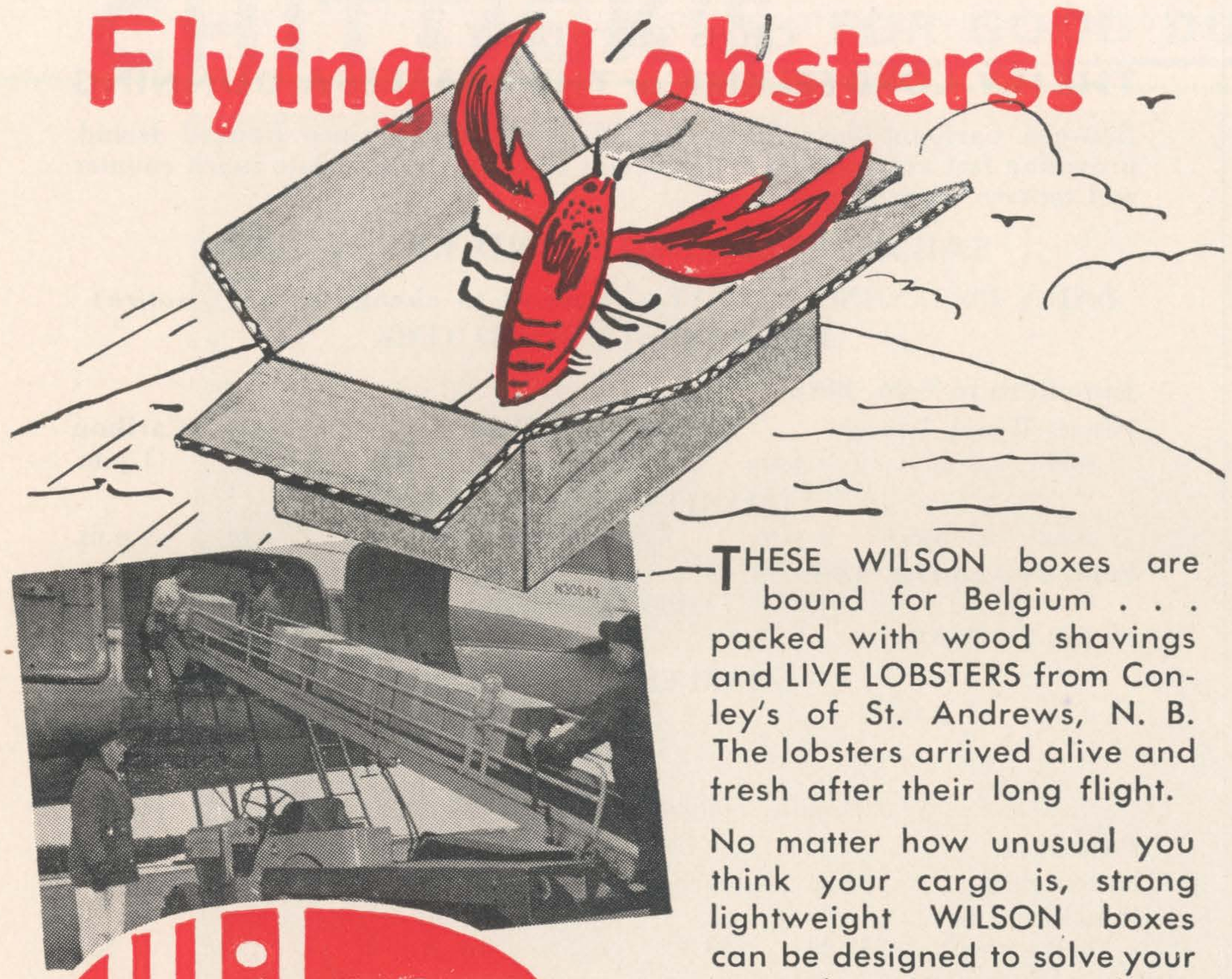

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leaked out during a drunken party. Those implicated were placed under arrest, tried and flogged with a 'cat o' nine', well laid on. Later four non-commissioned officers with thirty men arrived at the fort from Louisbourg. The guilty men were taken back to Louisbourg with the officers, court-martialled and the ringleader hanged." So it would appear the unfortunate culprits were tried twice for the same crime.

Amid this air of uncertainty Lieut.-Governor Walter Patterson arrived in 1770. But in spite of plots and counter-plots, he built his elegant mansion at Port La Joie, spending many thousands of pounds on the stately residence, which contained extensive government offices as well. However, raids on Fort Amherst continued, and about 1773 (since records of the actual destruction of Fort Amherst are meagre, the date can only be approximate) Governor Patterson ordered the fort dismantled.

Thus on November 17, 1775, when two American privateers entered Charlottetown harbour and looted the tiny town there was neither fortification nor a garrison to oppose them.

In 1764 Captain Samuel Holland had arrived at Fort Amherst but found it a poorly stockaded redoubt with poor barracks. He then proceeded to Observation Cove, a half mile distant, and there he erected a house, the cellar of which is still visible. Andrew MacPhail, in his *History of Prince Edward Island* (1913) says: "Many legends of hidden treasure centre at this spot, and the search for gold has not yet been abandoned. The ghost of a Micmac half-breed woman who was once an inmate of Holland's house is watched for at the midnight of every twelfth of July, only by those, however, who are unaware that the apparition is not to appear until the moon is at its full and the tide at its height at the moment of twelve o'clock."

It was at this site that Captain Holland began his survey. Indeed, this was the first land survey on the North American continent. This historical spot has since been renamed Holland Cove and has a monument erected to the memory of Captain Samuel Holland.

The Hon. Alvin Hamilton, Minister of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources, announced in the House of Commons last spring that the government is considering the restoration of the fort's site, and a reported $100,000 has been appropriated for the work.

The restoration is dependant upon the turning over of the lands to the federal government and at the time of writing this had not yet been done.

The Prince Edward Island Historical Association hopes that the restoration of the site will be undertaken in three stages: the main buildings of the French village, part of the Indian encampment, and a reconstruction of Fort Amherst.

THE LOBSTER CARNIVAL

by GEORGE WOTTON

A SUMMER CELEBRATION in the appropriately named town of Summerside, Prince Edward Island's second largest town, is the province's 'lobster carnival,' this year from July 15 to 18. The carnival provides four days and nights of organized entertainment, designed to furnish an original and diversified picture of the Island, its people, and their activities, with an interlude each evening when appetites take precedence and delicious lobster suppers command the enthusiastic interest of everyone.

The tasty lobster suppers are served daily from 4 to 8 p.m. in the Summerside stadium, headquarters for all indoor carnival events. Here, too, on the stage feature acts and dancing will be presented nightly. A carnival midway beside the stadium building always proves interesting to the youngsters.

The idea for the Summerside lobster carnival was suggested by a member of the Summerside Board of Trade, and is supported by all local service clubs—Y's Men, Rotary, Kinsmen, Lions, Canadian Legion, and Royal Canadian Air Force Association. They joined forces with the Board of Trade to organize and conduct the programme.

Glamour is not neglected at the carnival. From the moment when King Neptune and a pretty mermaid emerge from the sea to begin the festivities, the selection of a sea queen and princesses becomes an important part of the carnival.

On the first evening of the carnival, the princesses for the sea queen contest will be chosen. The next night the sea queen is selected. The following evening the lovely queen is crowned, and on the final evening the girls appear again to receive attractive prizes.

Members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in their bright scarlet tunics, will head a large float parade on the second day of the carnival. Forming in a nautical setting on a large marine pier extending into Summerside harbour, the parade will be representative of many sea-going activities as well as other Island interests and industries. For the children a touch of the imaginative past will include Indians from a nearby tribal reserve, dressed in traditional costume.

Introducing a link with agriculture and adding the word "exhibition" to the four-day carnival, this year the 4-H Clubs and Junior Farmers will compete on the first day of the programme in safe driving, calf-roping, pig-catching, and square-dancing contests.

On Friday, July 17, Maritimes municipal firemen will meet in their annual tournament, held in conjunction with an open-invitation Maritimes track and field programme. Firemen from Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will compete in hose reel races, ladder races, hose coupling races, duty races in hip-boots and helmets, various dashes, and a one-mile relay race. The Maritime track and field programme will include junior and senior events.

On the final day of the carnival, the afternoon entertainment scene will shift to the waterfront, where speed boats, motor boat racing, and water sports will provide a colourful conclusion to the daylight events of the lobster carnival programme. A soap-box derby and a doll carriage parade are also scheduled for this afternoon.

This year there will be fish-cooking demonstrations for the ladies, a live fish and game exhibit for the children, marine and fishing equipment displays for the men, and the delicious lobster suppers for the whole family.

Charlie Hogan, director of the Summerside Lobster Carnival, is receiving inquiries from many parts of the U.S.A. and Canada regarding the carnival, and says that most of these result from favourable reports circulated by those who visited the Island and attended the previous carnivals.

The flag-decked streets, special sales by Summerside stores, visiting Canadian and American ships in port, and displays of handicrafts all add to the carnival interest.

It's nice to have nice neighbours and we extend a really hearty welcome to all of you who are visiting lovely Prince Edward Island this summer and fall—be sure to join us for our LOBSTER CARNIVAL — July 15th-18th, we're only next door!

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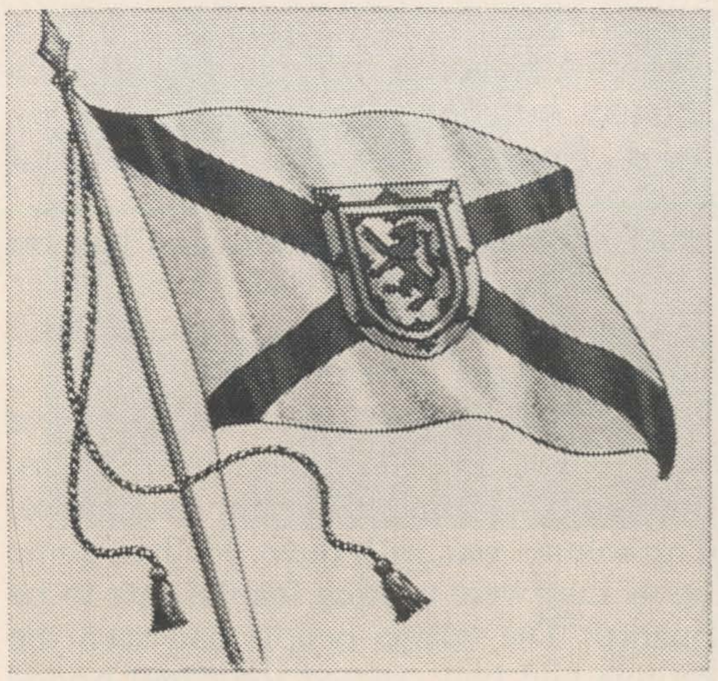

THE DAY WE MET OUR KING

by IRENE T. SPICER

The article "A Flag for Canada" in the June issue of The Atlantic Advocate made me think of the day when our flag, flying from the gatehouse of our hospital in northern France in the First World War, caught the eye of King George V. The following is an account of a never-to-be-forgotten incident.

IN THE SUMMER of 1917 and the following winter this flag flew from the gatehouse in the wall of the Château Argues in northern France. From the sentry box at the other end of the gate flew the Union Jack. Under canvas on the lawns was No. 7 Stationary Hospital, Dalhousie Unit, from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Argues was then a village, near St. Omer, which is in the Department of Pas de Calais. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives the location of General Headquarters of the British Army during the First World War as St. Omer. Actually it was in a village near our walled *château* garden. Sir Douglas Haig was in command and Sir William Robertson was Chief of Staff at the War Office. We were about twenty kilometres behind the battle line and between the trenches and the Channel. There was plenty of excitement here. We were bombed in the area from the first and by early autumn the shells were falling all around us. Once a machine gun bullet hit one of our wards and a dud fell in the grounds but our walls were a charmed circle. No shell ever fell inside, although other hospitals were shelled and bombed and nurses and doctors killed.

A stationary hospital is a small unit of one hundred men, twenty-seven nursing sisters with the rank of lieutenant, a matron with the rank of captain, a dozen or more doctors, a dentist and a pharmacist, all carrying at least the rank of captain. The officer commanding is a colonel, the second in command a major. Dalhousie College had offered a unit early in the war and Dr. John Stewart, then a consulting surgeon in Halifax, had been the choice as officer commanding. He was also the reason why many of the young nursing sisters and young college students had been allowed by their parents to go. Many of the boys were barely eighteen and most of the nurses were young graduates of provincial training schools. Among our men was a sprinkling of old soldiers, and our matron was permanent army.

King George V, General Foch and Sir Douglas Haig in France during the First World War.

Dr. John Stewart, when we signed up in October 1915, was sixty-seven years of age, six feet tall and straight as an arrow. In his youth he had taken his training for medicine and surgery at Edinburgh and London and had been a house surgeon to Lord Lister. This great man had slated the young surgeon for a great career but when his training was completed he was needed by his father's large family in Nova Scotia. There John Stewart gave his life to healing and this family. No man has ever been more loved and revered than our commanding officer and we were all proud to serve under him.

We left Saint John Harbour on New Year's Day, 1916, and sailing by a southerly route to avoid submarines, we met our convoy on the tenth day. Dr. Stewart told us that when he first crossed the ocean to Edinburgh, the crossing took a full month in a sailing ship. We sailed in a darkened ship, wearing or carrying our lifebelts constantly. Our ship was the *Metagama* and she carried two thousand troops and twenty-seven nursing sisters.

What a thrill to meet our convoy, two destroyers the *Lotus* and the *Landrail!* They steamed up to us, then crossed each other at our stern and came up one each side, the sailors on deck singing: "Britons never shall be slaves." A month later we met one of our boys scrubbing the stone floor at Moorz Barracks. As we came in he rose, saluted and remarked: "Britons never shall be slaves."

Our first patients were crying, trembling shell-shocks in a hospital in the south of England. Then we were given the old Shorncliffe Military Hospital for the winter, and how we loved the English countryside and the spring flowers! In June we were sent to Le Havre, where we handled convoys for England that summer. My buddy and I—we always travelled in twos—did a spell of duty in the Somme area during the awful carnage there. We served in an Australian casualty clearing station. Then a winter at the Canadian Base Camp at Harfleur, where all our old friends found us on their way up or down the line—so many went up who never came down. That was Vimy winter and we lost brothers and sweethearts and friends. Smoky tents, lantern light, mud and heartbreaks were our lot there.

That spring we moved again. The colonel and some officers went ahead to St. Omer. The colonel wrote back: "We

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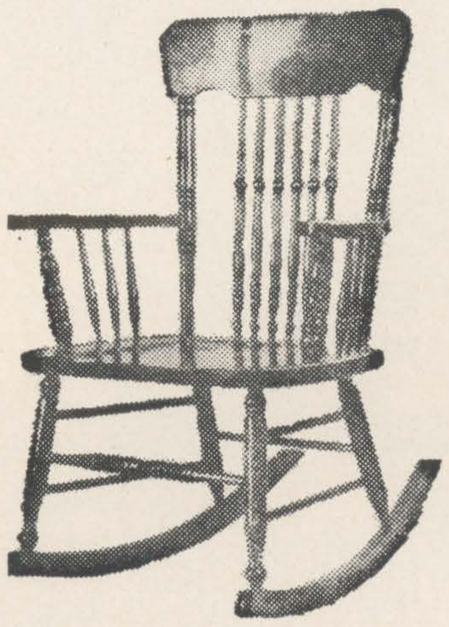

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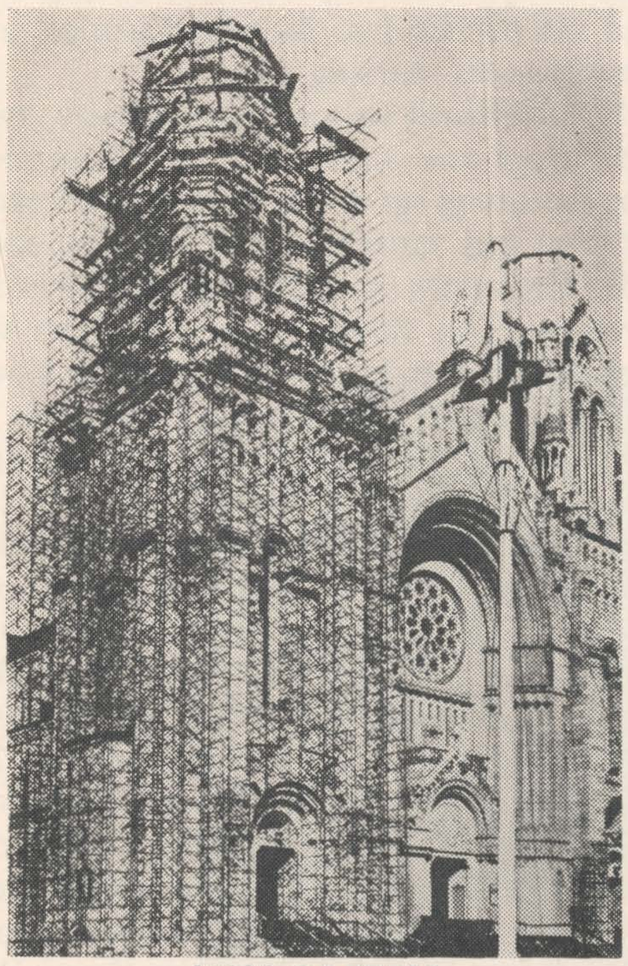

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have a little paradise this time in the garden of an old *château.*" And so we found it, at Argues on the canal. The offices were downstairs in the old *château,* unused for many years. The sisters' quarters were upstairs and the hospital for the first few weeks was under canvas—after that we had Nissen huts. These were half-circular metal huts with end windows of oiled fabric. The officers and men remained in tents all winter. We used the cellar and trenches during bombing raids.

The *château* had a date in the eleven hundreds on the corner-stone. There was a sunken garden with a sundial. There were snowdrops under the shrubbery in the spring, and beautiful ornamental trees. Walnuts shaded the huts and the vitamin-hungry boys jumped out of their beds when a nut fell and rattled on the metal roof. These they hoarded and ate. There was a tree down by the canal planted by the Duke of Wellington, who had slept in the *château* after Waterloo. There was a beautiful copper beech planted on the birthday of the count who owned the *château.* It was a huge tree, so we judged the count must be old. Sir Douglas Haig's padre was very friendly and came to tea often. He held services with us and invited us back to service with Sir Douglas, who always went to church in the morning. Then when he went up the line he always took his padre with him. Once we were invited to view the now-famous portrait of Sir Douglas on his favourite horse, which was in the process of being painted that summer.

July first, Dominion Day, fell on Sunday that year so it was celebrated on Monday. Canada had sent several large fruit cakes and a box of waxed maple leaves to be used in the celebration.

The men of our unit were hosts for the day to other hospital units and troops in the area on rest. Marquees were set up on a sport field and each country excelled in its chosen sport. Our boys, of course, won the baseball match. When the boys returned, the sisters had trestle tables set under the trees decorated with the maple leaves and with roses from our sunken garden. The sisters served the men and the dessert was the home fruit cake.

The next day was our beloved colonel's birthday and his wish was that we give our patients a party such as we had given our men the day before. About a hundred walking cases had come in as we were clearing the tables after the boys the evening before. This was another day of blue skies, fluffy white clouds and sunshine, so the tables were set again under the trees and decorated as before. A cake with sixty-nine candles was prepared for the birthday. The colonel was in the village on some last-minute preparation for the feast. The major, the matron and myself were cutting cake when a young orderly who was sentry at the gate rushed into the tent and said: "The King is at the gate, Sir." The major gave him a withering glance as much as to say: "It's a party but don't get fresh." The boy paled. He drew himself up, saluted and said: "Sir! . . . Our King is at the gate." The major grasped his tunic and belt on a chair near by and rushed out. Our permanent army matron stuttered and said: "Put your cuffs on, Sister."

Out we went and there on the drive were King George V, the Prince of Wales, Sir William Robertson and two aides. The colonel was with them. He had come up as they were waiting for the gate to be opened. The village people had seen the retinue and had crossed the canal bridge and were crowding the gate.

Sir William Robertson spoke and said: "We were on the bridge on our way to General Headquarters when His Majesty noticed your flag and ordered the car to stop. So we drew up and startled your young sentry."

The King then said: "In my youth I spent some time in Halifax as a midshipman. Your people were kind to me." Then he named homes and people in the city familiar to many of us. "So," he went on, "when I saw this familiar flag I felt I must stop and again say thank you for hospitality of other and more peaceful days. May I see your patients?"

The colonel then told the King about our Dominion Day party for the patients. The King's party in their splendid staff uniforms were led to the tables where the astonished patients were now seated. The King questioned a few as to where they came from. These were all from the British Isles. The King then stood in the centre of the rows of tables and spoke to the group assuring them that with the Canadians they were in good hands and would be kindly treated as he had been, in his early youth in Canada. He wished them all well and a safe return to their homes and loved ones. The men rose and gave him a mighty cheer. Without prompting, one started "God Save the King". All hearts were touched by the kindness of this man who stopped his journey to say thank you and wish our patients well.

Some one had thought to light the cake and the patients called for the colonel to blow out the candles. This he did with one breath, at sixty-nine, in spite of all the excitement. The King shook his hand again and asked to meet his staff.

The excited officers and nursing sisters were presented and the King took the hand of each while the smiling, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, prince looked on.

In a little while it was over, but Campbell, our one piper, was wide awake. As the party moved to the cars he appeared in his kilt and full regalia, and the sound of the pipes playing "Will ye no come back again?" was the farewell of the little unit from "The Warden of the North".

We had met our King.

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Archives for N.B.

Lord Beaverbrook is planning to undertake the construction of a provincial archives building in Fredericton. It will be provided with modern facilities for the preservation and classification of public records and historical documents.

* * *

Premier Hugh John Flemming, in announcing this gift, said it would be "an institution which has been sadly lacking in the province . . . Now through this

Dr. John S. Bates

wonderful gift, it will be possible to preserve and classify, for all time, the official papers of the province, as well as other books and documents in a proper building, with the most modern equipment and under ideal conditions in every way."

* * *

Consultant

Premier Flemming has also announced the appointment of Dr. John S. Bates as general industrial consultant and adviser to the provincial government. Dr. Bates's service with the province began as chairman of the New Brunswick Forest Development Commission, which published its findings in 1957. He has since been a member of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission and chairman of the New Brunswick Water Authority, which administers the Water Resources and Pollution Control Act.

* * *

Dr. Bates is a native of Woodstock, N.B., and was educated in Amherst, N.S., and at Acadia and Columbia Universities. He has a long and distinguished record of service in the pulp and paper industry, and is a former president of the Chemical Institute of Canada. (See also page 88.)

* * *

Silver Dart Memorial

Last month a stainless steel memorial of the first aircraft flight in Canada was erected on the grounds of the Alexander Graham Bell Museum in Baddeck, N.S. The monument, which stands on a nine-foot stone pedestal, is a stylized representation of the *Silver Dart*, and was designed by Charles Luttman, secretary of the Canadian Aeronautical Institute, and Dr. Leonard Muller of Miami, Florida, a relative of Dr. Bell.

* * *

The *Silver Dart* was the aircraft flown by the Hon. J. A. D. McCurdy, at Baddeck, in 1909, and the dramatic story of this great man and his famous associates is told by H. Gordon Green in *The Atlantic Advocate's* book entitled *The Silver Dart*.

* * *

Another tribute to Mr. McCurdy and the other members of the Aerial Experiment Association last month was the demonstration given by the aerobatic team of the R.C.A.F., the Golden Hawks. These spectacular fliers displayed their skill at high speeds in major centres throughout the Atlantic Provinces, as part of the nation-wide celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight in Canada.

* * *

Gaelic Mod

This month and early next month at St. Ann's, near Baddeck, the air will ring with the lilt of the Gaelic. A six-day Highland Scottish gathering, the Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod and gathering of the clans, begins on July 25 and continues through August 9, at the Gaelic College of Celtic Arts and Crafts. This year's special visitor will be the chief of Clan Ranald, Ranald Alexander MacDonald.

* * *

This year is the 20th anniversary of the Gaelic College, and a new $26,000 building is being erected as part of a three-year expansion plan, which will include three new buildings and the renovation of the grounds.

* * *

C. M. A. Convention

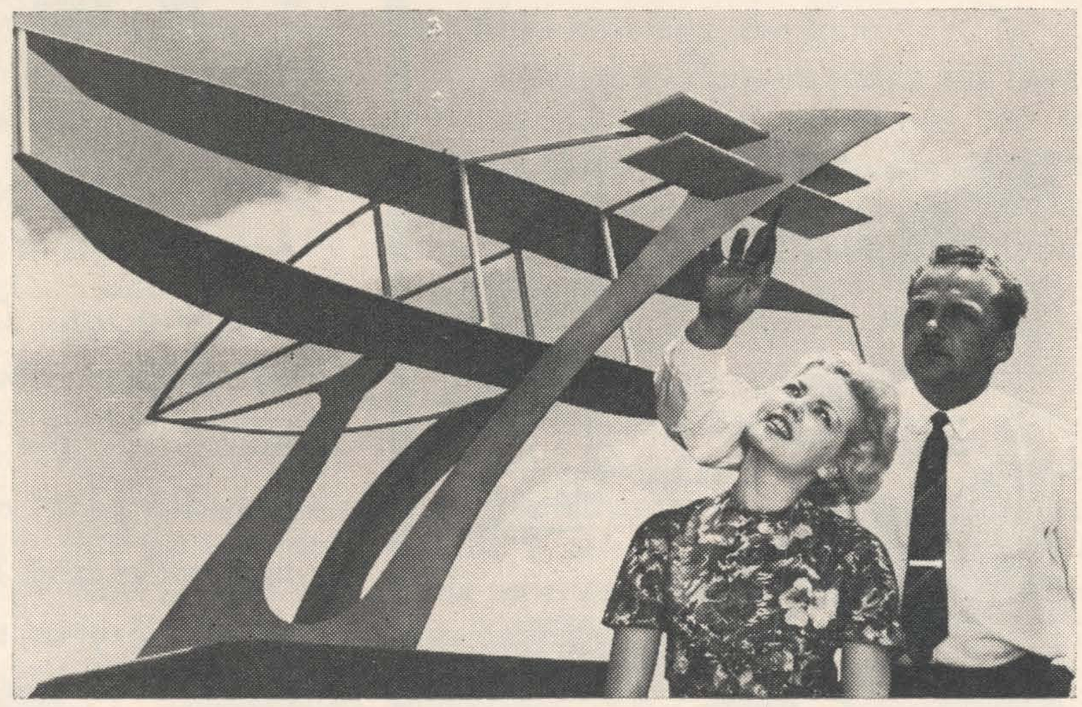
Cyrus Eaton, Nova Scotia-born industrialist of Cleveland, Ohio, gained international attention for his speech at the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in St. Andrews last month. Mr. Eaton discussed the importance of a peaceful relationship between the East and the West. He also severely criticized United States foreign policy, and recommended that Canada disassociate herself from it.

* * *

W. H. Evans, president of Honeywell Controls Limited, Toronto, was elected president of the C.M.A. He succeeds Ian McRae, chairman of the board of the Canadian General Electric Company Limited, Toronto.

* * *

In the photograph at left, Cyrus Eaton addresses the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers Association. At the far left, seated, is W. H. Evans, the new president of the C.M.A.



Beth Brunner and Knox Hawkshaw of Field Aviation Company, Oshawa, inspect the stainless steel Silver Dart Memorial, which was dedicated at Baddeck last month in honour of the Hon. J. A. D. McCurdy's historic flight there in 1909.

Special Programmes

Events of special interest are being held on the mainland of Nova Scotia this month. The ninety-seventh annual Highland Games at Antigonish are on July 14 and 15, and the Sportsmen's Show at Stillwater, Guysborough County, on July 17 and 18. The Highland Games consist of Scottish music and dances, field events and parades. The Sportsmen's Show includes canoe racing, fly casting, wood sawing, log rolling and other athletic activities. Two other sportsmen's gatherings are the Nova Scotia Guides Meet from August 3 to 8 at Lake Kedge and the Sportsmen's Meet at Shelburne from August 29 to September 1.

* * *

Fish Story

Anyone who is tired of hearing about "the big one that got away" should talk to Pat Irvine of Campbellton, N.B. Irvine landed a fifty-pound Atlantic silver salmon on the Restigouche River recently. This record catch was 46½ inches long, had a girth of 26 inches, and the spread of the tail fin was thirteen inches.

* * *

Increasing Production

Beginning in August the operation of Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills Limited in Corner Brook will be increased to a six-day week. Operation of the company's machines was reduced to five days from six in May 1958. An extra shift each week is being run this month as a preliminary step toward the increased production.

* * *

$500,000 Gift

Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater announced the gift of $500,000 from Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills Limited to the City of Corner Brook to commemorate the visit of the Queen when he was host to Her Majesty and Prince Philip at Strawberry Hill (see also page 14). The gift will be used for special capital

projects. In September, Sir Eric is presenting a mace and chain of office to the mayor and council of Liverpool, N.S., in honour of the town's two hundreth anniversary.

* * *

Liverpool Feature

In the August issue of *The Atlantic Advocate* famous Nova Scotian novelist Thomas H. Raddall is presenting a tribute to the town of Liverpool, entitled "Two Centuries at Ogomkegeak". Dr. Raddall is the author of *His Majesty's Yankees; Halifax, Warden of the North; The Nymph and the Lamp; The Wings of Night* and many other books and stories.

* * *

Anniversaries

Two large Saint John firms are celebrating anniversaries this year. T. McAvity and Sons Limited is marking its 125th anniversary. The firm originated as a hardware store and has become one of the nation's leading foundry and valve-casting industries, with sales offices across the country and a western plant in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

* * *

McAvity's

The McAvity family settled in Saint John in 1810, and Thomas McAvity, at the age of twelve, became an ironmonger's apprentice in learning the hardware trade. He started in business for himself in 1834, and in 1863 two of his sons established a small brass foundry. The construction of the Rothesay Avenue plant was begun in 1916.

* * *

The company manufactures fire hydrants, stainless steel valves, bronze valves and fittings and other especially designed valves for various installations ranging from naval ships to nuclear reactors. G. Clifford McAvity is president of the company, and two other members of the family are executives of the firm.

* * *

As part of the anniversary activities, the company has donated two T. McAvity and Sons Limited bursaries tenable at the University of New Brunswick. They are valued at $600 each, for two years, and are to be awarded annually. First choice will be from among qualifying children of employees of the company. Special grants are also being made this year to other New Brunswick universities.

* * *

Estabrooks

The T. H. Estabrooks Company Limited, importers, blenders, packers and distributors of Red Rose Tea and Red Rose Coffee, this year celebrate their sixty-fifth anniversary. The late Theodore Estabrooks of Saint John started his tea blending and packing business on Mill Street in Saint John in 1894, and in less than forty years built a business of national importance with branch offices and warehouses in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and St. John's, Newfoundland.

* * *

At the time of Mr. Estabrooks's retirement in 1934, Red Rose Tea and Red Rose Coffee were known and used from Newfoundland to British Columbia, in the British West Indies and in the New England States. The T. H. Estabrooks Company is an outstanding example of the success a Maritime-owned and operated company can achieve.

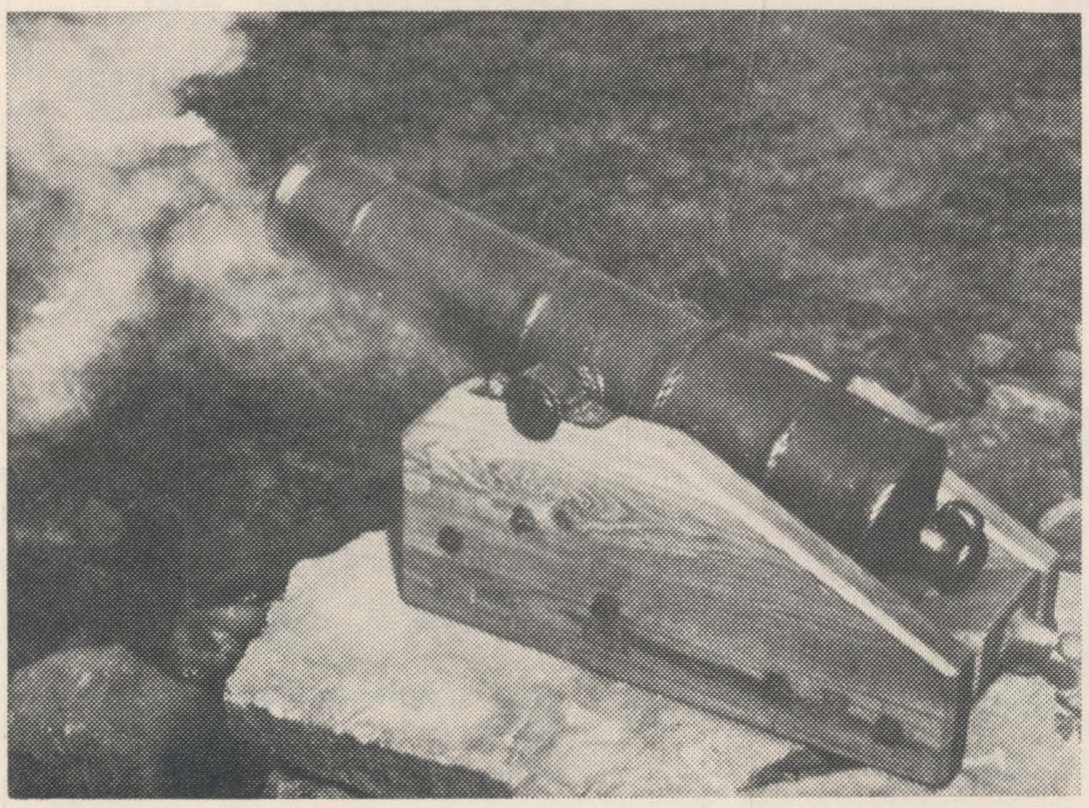
* * *

Before his retirement Mr. Estabrooks took the precaution to see that the company's activities would continue to flourish and expand, by selling the common stock of the company to the Brooke Bond Company of London, England. Just recently it has been announced that the Canadian company will be known in future as Brooke Bond Canada (1959) Limited.

* * *

Falconet

The little gun bravely firing at Camp Gagetown is 300 years old. It is a 17th Century falconet, the property of Dr. J. R. Lockhart of Bath, N.B. A relic of the days of de Villebon, the French military governor who was the central figure of the masque, it was lent to the Army on the occasion of the Military Pageant. It is typical of Major-General R. W. Moncel that one of his last acts before vacating his command at Camp Gagetown was to have the gun completely reconditioned and reboredand mounted on a sturdy oak carriage closely following the original design. It can now send a 2¼-pound bomb 1,240 yards.



The falconet

Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, was installed as president of the Canadian Medical Association in June, at the annual general meeting, in Toronto. Left to right above, are: Dr. A. D. Kelly, general secretary of the association; Prince Philip; Mrs. A. F. VanWart, carrying a bouquet of roses presented to her by Prince Philip; Dr. A. F. VanWart, Fredericton, immediate past president of the association; Hon. J. Waldo Monteith, Minister of National Health and Welfare, and Mrs. Monteith.

Machine Shop

In Sydney last month, Premier Robert L. Stanfield opened the new $700,000 machine shop of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation. The building is named the George Beaton Machine Shop and honours an eighty-one-year-old employee of the company. George Beaton, a consultant and chief mechanical engineer, is a native of Scotland and says he feels better when he works seven days a week. Albert L. Fairley, Jr., president of Dosco, said that the company has spent more than $5 million in Cape Breton alone during the past year for new capital facilities in steel.

* * *

Below, at the opening of Dosco's new machine shop in Sydney, are the Hon. Robert L. Stanfield, Premier of Nova Scotia, and George Beaton, for whom the plant is named.

THE BANK STOCKS

A Review

by MAXIMUS

Shares of the Canadian chartered banks have long been favourites of both domestic and foreign investors. Representing, as they do, organizations which usually extend into every province, and into every aspect of Canadian business endeavour, the bank stocks have provided excellent media for an all-encompassing investment in this country.

The shares have fluctuated along with the general market over the past decade, but in the most recent rise they have outperformed industrial shares by a wide margin. The group as a whole over the last twelve months has gained approximately thirty-five per cent in value, as compared with almost fifteen per cent for the industrial.

The Canadian chartered banks operate under the Bank Act. Their functions are fairly widespread, but basically consist of collecting funds in the form of deposits and then, in turn, making these pools of capital available to borrowers of all types. Their income is derived from loan interest, interest and dividends received from investments, and from charges they make for certain banking conveniences. Expenses are limited to the cost of their deposits and to regular business costs, the largest of these being wages. It may be seen therefore that acceleration in business activity (i.e. demand for loans), an increase in the money supply of the country and a growing population would all be factors which could tend to raise banking income.

These factors, and many others, have been functioning within Canada over the past twelve to eighteen months and they have been reflected in the latest earning figures available for the banks. These earnings generally are at an all-time high for each of the individual banks. The stock market has placed values of from twenty to thirty-five times current earnings on these shares, which would suggest that larger earnings again are being anticipated for the current year.

The Canadian economy is fast emerging from the "recession" and entering into a period of increased activity in the construction, manufacturing and servicing fields. Consumer purchasing is advancing and most lending institutions have experienced a steadily increasing demand for loans over the past few months. The government has been reluctant to increase the money supply within the economy, and consequently pressure has been

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placed upon the existing supply. Interest rates have moved upwards and are at a twenty-five-year high. Higher interest rates, of course, mean increased income for the banks, and this fact together with the increased aggressiveness of the banks in entering new and existing loan fields has tended to centre more than the usual attention on the stocks in the bank groups.

A buyer of the stock of a Canadian chartered bank is obtaining diversification, management, a long record of earnings and dividends, and the opportunity to participate in the continued growth of this country. Against these positive factors must be balanced the vulnerable state of the stock market. No stock or group of stocks can remain aloof from a general sell-off and if investor confidence were to leave stocks and a sell-off were to occur the bank stocks would suffer with the rest.

The Royal Bank of Canada is the largest bank in Canada and it has enjoyed competent, aggressive management throughout the years. The stock is currently selling from $85 to $90, which is approximately thirty-four times the 1958 earnings. The Royal Bank paid a dividend of $2.25 during the last fiscal year. As well, valuable "rights" were offered to shareholders in 1954, 1956 and 1958.

The Bank of Montreal is Canada's second largest bank, with assets of approximately $3.2 billion. At the current price of $60, the stock sells at about thirty-one times earnings. The dividend in 1958 was $1.60 plus an extra of twenty cents, and it is anticipated that at least this amount will be paid during the current year. "Rights" have been offered in 1954, 1957, and the current issue is to expire July 10. Present shareholders of this stock should exercise their "rights" or dispose of them prior to that time.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce is the third largest bank in Canada and is generally credited as being one of the more aggressive of the banking institutions. Total assets are now over $3 billion, and in 1958 they earned $2.27 per share. A dividend of $1.60 plus twenty cents was paid. The stock is currently selling at about $68 per share to give it a value of about thirty times earnings. "Rights" were issued in 1954, 1957 and 1959.

The Bank of Nova Scotia ranks as the fourth largest in Canada in terms of assets, but ranks first in rate of growth of assets over the past five years. Earnings per share have also been increasing satisfactorily and in 1958 totalled $2.91. Of this amount a dividend of $2.40 per share was paid. The shares are currently available at approximately $80 which represents a value of about thirty-three times the 1958 earnings. The Bank of Nova Scotia issued "rights" in 1951, 1956 and 1958.

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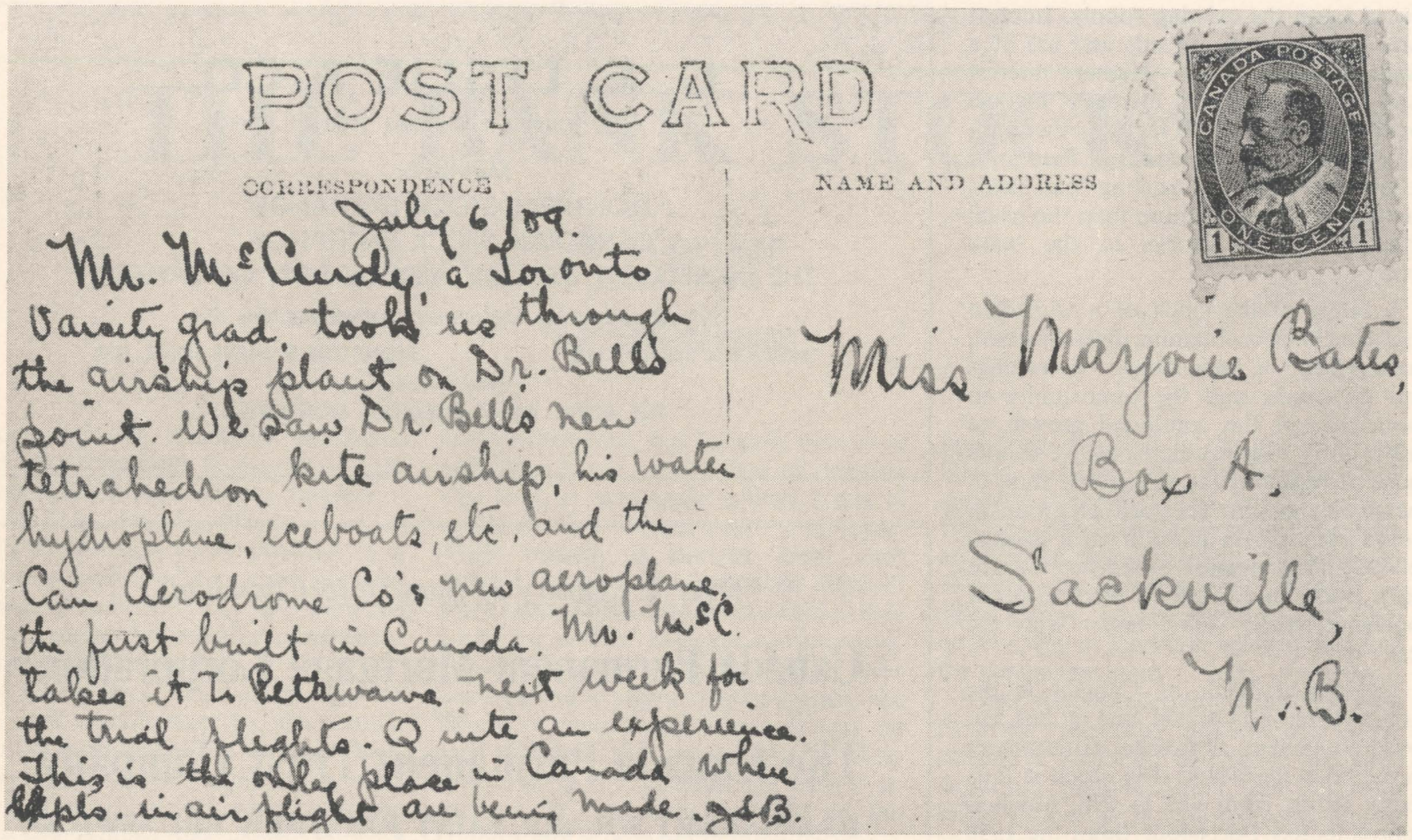

LETTERS *(Continued from page 10)*

Coffin, of the 2nd Congressional District of Maine, who enjoys good working relationship with Members of the Canadian Parliament, will be pleased to co-operate by raising this goal of air transport connections at the next meeting of the Parliament-Congress group.

JAMES C. OLIVER,
Member of Congress,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D.C.

¶ We are glad to join in any effort to promote better transportation facilities of mutual benefit to Canada and the United States. The following is the view of T.C.A. on the Maine-Canada service.—Ed.:

Trans-Canada Air Lines have no authority in the allocation of international air routes. These are worked out on a bilateral basis between two governments, and, when an agreement is achieved, the government of each country specifies its operator.

As a company, we are, nevertheless, vitally interested in the development of new air routes, especially those having prospects of profitable operation within a reasonable time.

On the other hand, I am sure that you will appreciate that there is a limit to the number of unprofitable routes that we can operate and remain financially sound. No doubt you are familiar with the Wheatcroft Report, its reference to cross-subsidization, and the interest of the Maritime Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce in this matter. It is a general rule of thumb that our long-haul routes are the remunerative ones, e.g. trans-continental, trans-atlantic.

We do not know for certain why Northeast Airlines are not exercising their Portland-Montreal franchise. They may feel the traffic is highly seasonal and does not warrant service at this time.

ROSS SMYTH,
Supervisor, Speakers' Services,
Trans-Canada Air Lines,
413 International Aviation Building,
Montreal, P.Q.

The Doctor and The Silver Dart

FROM DR. JOHN S. BATES
GENERAL INDUSTRIAL CONSULTANT
AND ADVISOR TO THE GOVERNMENT
OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Reading *The Silver Dart* brought back many memories to me. You may be interested in an old postcard I unearthed the other day. I visited J. A. D. McCurdy and the original members of the Aerial Experiment Association at Baddeck in July 1909, just fifty years ago, and sent this postcard to my sister in Sackville.

I was on a cruise with Senator Nathaniel Curry, head of Rhodes, Curry & Company of Amherst. They used to turn out ten freight cars a day. Senator Curry became head of Canadian Car & Foundry.

J. A. D. McCurdy showed us over the building in which many designs of Alexander Graham Bell were in development. There was a tall tetrahedral kite standing nearly as high as the roof and a canoe-like craft with an aeroplane propeller and, of course, the Silver Dart. It was just four and a half months after its first flight.

My sister still lives at Sackville. She is the wife of Dr. Frank L. West, vice-president of Mount Allison University.

JOHN S. BATES,
Fredericton, N.B.

¶ On the front of the postcard is a picture of the *Silver Dart*.—Ed.

Flag for Canada

Sir:

I have read with much interest Mr. Harry P. Wade's "A Flag for Canada" in your June issue. I must take exception to his statement that "Canada was founded in Nova Scotia by Samuel de Champlain at Port Royal." On the contrary the Sieur de Monts founded Port Royal following a disastrous winter—1604-5—spent on the Island of St. Croix.

Champlain had accompanied the colonists, at the invitation of de Monts, in the capacity of King's Geographer. Champdoré was the chief navigator. While the Habitation at Port Royal was still under construction, de Monts departed for France; his voyage thither being for the purpose of making arrangements for further supplies to be despatched to the colony, and to report to the company of merchants who had backed his enterprise. He left Pontgravé in charge of Port Royal, with Champdoré and Champlain as assistants and to pursue any further explorations and chartings of the coast (for de Monts still had his mind set on establishing his colony farther south). Furthermore, when Port Royal was first visited in the late summer of 1604, de Monts—as was his right under his Charter—gave it to his friend, the Baron de Poutrincourt, and the title to it was later ratified by the King.

Mr. Wade says that the Habitation was built in 1606. It was in 1605. Nor did Champlain, nor any other of the colonists remain there until 1608. They all left (including Poutrincourt—and he returned in 1610 with colonists), in the autumn of 1607, after de Monts' Charter had been revoked by the King, and arrived at St. Malo 28th September, 1607. Previously, during the winter of 1606-7, fifteen gentlemen sat at Poutrincourt's table. Not Champlain's table!

Francis Parkman, in his *Pioneers of New France*, p. 253, says that Poutrincourt named Port Royal. But Parkman is not always accurate, especially in that portion dealing with Acadia.

Although I am well aware that some historians make Champlain the founder of Port Royal, and that it is accepted as fact by many of the present generation, this is not true.

I do not wish to take anything from the glory that is rightly due that remarkable man, Samuel Champlain. I am only concerned with the facts: De Monts was the founder of Port Royal. Had he *not* been its founder, that honour would have fallen to the lot of the Baron de Poutrincourt.

As for a Canadian flag: That for which our ancestors fought, and leaving good homes in the revolted colonies began a new life in what was then a wilderness that they might still live under the flag, is still good enough for me. But perhaps I am old-fashioned.

GEORGE FREDERICK CLARKE,
Woodstock, N.B.

How to grow a second income

Have you a "green thumb" in money matters—a gift for steadily increasing your income?

Most of us haven't. Yet many of us can grow a "second crop" of dollars, in the form of regular dividends from Canadian securities. Ownership of shares in leading companies means you participate in their earnings, and in the future of Canada's growing economy. And many investors do it with limited means.

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Of course, every one knows that companies have good years and bad; that stock market prices go up and down with business conditions. So you want to buy on a long-term basis—not try to make a quick profit by out-guessing the market. And don't forget that long-term ownership of common shares is one of the best ways to offset the possible effect on your savings of any future "shrinkage" in the dollar's value.

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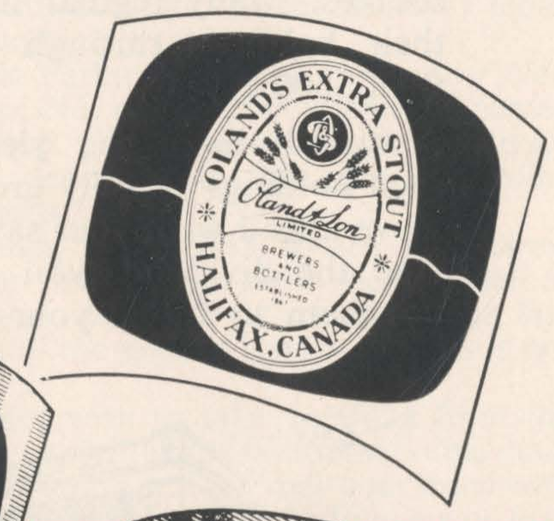

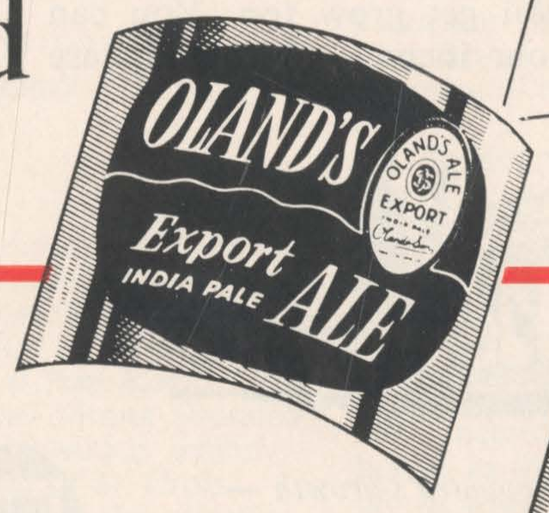

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SIXTY YEARS OF AN ISLAND INDUSTRY

by J. LINCOLN DEWAR

Secretary of the Prince Edward Island Dairymen's Association and the P.E.I. Federation of Agriculture

THE EARLY SETTLERS of Prince Edward Island and in particular those who left their native homes in Scotland and Ireland, were possessed of a strong pioneer spirit and a great desire for independence. This desire manifested itself in strong dissatisfaction with the tenant system of landholding, which had been imposed on the province in 1767 when it was divided into sixty-seven lots and parcelled out among favourites of the Crown in return for services either real or fancied. In 1846 the tenant farmers formed the Tenant League and this organization carried on the struggle for freehold tenure until 1873 when the holdings of the land owners were expropriated and the tenants given the opportunity of purchasing their farms. While freedom of tenure had been achieved at this point, economic freedom had not and the Island farmer found himself continuing in a system of bondage manifested chiefly in the growing of oats as a cash crop for which no cash was received, and, to a lesser extent, in the trading of potatoes and turnips to the merchants of the province on a barter basis. Freedom was always just within the farmer's grasp but always just eluding it. Clearly a system which impoverished both the land and the farmer could not persist, certainly something better had to be found.

In the early 1880's three factories for the manufacture of cheese had been organized under private auspices at St. Eleanors, Cornwall and Millview. They met with only indifferent success, passed out of existence and probably developed a feeling of scepticism on the part of many farmers on the future of the commercial dairy industry. During the 1880's the Dominion

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Department of Agriculture had formed dairy associations in each county. By 1890, the only one remaining was that in Kings County, known as the Three Rivers Dairying Association, which had been holding most of its meetings in New Perth, where attendance, interest and enthusiasm seemed to be at the best level. One of the patrons of this association was Dr. James E. Robertson (afterwards a Senator) of Montague. He was at that time a member of the House of Commons, and divided his time among medicine, agriculture and politics. Others who encouraged this association were the late Charles Palmer, barrister, of Charlottetown and Mr. W. A. Brennan, publisher, of Summerside.

In spite of indifference and scepticism, the small light which had been kept burning by the Three Rivers Association had cast its beams as far as Ottawa, where Dr. J. W. Robertson, then commissioner of agriculture and dairying, was providing exalted leadership for the farmers of Canada. Dr. J. W. Robertson, a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, believed in farmers and in dairying as a means of providing security for them. In 1891 he addressed meetings in this province, holding out the offer of federal assistance to any organized group of farmers in the construction and operation of cheese factories. While the doctor spoke in some of the best sections of the province it was not until he appeared at a meeting in New Perth that he found a sympathetic response to his proposal. Probably the doctor's logic clothed in his rich Scottish accents stood him in good stead in impressing the descendants of the pioneers who had emigrated from Perthshire, Scotland, to the Three Rivers area at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In any event the legislature of the province was petitioned in 1892 to incorporate the New Perth Dairying Company, whose first officers were to be: Cyrus Shaw, M.L.A., president, John Hamilton, secretary, Alexander Hamilton, James Gordon, William MacDonald, Stewart MacLaren, and John A. Dewar. The new factory opened on June 20, 1892, and thus was launched the dairy industry of this province as we know it today. The first manager was T. J. Dillon, assisted by E. L. Head, both natives of Ontario. Mr. Dillon afterwards became a partner in a commercial firm still doing business in Charlottetown with the farmers of the province.

Very exact records were kept of the company's organization, and its activities provide an example of what was probably the first instance of vertical integration in this province. In order to utilize the whey, the company purchased ninety-nine hogs, recorded as a heterogeneous, motley assemblage, variegated in colour and diversified in character. The ninety and nine cost $577.37, and with feed and attendance represented a total investment of $748.77. Loss in the entire transaction

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amounted to $23.51. Thus ended the first chapter in vertical integration in the hog industry. New Perth became the Mecca of farmers and visitors interested in the new operation; tremendous enthusiasm seized the people. Here was an instrument of emancipation from economic bondage, and when in 1893 a dairy rally was held in Charlottetown, including such notables as the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, Dr. J. W. Robertson, Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, Senator Donald Ferguson, Louis H. Davies (afterwards Chief Justice of Canada), the heather was well and truly set on fire. The blaze spread with tremendous rapidity and by 1900 no less than forty-five dairy factories were operating in the province. Truly, the dairy industry had come into being with almost explosive force.

With seven years experience the dairy farmers of the province moved in 1899 to form the association, whose diamond anniversary we celebrate this year.

The first president of the association was Arthur Simpson of Bayview; vice-president, John Anderson of Kensington; Alfred E. Dewar, secretary. Directors in addition to the above were David P. Irving, Vernon River Bridge; Robert Jenkins, Mount Albion; John Brennan, Alberton; James E. MacDonald, Cardigan, and Lauchlin MacDonald, East Point. The decision to form the Prince Edward Island Dairymen's Association was made by delegates from the dairy companies at a meeting held in Charlottetown on March 4, 1899. Dr. J. W. Robertson agreed to ask the federal department for a grant of $300, and Premier Ferguson undertook to ask the Provincial Government for $400 per year. One of the responsibilities of the association was that of engaging a dairy instructor. This position was filled by Fraser T. Morrow, who rendered for many years outstanding service to Island agriculture. Mr. Morrow was engaged for seven months at $100 per month and was responsible for his own expenses.

The new association, with vision and vigour, embarked upon an enthusiastic programme of promoting the industry. A board of trade for the sale of cheese was organized, markets were sought in Europe and an exhibit of eight cheeses went forward to the Paris Exhibition. The first annual meeting of the association was held on March 8, 1900 in the B. I. S. Hall, Charlottetown. Problems of quality production and improved methods of offering the cheese for sale were discussed. The provincial stock farm was asked to devote more attention to the dairy breeds, and a paper on the transportation of livestock and other products was read by F. G. Boyer which clearly brought out the fact that the transportation facilities of Prince Edward Island were very poor and the charges too high. The meeting concluded with the tendering of a vote of thanks to

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the officers, with three cheers for the Queen and three cheers for the Island boys in South Africa.

At this distance in time it is not easy to visualize the tremendous wave of enthusiasm which gripped the province with the development of the dairy industry. The movement was not only an economic one but it had social implications as well, and held out to the farmer the prospect of freedom which he had not previously enjoyed. It held out to him the prospect of standing at the counter of the community and village stores with cash in his pocket and in a position to bargain on an equal basis. Further, to men who had a high regard for the soil, it held out the opportunity of using cultural practices which would restore the good earth to its native fertility and repair the ravages of the barter system of trading that had afflicted the province for too long.

It was well that the roots of the dairy industry had taken firm hold at the beginning of the twentieth century because a new and powerful competitor was appearing on the horizon. In western Prince County a small animal which had hitherto been looked upon with scant favour was being developed in captivity to produce furs which would adorn the persons of the world's most beautiful women. By 1913 silver foxes were bringing as high as $20,000 a pair. The infant industry had vaulted into the clouds where it awaited the tragedy of Sarajevo, which brought it back to earth with a resounding crash, as the guns of war exploded in Europe. However, the silver fox industry was here to stay for over three decades and during the years of the First World War proceeded to consolidate its position, improve its breeding stock and move on to become during the 1920's and the economic doldrums of the 1930's a tremendous factor in our Island economy. Certainly if the birth of the dairy industry had been delayed for a few years it is doubtful whether it could ever have competed with the frenzied finance of the fox boom.

The Dairymen's Association antedated by one year the formation of the Department of Agriculture, and this fact produced a curious situation in which for over fifty years a private act gave to the government of the province its authority to regulate the dairy industry. It was mentioned earlier that the association employed and paid a dairy instructor; the association jealously guarded this right until 1932 when a showdown occurred with the Department of Agriculture taking the position that if it were to pay the salary of the dairy superintendent it should have the right to fill the office. Since that time the association has never questioned the government's authority in this matter.

This association has had an outstanding success in promoting co-operation at all levels of the industry. The farmer, the plant operator and departments of agri-

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culture, both federal and provincial, have all worked together with fine understanding of one another's problems and interests, and all have contributed to producing a situation and an atmosphere conducive to progress, harmony and development.

Many of those men who guided the association as presidents and secretaries, were or have since become distinguished in other endeavours. They have made worthy contributions in the field of provincial affairs and in the Parliament of Canada. Few, if any, of these men were presidents of the organization as an end to self-glorification but rather saw an opportunity for rendering a service to other dairy farmers and to the province.

Without steady and enlightened leadership an association such as this does not survive and prosper for sixty years. It can probably be stated without fear of contradiction that even at the end of sixty years the association enjoys very remarkable support from all branches of dairying. This support is evidenced by the fact that for over ten years not one dairy plant in the province has failed to pay in full the fairly substantial assessment which the association levies upon them. Lest it be thought that this willingness to provide finances exists only with plant operators it should be pointed out that no province has exceeded the performance of the farmers of this one in contributing to the voluntary fund which is raised in a national way for the promotion and advertising of dairy products. The association has for over twenty years been a supporter and member of the Dairy Farmers of Canada, whose Prince Edward Island directors have had the opportunity of contributing to the development of national policy for the dairy industry. Further it may be pointed out that since its organization in 1941, the Prince Edward Island Federation of Agriculture has had as one of its main supporters, the Dairymen's Association. In fact it may be stated with considerable justice that if we did not have the support of the dairy industry of this province, the Federation of Agriculture certainly would not exist in its present form.

Sixty years is but a wink in the long glance of time, yet the accomplishments of the Association during that period have been significant and still supply a firm foundation for agriculture and the economy of this province. There is the possibility of still greater development and the practical realization of the pioneer's dream of making the province a land flowing with milk and honey.

The path of honour runs not only up the classic steps of the hall of fame; it runs also through the agricultural field as well, and those who tread this path will never tarnish their honour while they do well their part, no matter how humble it may be.

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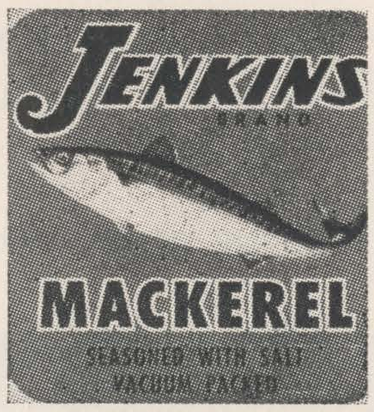

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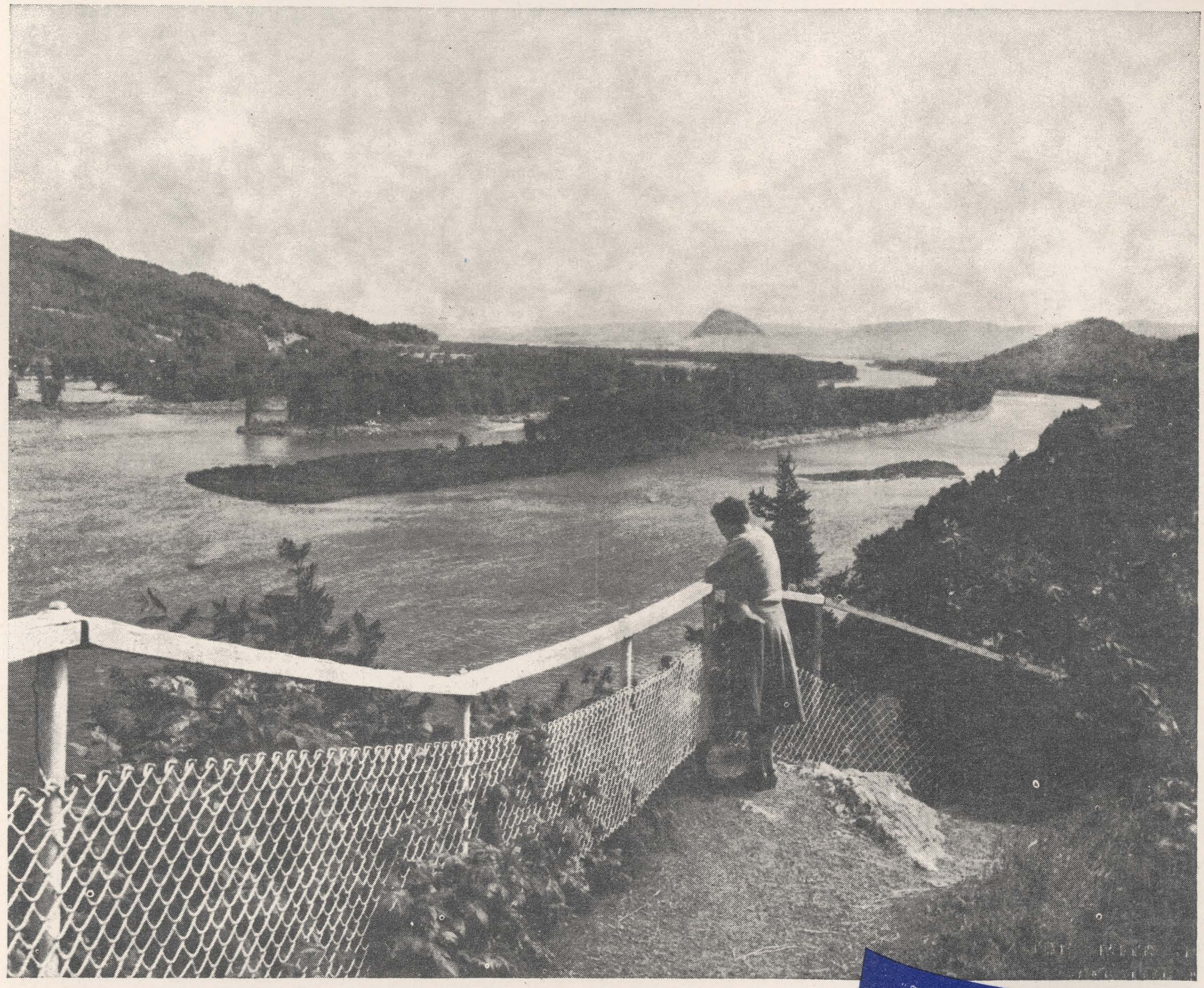

Photo courtesy New Brunswick Travel Bureau

From high atop Morrissey Rock, visitors and vacationers admire the beauty of the famed Restigouche River and surrounding countryside. This view is one of so many that are distinctively Maritime in flavour.

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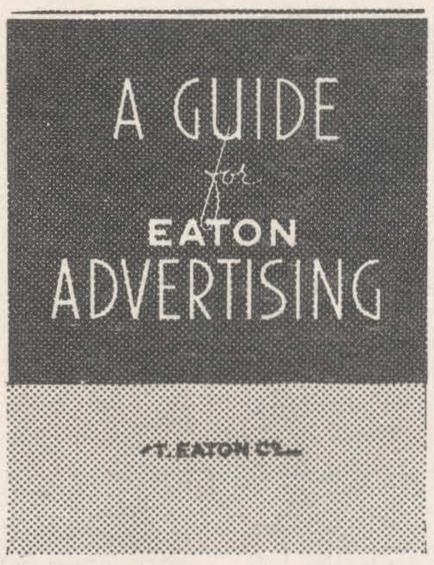

This is the text-book that guides our advertising writers in everything they say about our merchandise. It lays down hard-and-fast rules against exaggeration and misrepresentation, helps us to keep our advertising accurate and true!

Comparative prices are common currency in advertising. They're expressed in many ways, in terms like "Regularly"–"Ordinarily"–"Originally"–"Made to sell for"–"Worth twice the price"–and so on . . . phrases that are sometimes meaningful, sometimes misleading, often hard to prove or understand.

WE WANT OUR CUSTOMERS TO KNOW HOW WE AT EATON'S USE COMPARATIVE PRICES IN OUR ADVERTISING . . . HOW WE LIMIT THEIR USE BY STRICT REGULATIONS TO ENSURE THAT THEIR MEANING WILL BE CONSISTENTLY CLEAR:

✶ When we quote "comparative prices"—that is, compare an Eaton special price with the ordinary price prevailing—a thorough survey is made of the local market, to make certain that *the special price to be quoted is substantially lower than the price at which this article is presently being sold in other stores as well as our own.* Only when this condition ✶ is fulfilled will we quote comparative prices in our advertising.

Whenever we quote a "regular price," we refer to *the last price at which the merchandise was sold at Eaton's*. . . even though that price may have been a reduction of an earlier "regular price." Thus, if we sell an article at 4.95, reduce it to 3.98 and later on reduce it to 2.98—it will be advertised as "Regular 3.98, Special price 2.98."

✶ If we advertise an article "Regular 4.95 Special Price 3.25," we mean that this same article has been selling for some time on our counters for the regular price and has been reduced for some specific reason, which we state—such as "ends of lines" or "broken sizes," or "discontinued styles."

Strict limitation on the use of comparative prices is only one of the many ways by which we maintain our reputation for integrity. We rigidly adhere to a principle of clarity, truth and accuracy in every phase of our advertising for ABOVE ALL THINGS WE VALUE YOUR CONFIDENCE. Therefore we stick to this simple, straight-forward rule:

EATON ADVERTISING MUST MEAN WHAT IT SAYS AND SAY WHAT IT MEANS